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**ST. BENEDICT AND THE BENEDICTINES.**

*Correspondance inédite, de Mabillon et de Montfaucon, avec L'Italie.* Par M. VALERY. Paris: 1846.

MIDDLETON and Gibbon rendered a real, however undesigned, a service to Christianity by attempting to prove that the rapid extension of the Primitive Church was merely the natural result of natural causes. For what better proof could be given of the divine origin of any religion than by showing that it had at once overspread the civilized world, by the expansive power of an inherent aptitude to the nature and to the wants of mankind? By entering on a still wider range of inquiry, those great but disingenuous writers might have added much to the evidence of the fact they alleged, although at a still greater prejudice to the conclusion at which they aimed.

It is not predicted in the Old Testament that the progress of the Gospel should, to any great extent, be the result of any agency preternatural and opposed to ordinary experience; nor is any such fact alleged in any of the apostolical writings as having actually occurred. There is, indeed, no good reason to suppose that such miraculous though transient disturbances of the laws of the

material or the moral world, would have long or powerfully controlled either the belief or the affections of mankind. The heavenly husbandman selected the kindest soil and the most propitious season for sowing the grain of mustard seed; and so, as time rolled on, the adaptation of our faith to the character and the exigencies of our race was continually made manifest, though under new and ever varying forms.

Thus the Church was at first Congregational, that by the agitation of the lowest strata of society the superincumbent mass of corruption, idolatry, and mental servitude might be broken up—then Synodal or Presbyterian, that the tendency of separate societies to heresy and schism might be counteracted—then Episcopal, that in ages of extreme difficulty and peril, the whole body might act in concert and with decision—then Papal, that it might oppose a visible unity to the armies of the Crescent and the barbarians of the North—then Monastic, that learning, art, and piety might be preserved in impregnable retreats amidst the

deluge of ignorance and of feudal oppression—then Scholastic, that the human mind might be educated for a return to a sounder knowledge, and to primitive doctrine—then Protestant, that the soul might be emancipated from error, superstition, and spiritual despotism—then *partially* Reformed, in the very bosom of the papacy, lest that emancipation should hurry the whole of Christendom into precipitate change and lawless anarchy—and then at length Philosophical, to prove that as there are no depths of sin or misery to which the healing of the Gospel cannot reach, so there are no heights of speculation to which the wisdom of the Gospel cannot ascend.

Believing thus in the perpetuity as well as on the catholicity of the Church, and judging that she is still the same in spirit throughout all ages, although, in her external developments, flexible to the varying necessities of all, we have ventured on some former occasions, and are again about, to assert for “the pure and reformed branches” of it in England and in Scotland, an alliance with the heroes of the faith in remote times, and in less enlightened countries; esteeming that to be the best Protestantism, which, while it frankly condemns the errors of other Christian societies, yet claims fellowship with the piety, the wisdom, and the love, which, in the midst of those errors, have attested the divine original of them all.

If, according to the advice which on some of those occasions we have presumed to offer to those who are studious of such subjects, there be among us any scholar meditating a Protestant history of the Monastic Orders, he will find materials for a curious chapter in this correspondence of the French Benedictines of the reign of Louis the XIV. In that fraternity light and darkness succeeded each other by a law the reverse of that which obtained in Europe at large. From the promulgation of their rule in the sixth century, their monasteries were comparatively illuminated amidst the general gloom of the dark ages. But when the sun arose on the outer world, its beams scarcely penetrated their cloisters; nor did they hail the returning dawn of literature and science until the day was glowing all around them in meridian splendor. Then, however, passing at one vault from the haze of twilight to the radiance of noon, they won the wreath of superior learning even in the times of Tillemont and Du Cange—though resigning the palm of genius to Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Pascal. Thus the three great epochs

of their annals are denoted by the growth, the obscurance and the revival of their intellectual eminence. M. Valéry's volumes illustrate the third and last stage of this progress, which cannot, however, be understood without a rapid glance at each of the two preceding stages.

“But why,” it may be asked, “direct the eye at all to the mouldering records of monastic superstition, self-indulgence, and hypocrisy?” Why indeed? From contemplating the mere debasement of any of the great families of man, no images can be gathered to delight the fancy, nor any examples to move or to invigorate the heart. And doubtless he who seeks for such knowledge, may find in the chronicles of the convent a fearful disclosure of the depths of sin and folly into which multitudes of our brethren have plunged, under the pretense of more than human sanctity. But the same legends will supply some better lessons, to him who reads books that he may learn to love, and to benefit his fellow men. They will teach him that, as in Judea, the temple, so, in Christendom, the monastery, was the ark, freighted during the deluge, with the destinies of the Church and of the world—that there our own spiritual and intellectual ancestry found shelter amidst the tempest—that there were matured those powers of mind which gradually infused harmony and order into the warring elements of the European commonwealth—and that there many of the noblest ornaments of our common Christianity were trained, to instruct, to govern and to bless the nations of the West.

Guided by the maxim “that whatever any one saint records of any other saint must be true,” we glide easily over the enchanted land along which Domnus Johannes Mabillon conducts the readers of the earlier parts of his wondrous compilations: receiving submissively the assurance that St. Benedict sang eucharistic hymns in his mother's womb—raised a dead child to life—caused his pupil Maurus to tread the water dry-shod—untied by a word the notted cords with which an Arian Goth (Zalla by name) had bound an honest rustic—cast out of one monk a demon who had assumed the disguise of a farrier—rendered visible to another a concealed dragon who was secretly tempting him to desertion—and by laying a consecrated wafer on the bosom of a third, enabled him to repose in a grave which till then had continually cast him out; for all these facts the great annalist relates of his patriarch St. Benedict, on the authority of the pontiff (first of that name)



St. Gregory. If, however, the record had contained no better things than these, the memorial of Benedict would have long since perished with him.

His authentic biography is comprised in a very few words. He was born towards the end of the fifth century, at Nursia, in the duchy of Spoleto. His mother died in giving him birth. He was sent to Rome for his education by his father, a member of the Anician family, which Claudian has celebrated; but was driven from the city by the invasions of Odoacer and Theodoric to the Mons Subiacus, where, while yet a beardless youth, he took up his abode as a hermit. Like Jerome, he was haunted in his solitude by the too vivid remembrance of a Roman lady; and subdued his voluptuous imagination by rolling his naked body among the thorns. The fame of such premature sanctity recommended him to the monks of the neighboring monastery as their abbot; but scarcely had he assumed the office when, disgusted by the rigors of his discipline, the electors attempted to get rid of him by poison. Returning to his hermitage, he soon found himself in the centre of several rude huts, erected in his vicinity by other fugitives from the world, who acknowledged him as the superior of this monastic village. But their misconduct compelled him to seek a new retirement, which he found at Monte Casino, on the frontiers of the Abbruzzi. There, attended by some of his pupils and former associates, he passed the remainder of his life—composing his rule, and establishing the order which, at the distance of thirteen centuries, still retains his name and acknowledges his authority. He died in the year 543, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

To the intercourse of Benedict with the refractory monks of Subiaco, may perhaps be traced the basis of his system. It probably revealed to him the fact that Indolence, Self-will, and Selfishness are the three archdemons of the cloister; and suggested the inference that Industry, Obedience, and Community of goods are the antagonist powers which ought to govern there. But the comprehensiveness of thought with which he so exhausted the science of monastic polity, that all subsequent rules have been nothing more than modifications of his own—the prescience with which he reconciled conventual franchises with abbatial dominion—the skill with which he at once concentrated and diffused power among the different members of his order, according as the objects in view were general or local—and

the deep insight into the human heart by which he rendered myriads of men and women, during more than thirty successive generations, the spontaneous instruments of his purposes—these all unite to prove that profound genius, extensive knowledge, and earnest meditation, had raised him to the very first rank of uninspired legislators. His disciples, indeed, find in his legislative wisdom a conclusive proof that he wrote and acted under a divine impulse. Even to those who reject this solution, it is still a phenomenon affording ample exercise for a liberal curiosity.

That the Benedictine statutes remain to this day a living code, written in the hearts of multitudes in every province of the Christian world, is chiefly perhaps to be ascribed to the inflexible rigor with which they annihilated the cares and responsibilities of freedom. To the baser sort, no yoke is so galling as that of self-control; no deliverance so welcome as that of being handsomely rid of free agency. With such men mental slavery readily becomes a habit, a fashion, and a pride. To the abject many, the abdication of self-government is a willing sacrifice. It is reserved for the nobler few to rise to the arduous virtues of using wisely the gifts which God bestows, and walking courageously, though responsibly, in the light which God vouchsafes.

And by the abject many, though often under the guidance of the nobler few, were peopled the cells of Monte Casino and her affiliated convents. Their gates were thrown open to men of every rank, in whom the abbot or prior of the house could discover the marks of a genuine vocation. To exclude any such candidate, though a pauper or a slave, would have been condemned by Benedict, in the words and spirit of Augustine, as *grave delictum*. In those sacred enclosures, therefore, many poor and illiterate brethren found a refuge. But they were distinguished from the rest as *conversi*—that is, as persons destined neither for the priesthood nor the tonsure, but bound to labor for the society as husbandmen, shepherds, artisans, or domestic servants.

In the whirl and uproar of the handicrafts of our own day, it is difficult to imagine the noiseless spectacle which in those ages so often caught the eye, as it gazed on the secluded abbey and the adjacent grange. In black tunics, the mementoes of death, and in leathern girdles, the emblems of chastity, might then be seen carters silently yoking their bullocks to the team, and driving them in silence to the field—or shepherds inter-

changing some inevitable whispers while they watched their flocks—or vine-dressers pruning the fruit of which they might neither taste nor speak—or wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons plying their trades like the inmates of some deaf and dumb asylum—and all pausing from their labors as the convent bell, sounding the hours of primes, or nones, or vespers, summoned them to join in spirit, even when they could not repair in person, to those sacred offices. Around the monastic workshop might be observed the belt of cultivated land continually encroaching on the adjacent forest; and the passer-by might trace to the toils of these mute workmen the opening of roads, the draining of marshes, the herds grazing, and the harvests waving in security, under the shelter of ecclesiastical privileges which even the Vandal and the Ostrogoth regarded with respect. Our own annual agricultural meetings, with their implements and their prizes, their short horns and their long speeches, must carry back their economic genealogy to those husbandmen who, with dismal aspect, brawny arms, and compressed lips, first taught the conquerors of Rome the science in which Columella and Virgil had instructed the ancient Romans.

A similar pedigree must be assigned to our academies of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. The fine arts are merely imitative in their infancy; though, as they become mature, they also become symbolical. And this maturity is first attained by the architect, because he ministers to a want more urgent than the rest—because, in the order of time, the edifice must precede the works designed for its embellishment—and because, finding in nature no models, except for the details of his performance, he must, from the first, be inventive in the composition of it. Thus the children of Benedict, when contemplating their lofty avenues sacred to meditation, and the mellowed lights streaming through the foliage, and the flowers clustering in the conventual garden, and the pendulous stalactites of the neighboring grottoes, conceived of a Christian temple in which objects resembling these, though hewn out of imperishable stone, and carved into enduring forms, might be combined and grouped together into one glorious whole. With a ritual addressed to the eye rather than to the ear—a sacred pantomime, of which the sacrifice of the mass was the action, the priests the actors, and the high altar the stage—nothing more was requisite to the solemn exhibition but the cathedral

as its appropriate theatre. It arose, therefore, not the servile representation of any one natural object, but the majestic combination of the forms of many; and full of mystic significance, in the cruciform plan, the lofty arch, the oriel windows, the lateral chapels, and the central elevation. Not a groining, a mullion, or a tracery was there, in which the initiated eye did not read some masonic enigma, some ghostly counsel, or some inarticulate summons to confession, to penitence, or to prayer.

Every niche without, and every shrine within these sanctuaries, was adorned with images of their tutelary saints; and especially of Her who is supreme among the demi-gods of this celestial hierarchy. But, instead of rising to the impersonation of holiness, beauty, or power in these human forms, the monkish sculptors were content to copy the indifferent models of humanity within their reach; and the statues, busts, and reliefs which, in subsequent times, fell beneath the blows of Protestant Iconoclasts, had little if any value but that which belonged to their peculiar locality and their accidental associations. In painting, also, whether encaustic, in fresco, or on wood, the performances of the early Benedictine artists were equally humble. In order to give out their visible poetry, the chisel and the pencil must be guided by minds conversant with the cares and the enjoyments of life; for it is by such minds only that the living soul which animates mute nature can ever be perceived, or can be expressed in the delineation of realities, whether animated or inanimate. In ecclesiastical and conventual architecture, and in that art alone, the monks exhausted their creative imagination; covering Europe with monuments of their science in statics and dynamics, and with monuments of that plastic genius which, from an infinity of elaborate, incongruous, and often worthless details, knew how to evoke one sublime and harmonious whole. In those august shrines, if any where on earth, the spirit of criticism is silenced by the belief that the adorations of men are mingling in blessed accord with the hallelujahs of heaven.

To animate that belief, the Benedictine musicians produced those chants which, when long afterwards combined by Palestrina into the Mass of Pope Marcellus, were hailed with rapture by the Roman Conclave and the Fathers of Trent, as the golden links which bind together in an indissoluble union the supplications of the Militant Church and the thanksgivings of the Church Triumphant.



"Lusts of the imagination!" exclaimed, and may yet exclaim, the indignant pulpits of Scotland and Geneva—"lusts as hostile to the purity of the Christian faith as the grosser lusts of the flesh or the emptiest vanities of life." Hard words these for our restorers of church architecture in mediæval splendor! Let the Camden Society, the Lord of Wilton, and the benchers of the Temple look to it; while we, all innocent of any such sumptuous designs—her Majesty's Church Building Commissioners themselves not more so—refer to these Benedictine prodigies only as illustrating a memorable passage in Benedictine history.

But art was regarded by the fathers of that order rather as the delight than as the serious occupation of their brotherhood. With a self-reliance as just as that of the great philosopher, if not as sublime, they took to themselves all knowledge as their proper province. Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher; as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy, who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium* some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal. A tribute of writing materials at the commencement of each novitiate, and another of books at its close, with an annual import of manuscripts from the inferior houses, were continually augmenting the libraries of their greater convents. How extensive and how valuable such collections became, may be inferred from the directions given by the Benedictine Cassiodorus for the guidance of his brethren in their studies. He had collected, and he enjoins them to

read, the Greek and Latin fathers, the Church historians, the geographers and grammarians whose works were then extant and in repute, with various medical books, for the assistance of those monks to whom the care of the infirmary was confided. Whoever will consult the "*Historia Rei Literariæ Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," by their historiographer, Magnoaldus Zeigelbauer, may rapidly accumulate the most conclusive proofs, that by their Order were either laid or preserved the foundations of all the eminent schools of learning of Modern Europe.

The greatness of the Benedictines did not, however, consist either in their agricultural skill, their prodigies of architecture, or their priceless libraries; but in their parentage of countless men and women, illustrious for active piety—for wisdom in the government of mankind—for profound learning—and for that contemplative spirit which discovers within the soul itself things beyond the limits of the perceptible creation. Such, indeed, is the number of these worthies, that, if every page at our disposal were a volume, and every such volume as ponderous as our old acquaintance, Scapula, space would fail us to render justice to the achievements of the half of them. We cannot, however, pass by this goodly fellowship without a transient glance at one normal type, at the least, of each of these various forms of Benedictine heroism. For that purpose we need scarcely wander from the annals of our own land.

In the Benedictine abbey of Nutsall, near Winchester, poetry, history, rhetoric, and the Holy Scriptures were taught, in the beginning of the eighth century, by a monk whom his fellow countrymen called Winfred, but whom the Church honors under the name of Boniface. He was born at Crediton, in Devonshire, of noble and wealthy parents, who had reluctantly yielded to his wish to embrace the monastic state. Hardly, however, had he reached middle life, when his associates at Nutsall discovered that he was dissatisfied with the pursuits by which their own thoughts were engrossed. As, in his evening meditations, he paced the long conventual avenue of lime trees, or as, in the night-watches, he knelt before the crucifix suspended in his cell, he was still conscious of a voice, audible though inarticulate, which repeated to him the divine injunction, "to go and preach the gospel to all nations." Then, in mental vision, was seen stretching out before him the land of his German ancestry; where beneath the veil of the customs described by Tacitus, was con-

cealed an idolatry of which the historian had neither depicted, nor probably conjectured the abominations. To encounter Satan in this stronghold, became successively the day-dream, the passion, and the fixed resolve of Boniface; until, at length, abandoning, for this holy war, the studious repose for which he had already abandoned the world, he appeared, in his thirty-sixth year, a solitary and unbefriended missionary, traversing the marshy sands and the primeval forests of Friesland. But Charles Martel was already there—the leader in a far different contest; nor, while the Christian Mayor of the palace was striking down the Pagans with his battle-axe, could the pathetic entreaties of the Benedictine Monk induce them to bow down to the banner of the cross. He therefore returned to Nutsall, not with diminished zeal, but with increased knowledge. He had now learned that his success must depend on the conduct of the secular and spiritual rulers of mankind, and on his own connection with them.

The chapter of his monastery chose him as their abbot; but, at his own request, the Bishop of Winchester annulled the election. Then, quitting for ever his native England, Boniface pursued his way to Rome, to solicit the aid of Pope Gregory the Second, in his efforts for the conversion of the German people.

Armed with a papal commission, a papal blessing, and a good store of relics, Boniface again appeared in Friesland, where Charles Martel was now the undisputed master. Victory had rendered him devout, and he gladly countenanced the labors of the monk, to bring his new subjects within the fold of the Christian Church. So ardent, indeed, was his zeal for this great work, that the destined author of it was soon compelled to migrate into Saxony, as the only means of escaping the unwelcome command of the conqueror to fix his residence in Friesland, and there to assume the coadjutorship and succession to the Bishop of Utrecht.

The missionary labors of Boniface, interrupted only by three short visits to Rome, were prolonged over a period of more than thirty-six years; and were extended over all the territories between the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Ocean. At Rome he sought and found all the support which papal authority, zeal, and wisdom could afford him. Gregory the Second consecrated him a bishop, though without a diocese. Gregory the Third raised him to be the Archbishop and Primate of all Germany, with power to estab-

lish bishoprics at his discretion. The same pontiff afterwards nominated him Legate of the Holy See, in Germany and France. To these distinctions Pope Zachary added the Archbishopric of Mentz, then first constituted the metropolis of the German churches. Last of all was bestowed on him the singular privilege of appointing his own successor in his primacy.

There have been churchmen to whom such a memento of the vanity of even the highest ecclesiastical dignities would have afforded but an equivocal satisfaction. To Boniface the remembrance of the shortness of life was not only familiar, but welcome. The treatise of Ambrose on the advantages of death was his constant companion. It had taught him to regard his successive promotions but as the means of preparing his mind for the joyful resignation of them all. His seventy-fourth year was now completed. For the spiritual care of his converts he had established seven new bishoprics, and had built and endowed many monasteries for the advancement of piety and learning among them. At last, abdicating his own mitre in favor of Lullus, a monk of Malmesbury, he solemnly devoted his remaining days to that office of a missionary, which he justly esteemed as far nobler than any symbolized by the crosier, the purple, or the tiara. Girding round him his black Benedictine habit, and depositing his Ambrose 'De Bono Mortis' in the folds of it, he once more travelled to Friesland; and, pitching his tent on the banks of a small rivulet, awaited there the arrival of a body of neophytes, whom he had summoned to receive at his hands the rite of confirmation.

Ere long a multitude appeared in the distance, advancing towards the tent, not however with the lowly demeanor of Christian converts drawing near to their bishop, but carrying deadly weapons, and announcing by their cries and gestures that they were Pagans, sworn to avenge their injured deities against the arch-enemy of their worship. The servants of Boniface drew their swords in his defense; but calmly, and even cheerfully awaiting the approach of his enemies, and forbidding all resistance, he fell beneath their blows, a martyr to the faith which he had so long lived, and so bravely died to propagate. His copy of Ambrose, 'De Bono Mortis,' covered with his blood, was exhibited, during many succeeding centuries, at Fulda, as a relic. It was contemplated there by many who regarded as superstitious and heretical some of the tenets of Boniface.



But no Christian, whatever might be his own peculiar creed, ever looked upon that blood-stained memorial of him without the profoundest veneration.

For, since the Apostolic Age, no greater benefactor of our race has arisen among men than the monk of Nutsall—unless it be that other monk of Wittemberg who, at the distance of seven centuries, appeared to reform and reconstruct the churches founded by the holy Benedictine. To Boniface the north and west of Germany, and Holland, still look back as their spiritual progenitor; nor did any uninspired man ever add to the permanent dominion of our faith provinces of such extent and value.

If, in accomplishing that great work, Boniface relied more on human authority than is consistent with the practice, or rather with the theory, of our Protestant churches, his still extant letters will show that he rebuked, with indignant energy, the vices of the great on whom he was dependent. In placing the crown of Childeric on the head of Pepin, he may have been guilty of some worldly compliance with the usurper. Yet it is not to be forgotten that the Pope himself had favored the cause of the mayor of the Palace, by his Delphic response, "*Melius esse illum vocari regem apud quem summa potestas consisteret.*"

The guides of our own missionary enterprises will, probably, accuse Boniface of undue promptitude in admitting within the pale any one who chose to submit himself to the mere outward form of baptism. His facility is indisputable; but what Protestant will venture to condemn the measures which brought within the precincts of the Christian Church the native lands of Luther, of Grotius, and of Melancthon?

On a single occasion we find him wearing a garb at least resembling that of an inquisitor. Within his spiritual jurisdiction came a Frenchman, working miracles, and selling as relics the cuttings of his own hair, and the parings of his own nails. This worthy had an associate in one Vincent, a Scotchman, a sort of premature Knox—a teacher, it is said, of heresies—but certainly a stout opponent of all the laws and canons of the Church. Moved by Boniface, the secular arm lodged them both in close prison; and, all things considered, one must doubt their claim to any better lodgings.

Peace be, however, to the faults of Boniface! whatever they may have been. Among the heroes of active piety, the world has few greater to revere; as the disciples

of Benedict have assuredly none greater to boast.

They boast, however, in Lanfranc, another primate, to whose far-seeing wisdom in the government of mankind may not obscurely be traced much of the vital spirit of those venerable institutions which are still the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, in our own islands and in the North American continent. In his romance of 'Harold,' Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, solving with equal erudition and creative fancy, the great problem of his art, (the problem how to produce the greatest amount of dramatic effect at the least expense of historical truth,) has produced a living portrait of Lanfranc, the subtle Italian, who, armed with homilies for the devout, jests for the facetious, austerities for the superstitious, learning for the inquisitive, and obsequiousness for the great, renders the weakness and the strength of each in turn tributary to his own ambition, and ascends the throne of Canterbury, not merely by the aid of the meek old Abbot Herduin, but on the shoulders of the imperious William and the imperial Hildebrand. Our great master of historico-romantic portraiture would have destroyed the picturesque unity of his beautiful sketch, if by advancing further, he had taught us (and who could have taught us so powerfully?) how vast is the debt of gratitude which England owes to her great primates Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Beckett, or rather to that benign Providence which raised them up in that barbarous age. Whatever may have been their personal motives, and whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation; maintaining among us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral, over physical, force which from their times passed as a birthright to the parliaments of Henry the Third and his successors; and which at this day remains the inheritance of England, and of all the free communities with which she has covered, and is still peopling the globe. The thunders and reproaches of Rome are sufficiently encountered, by such reverberated thunders and reproaches as they provoke. To those who deplore alike the necessity and the rancor of the conflict, it may yet be permitted to render a due and therefore a reverent homage to the ancient prelates of the Roman Church. Unchecked by the keen wisdom, the ecclesiastical policy, and the Roman sympathies of the Benedic-

tine Lanfranc, the fierce Conqueror would have acquired and transmitted to his posterity on the English throne, a power absolute and arbitrary, beneath the withering influence of which every germ of the future liberties and greatness of England must have prematurely perished.

When, in the mind of William Rufus, the fear of death had prevailed over the thirst for the revenues of Canterbury, he placed the mitre of Lanfranc on the head of the Benedictine Anselm; anticipating, probably, a less effective assertion of the rights of the Church by the retired and gentle student, than had been made by his insinuating and worldly-wise predecessor. In the great controversy of investitures, however, Anselm showed that nothing is so inflexible as meekness, sustained and animated by the firm conviction of right. Yet, at the very moment of success, he turned aside from these agitations, to revolve the mysterious enigmas which it was at once the purpose and the delight of his existence to unravel. Those boundless realms of thought over which, in the solitude of his library, he enjoyed a princely but unenvied dominion, were in his eyes of incomparably higher value than either his primacy of the Church of England, or his triumph in maintaining the prerogatives of the church of Rome. In our days, indeed, his speculations are forgotten, and the very subjects of them have fallen into disesteem. Yet, except perhaps the writings of Erigena, those of Anselm on the "Will of God," on "Truth," on "Free-will," and on the "Divine Prescience," are not only the earliest in point of time, but, in the order of invention, are the earliest models of those scholastic works, which exhibit, in such intimate and curious union, the prostration and the aspirings of the mind of man—prostrating itself to the most absurd of human dogmas—aspiring to penetrate the loftiest and the most obscure of the Divine attributes.

Truth may have concealed herself from most of these inquirers, but their researches formed no unimportant part of the education which was gradually preparing the intellect of Europe for admission into her sanctuary. Among the followers of Anselm are to be reckoned not merely the Doctors—Venerable, Invincible, Irrefragable, Angelical, and Seraphic—but a far greater than they, even Des Cartes himself, who, as may be learned from Brucker, borrowed from the Benedictine philosopher his proof of the being of a God. Anselm taught that the abstract idea of Deity was the fountal principle of all

knowledge—that as God himself is the primeval source of all existence in the outer world, so the idea of God precedes and conducts us to all other ideas in the world within us—and that, until we have risen to that remotest spring of all our thoughts, we cannot conceive rightly of the correspondence of our own perceptions with the realities amidst which we exist.

If these speculations are not very intelligible, they are at least curious. They show that the metaphysicians who lived when Westminster Hall was rising from its foundations, and those who lived when the first stone of our Edinburgh University was laid, beat themselves very much in the same manner against the bars of their mental prison-house.

Philosophy may thrive in other places than conventual cells. But there is a literature which scarcely flourishes elsewhere. The peculiar and spontaneous product of the monastery is mystic devotion. If the Benedictines had been cursed with barrenness in yielding this fruit, they would have resembled a Dutch garden, in which it was impossible to cultivate the tulip. But no such reproach clings to the sons and daughters of Benedict. It must, however, be admitted that our own land has been singularly destitute of fertility in this, the most delicate of all the plants cultivated in monastic seclusion. We produced schoolmen to satiety. Erigena, Hales, Duns Scotus, and Occam were our own. But we must pass over to Spain and Germany to find a type of Benedictine greatness, in that impalpable, though gorgeous world, which in later times was inhabited by Molinos and by Fénelon.

In those more fortunate regions, many are the half-inspired rhapsodists whom we encounter—chiefly ladies—and, what is worthy of notice, ladies who from their childhood had scarcely ever strayed beyond the convent garden. Nevertheless, the indestructible peculiarity of our national character, (whether it be shyness or dryness, high aims or low aims, the fear of irreverence for what is holy, or the fear of being laughed at for what is absurd,) that character which forbade the public utterance in these islands of the impassioned communings of the soul with its Maker and with itself, forbids us to make any report to our fellow-countrymen of the sublime "Canticles" of St. Gertrude or of St. Theresa. Lest, however, our hasty sketch of Benedictine intellectual greatness should be defective, without some specimen of their



super-terrestrial poetry, we venture to remind our readers of one passage, of which M. de Malan (one of Mabillon's biographers) has reminded us ourselves, in which the author of the "De Imitatione Christi" (himself a Benedictine, if Mabillon may be trusted) has sung to his Æolian harp a more than earthly strain. It is, indeed, an excellent example of a style of which we have no model in our own language, except perhaps in occasional passages of Archbishop Leighton.

"My son, let not the sayings of men move thee, however beautiful or ingenious they may be; for the kingdom of God consisteth not in words, but in power.

"Weigh well my words, for they kindle the heart, illuminate the mind, quicken compunction, and supply abundant springs of consolation.

"Read not the Word of God in order that thou mayest appear more learned or more wise.

"When thou shalt have read and known many things, then return to the one beginning and principle of all things.

"I am he that teacheth man knowledge, and to little children I impart an understanding more clear than man can teach.

"He to whom I speak shall quickly be wise, and in spirit shall profit largely.

"Woe be to them that search out many curious things, and take little thought how they may serve me.

"I am he who, in one instant, raise up the humble in mind to understand eternal truth better than if he had studied many years in the schools.

"I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without ambition of honor, without the shock of arguments.

"To some men I speak common things, to others things rare; to some I appear sweetly by signs; to some, with much light, I discover mysteries.

"The voice of books is, indeed, one; but it is a voice which instructs not all alike. I am he who teaches the truth concealed within the voice. I, the searcher of the heart, the discoverer of the thoughts, promoting holy actions, distributing to each one as I will."

If, as the Benedictines maintained, this sacred chant was really sung by a poet of their own fraternity about the beginning of the fourteenth century, it may be looked upon as a kind of threnody, designed to intimate the approaching obscuration of their order. For already might be observed, in a state of morbid activity among them, those

principles of decay which were pointed out so indignantly by Benedict himself to Dante, when, under the guidance of Beatrice, the poet had ascended to his presence in the seventh heaven:

"My rule

Is left a profitless stain upon the leaves;  
The walls, for abbeys reared, turned into dens;  
The cowls, to sacks choked up with musty meal.  
Foul usury doth not more lift itself  
Against God's pleasure, than that fruit which  
makes  
The hearts of monks so wanton."

Carey's *Dante*, canto xxii, "Il Paradiso."

In the lapse of more than seven centuries, the state of society had undergone vast changes; but the institutes of Benedict had not been changed to meet them. The new exigencies of life demanded reforms in the religious state which Francis, Dominic, and Loyola successively established. They combined a more mature policy with a younger enthusiasm. Exhibiting ascetic self-mortifications, till then unknown among any of the monastic communities of the West, they also formed relations equally new with the laity in all their offices—domestic, political, military, and commercial. Having at the same time obtained possession of nearly all the pulpits of the Latin Church, the imagination, the interests, and the consciences of mankind fell so much under the control of these new fraternities, that their influence was felt throughout all the ramifications of society.

While the spiritual dominion of the earlier monasticism was continually narrowed by this formidable competition, the Benedictines were no less constantly becoming more and more entangled in the cares and enjoyments of the world. They established an ill-omened alliance with the Templars, with the Knights of Calatrava and Alcantara, and with five other orders of chivalry—an unhallowed companionship, which, by familiarizing the monks with the military and dissolute manners of these new brethren, gradually contaminated their own.

Wealth and temporal prosperity were no less prolific of evil in the order of St. Benedict than in other societies in which their enervating influence has been felt. But on the monks riches inflicted a peculiar disaster. For, riches tempted the chief sovereigns of Europe to usurp the patronage of the religious houses, and to transfer the government of them from abbots elected by the chapters, to abbots appointed by the king.

The grant of these conventual benefices in *commendam*, was one of those abuses in the Church which yielded to no reform until the Church herself and her abuses were swept away together, by the torrent of the French revolution. It was, however, a practice in favor of which the most venerable antiquity might be alleged. From the earliest times churches had been placed under a kind of tutelage, between the death of the incumbent and the appointment of his successor. But it not rarely happened that when the period of this spiritual guardianship was over, the tutor had become too much enamored of his ward, and possessed too much influence with the great, to acquiesce in a separation from her. In such cases the commendatory, aided by some ill-fed stipendiary curate, assumed all the privileges and immunities of a sinecurist.

Yet it was not necessary to rely on any vulgar names in defense or in extenuation of this usage. The great Athanasius himself held a bishopric in *commendam*, in addition to his see of Alexandria. Neither were they vulgar names by whom it was condemned. Hildebrand, Innocent III, and the Fathers of Trent, rivalled each other in denunciations of the abuse; and were cordially seconded by Philippe Auguste, by St. Louis, and even by Francis I. Papal, synodal, and royal decrees, proved, however, too feeble to check an abuse so tempting to royal and sacerdotal cupidity. The French kings converted the splendid monastery of Fontverault into an appanage for a long succession of royal or noble ladies. The abbey of St. Germain des Prés also was given in *commendam* by Louis the Debonnaire, to a bishop of Poitiers; by Eudes to his brother Robert, a layman; and at length, by Louis XIII, to a widow of the Duke of Lorraine—which is much as though the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, had been given to the widow of the Elector Palatine.

During the progress of this decay, there was no lack of reformers, or of reforms of the Benedictine Order. But the corrupting proved too strong for the renovating power; and their decline proceeded without any real check until, in the year 1614, Dom Nicholas Benard became a member of the congregation of St. Maur.

Benard was one of those reformers to whom it is given to innovate, at once in the spirit of the institution which they desire to improve, and in the spirit of the age in which the improvement is to be made. His object was to bring back his order to the dutiful-

ness, the industry, and the self-renunciation enjoined by Benedict. His remedial process consisted in conducting them, by exhortation and by his own example, to the culture of those studies which were held in highest esteem in France in the reigns of the 13th and of the 14th Louis. In those times no seeds of science or literature could be sown in that favored land without yielding an abundant increase. The reason of this redundant fertility of that particular era, no historian can explain, and no psychologist can conjecture. But, like the other promoters of learning in his age, Benard soon found himself followed and surrounded by a band of scholars, who joined with him in the successful culture of all historical, antiquarian, and critical knowledge. With their aid, he restored one of the chief households of the great Benedictine race to even more than their pristine glory.

During the 17th century one hundred and five writers in the congregation of St. Maur (then established at St. Germain des Prés) divided among them this harvest of literary renown. A complete collection of their works would form a large and very valuable library; as may indeed be inferred from a bare enumeration of the books of the earlier and later fathers, which they republished. Among them are the best editions which the world has seen of the writings of St. Gregory the Great, of Lanfranc, Basil, Bernard, Anselm, Augustine, Cassiodorus, Ambrose, Hilary, Jerome, Athanasius, Gregory of Tours, Irenæus, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, Tertullian, Justin, and Origen; to which must be added their edition of Josephus.

But it would be as easy to form an image of the Grecian camp from the catalogue of the ships, as to conceive aright of the Benedictines of St. Maur from an enumeration of their publications and the names of them. To exhibit some slight sketch of that great seminary as it existed in its days of splendor, it is necessary to confine our attention to the Achilles of their host—to him whom all the rest revered as their great example, and acknowledged by acclamation as their head.

The life of Mabillon has been written by Ruinart, his affectionate pupil; by Dom Filipe le Cerf, the historiographer of the congregation; and more recently by M. Chavin de Malan. To the last of those biographers we are largely indebted for much valuable information. But a companion at once more instructive and provoking, or a guide less worthy of confidence, never offered himself



at the outset of any literary journey. It is the pleasure of M. de Malan to qualify the speculative propensities of our own age, by the blindest credulity of the middle ages. He is at the same moment a rhetorician and an antiquarian, (as a dervish dances while he prays,) and is never satisfied with investigating truth, unless he can also embellish and adorn it. Happily, however, we are not dependent on his guidance. All that is most interesting respecting Mabillon may be gathered from his own letters and his works. For to write was the very law of his existence; and from youth to old age his pen unceasingly plied those happy tasks, of which the interest never fails, and the tranquillity can never be disturbed.

Jean Mabillon was born at the village of St. Pierre Mont, in Champagne, on the 23d of November, 1632. His mother did not long survive his birth, but Ruinart congratulates himself on having seen Etienne, the father of Jean, at the age of 105, in the full enjoyment of all his mental and bodily powers. Jean himself was sent by his paternal uncle, the curé of a parish near Rheims, to a college in that city, which, on his return homewards from the council of Trent, the celebrated Cardinal of Lorraine had founded there for the education of clergymen. The habits of the place well became its origin. Except while addressing their teachers, the pupils passed in profound silence every hour of the day save that of noon; when they amused themselves in a garden, where, as we read, it was their custom, many hundred times a day, to salute a conspicuous image of the Virgin, with assurances of their veneration and their love.

Whatever may have been the effect of this discipline on the characters of his fellow students, it moulded the meek and quiet nature of Mabillon into the exact form which the authors of it regarded as the most perfect. He surrendered up his will to theirs; and, yielding his whole soul to the divine offices of his college chapel, became so familiar with them, that when, after an absence of more than fifty years, Ruinart knelt beside him there, he heard the then aged man repeat, from memory, with unerring exactness, every prayer, every ceremonial, and every sacred melody in which he had been accustomed to offer up the devotions of his youth.

In the year 1653, and (to use the chronology of the cloister and of Oxford) on the feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, Mabillon was received as a postulant at the Benedictine monastery then attached to

the cathedral church of St. Remy. In that sublime edifice his imagination had long before been entranced by the anticipated delights of a life of devotional retirement. It had been his single indulgence, while at college, to wander thither, that he might listen to the choral strains as they rose, and floated, and died away through the recesses of those long-drawn aisles; and there had he often proposed to himself the question, whether this world had anything to offer so peaceful and so pure as an habitual ministration at those hallowed altars, and an unbroken ascent of the heart heavenwards, on the wings of those unearthly psalmodes?

To this inquiry his judgment, or his feelings, still returned the same answer; and, at the end of his novitiate, he gladly pronounced those irrevocable vows which were to exclude him forever from all delights less elevated than those of a devotional life. He had not, however, long to await the proof that the exclusive use of this ethereal dietary is unfriendly to the health both of these gross bodies of ours, and of the sluggish minds by which they are informed. The flesh revolted; and, to subdue the rebellion, ascetic rigors were required. Then (alas for the bathos!) that base and unfortunate viscus, the stomach, racked his head with insufferable pains. Compelled at length to fly for relief to a Benedictine convent at Nogent, he there soothed his aching brows by traversing, and mourning over, the ruins which the impious ravages of the Huguenots had brought upon the monastic buildings. Then passing, for relief, to another monastery at Corbie, he recovered his health; through the intercession of St. Adelhard, the patron saint of the place, as he piously believed; though a less perfect faith might have been tempted to ascribe the cure to the active employments in the open air in which the abbot of Corbie compelled him to engage.

With restored health, Mabillon was next transferred, by the commands of his superior, to the royal abbey of St. Denys; there to act as curator of the treasures which the profaneness of a later age has scattered to the winds. This was no light trust. Amidst countless monuments of the illustrious dead, and of the greatness of the French monarchy, the collection contained one of the arms in which the aged Simeon had raised the infant Jesus in the Temple; and the very hand which the sceptical Thomas had stretched out to touch the wounded side of his risen Lord!

It was just one year before the birth of

Mabillon, that the congregation of St. Maur had taken possession of the monastery of St. Germain des Près at Paris. At the time of his arrival at St. Denys, Dom Luc d'Achery, a Benedictine monk, was engaged at St. Germain's in one of those gigantic undertakings to which Benard had invited his fraternity. It was a compilation from the libraries of France of the more rare and valuable letters, poems, charters, and chronicles relating to ecclesiastical affairs, which had been deposited in them either in later or remoter ages. These gleanings (for they were published under the name of *Spicilegium*) extend over thirteen quarto volumes. Such, however, were the bodily infirmities of the compiler, that, during forty-five years, he had never been able to quit the infirmary. There he soothed his occasional intermissions of pain and study, by weaving chaplets of flowers for the embellishment of the altars of the church of St. Germain's.

For the relief of this venerable scholar, Mabillon, then in his thirty-fifth year, was withdrawn from his charge of St. Denys to St. Germain's; where he passed the whole of his remaining life in the execution of that series of works which have placed his name at the head of the competitors for the palm of erudition in what was once the most erudite nation of the world, at the period of her greatest eminence in learning. The commencement of his fame was laid in a demeanor still more admirable for self-denial, humility, and loving kindness. To mitigate the sufferings of D'Achery and to advance his honor, had become the devoted purpose of his affectionate assistant. Taking his seat at the feet of the old man, Mabillon humored his weakness, stole away his lassitude, and became at once his servant, his secretary, his friend, and his confessor. From the resources of his far deeper knowledge, guided by his much larger capacity, he enabled D'Achery to complete his *Spicilegium*,—generously leaving him in possession of the undivided honor of that contribution to the literary wealth of France.

Nor was this the greatest of his self-sacrifices in thus gratifying the feelings of the aged antiquarian. Benard and the other brethren of the congregation had, from their first settlement at St. Germain, meditated a complete history of their order. During forty successive years they had accumulated for the purpose a body of materials of such variety and magnitude as to extinguish the hopes and baffle the exertions of all ordinary men. Having found, at length, in Mabillon, one fit-

ted to "grapple with whole libraries," they committed to him the Titanic labor of hewing out of those rude masses an enduring monument to the glory of Benedict and of his spiritual progeny. He undertook the task, in the spirit of obedience and of love. In the printed circular letters with which he solicited the aid of the learned, he joined the name of D'Achery to his own, and kept alive the same friendly fiction, by uniting their names in the title-page of every volume of the *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*, which appeared in D'Achery's lifetime.

The literary annals of France, though abounding in prodigies, record nothing more marvellous than the composition of that book by a single man, in the midst of other labors of almost equal magnitude. From the title alone it might be inferred that it was a mere collection of religious biographies; and, if such had been the fact, they who are the deepest read in Roman Catholic hagiology would probably prefer the perusal of the writers of ordinary romance; since, with less reverence for sacred things, they are usually more entertaining, and not less authentic. For in recording the lives of those whom it is the pleasure of the Church to honor, her zealous children regard every incident redounding to their glory, as resting on so firm and broad a basis of antecedent probability, as to supersede the necessity for any positive evidence; nay, as to render impious the questioning of such testimonies as may be cited, even when most suspicious and equivocal. This argument from probability is especially insisted on, when any occurrences are alleged as miraculous—that is, as improbable—for, if probable, they cease to be miracles. Of these probable improbabilities, few writers are better persuaded or more profuse than Mabillon.

But apart from the extravagancies of his monkish legends, and in spite of them all, Mabillon's book will live in perpetual honor and remembrance, as the great and inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge respecting the ecclesiastical, religious, and monastic history of the middle ages; and, therefore, though incidentally, respecting the secular condition and intellectual character of mankind during that period. In those nine folios lie, in orderly method and chronological arrangement, vast accumulations of authentic facts, of curious documents, and of learned disquisitions; like some rich geological deposit, from which the genius of history may hereafter raise up and irradiate the materials of a philosophical survey of the institu-



tions, habits, and opinions which have been transmitted from those remote generations to our own. Thence, also, may be readily disinterred picturesque narratives without end, and inexhaustible disclosures, both of the strength and of the weakness of the human heart.

Nor will this knowledge be found in the state of rude and unorganized matter. Mabillon was not a mere compiler; but was also a learned theologian, and a critic and scholar of the first order. When emancipated from the shackles of human authority, he knew how to take a wide survey of the affairs of men, and could sketch their progress from age to age with a free and powerful hand. To each volume which he lived to complete, he attached a prefatory review of the epoch to which it referred; and those prolegomena, if republished in a detached form, would constitute such a review of the ecclesiastical history of that perplexing period, as no other writer has yet given to the world. It would, indeed, be a review based throughout upon assumptions which the Protestant churches with one voice contradict. But if, for the immediate purpose, those assumptions were conceded, the reader of such a work would find himself in possession of all the great controversies which agitated the Christian world during several centuries, and of the best solutions of which they are apparently susceptible. Nor is it an insignificant addition to their other merits, that the Latin in which these ponderous tomes are written, is yet better adapted than the purest Ciceronian style, for the easy and unambiguous communication of thought in modern times—the phraseology and the grammar, those of the Court of Augustus; the idioms and structure of the sentences, not seldom those of the Court of Louis Quatorze.

In the reign of that most orthodox prince, to have given assent to any fact on which the Church had not set the seal of her infallibility, was hazardous; much more so to dissent from any fact which her authority had sanctioned. Yet even this heavy charge was preferred against Mabillon by some of his Benedictine brethren, before a general chapter of the order. Among the saints of whom the fraternity boasted, there were some whose relation to the order he had disputed; some whose claims to having lived and died in the odor of sanctity he had rejected; some whose very existence he had denied. So at least we understand the accusation. His antagonists maintained that it was culpable, thus to sacrifice the edification of the faithful to a fas-

tidious regard for historical evidence; and injurious, so to abandon a part of the glories of their society, which, by mere silence, might have been maintained inviolate. Among those who invoked the censure of their superiors on the reckless audacity of Mabillon's critical inquiries, the foremost was Dom Philippe Bastide; and to him Mabillon addressed a defense, in every line of which his meekness and his love of truth beautifully balance and sustain each other.

"I have ever been persuaded," he says, "that in claiming for their order honors not justly due to it, monastic men offend against the modesty of the gospel as grievously as any person who, arrogates to himself individually a merit to which he is not really entitled. To pretend that this is allowable because the praise is desired, not for the monk himself, but for his order, seems to me no better than a specious pretext for the disguise of vanity. Though disposed to many faults, I must declare that I have ever had an insuperable aversion to this, and that therefore I have been scrupulous in inquiring who are the saints really belonging to my own order. It is certain that some have been erroneously attributed to it, either from the almost universal desire of extolling, without bounds, the brotherhood of which we are members, or on account of some obscurity in the relations which have been already published. The most upright of our writers have made this acknowledgment; nor have the fathers Yebez and Menard hesitated to reduce the number of our saints by omitting those whom they thought inadmissible. I thought myself also entitled to make a reasonable use of this freedom; though with all the caution which could be reconciled with reverence for truth. I commit the defense of my work to the Divine Providence. It was not of my own will that I engaged on it. My brethren did me the honor to assign the task to me; and if they think it right I shall cheerfully resign the completion of it to any one whose zeal may be at once more ardent and more enlightened than my own."

In the Benedictine conclave the cause of historical fidelity triumphed, though not without a long and painful discussion. In proof of the touching candor which Mabillon exhibited as a controversialist, we are told that he spontaneously published one of the many dissertations against his book, to manifest his esteem and affection for the author of it. But before subscribing to this eulogium, one would wish to examine the arrow which he thus winged for a flight against his own bosom. Recluse as he was, he was a Frenchman still; and may have quietly enjoyed a little pleasantry, even at the expense of a friend; for he was a man of a social spirit, and not altogether unskilled in those arts by which society is amused and animated.

The sick chamber of D'Archery was, however, the only *salon* in which he could exert these talents. There, for the gratification of his aged friend, and doubtless for his own, he was accustomed on certain evenings to entertain a circle of scholars devoted, like themselves, to antiquarian researches. The hotels of Paris, in his day, were thronged with more brilliant assemblies—even as, in our own times, *réunions* of greater aristocratic dignity have adorned that Faubourg of St. Germain, in which these gatherings of the learned took place. But neither the Bourbon lilies nor the Imperial eagles ever protected a society more distinguished by the extent and depth of the knowledge they were able to interchange. In that ill-furnished dormitory of the decrepit monk, might be seen Du Cange, reposing for a moment from his scrutiny into all the languages and histories of mankind; and Baluze, rich in inexhaustible stores of feudal and ecclesiastical learning; and D'Herbelot, unrivalled in oriental literature; and Fleury, in whom the Church of Rome reveres the most perfect of her annalists; and Adrian de Valois, whose superlative skill in deciphering the remains of the first dynasties of France, was so amusingly combined with almost equal skill in finding fault with his own generation, as to provoke an occasional smile even in the most thoughtful of those grave countenances; and, more eminent than all these, Fénelon, then basking in the noon of royal favor; and Bossuet, in the meridian of his genius, who both, if not habitual guests at the monastery, lived in an affectionate confidence with Mabillon, which they were unable to maintain with each other.

Nor were these the only relations which he had formed with the world beyond his convent walls. The Jesuits, the Bollandists of Antwerp, and the chroniclers of the Carthusian and Cistercian fraternities, solicited his aid in their various literary pursuits. Leibnitz applied to him for intelligence regarding the house of Brunswick; and even Madame de la Valliere sued for his interest to procure for one of her kindred advancement in that world from which she had herself retired to penitential solitude. Like other luminaries in the same literary firmament, he was now followed by his attendant satellites; nor was his orbit seldom disturbed by the too close vicinity of the bodies amidst which he was constrained to pass.

The theological, or rather the conventual, world was at that time agitated by a controversy in which the great eulogist of the Bene-

diktine Saints could not have declined to interfere without some loss of honor and some abandonment of the cause of which he had become the illustrious advocate. It related to the authorship of the treatise "*De Imitatione Christi*"—of all uninspired writings incomparably the most popular, if the popularity of books may be inferred from the continuance and extent of their circulation. That it was written, either in the fourteenth, or at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was a well-ascertained fact; and that the author was a monk might be confidently inferred from internal evidence. But was he Thomas à Kempis, one of the regular canons of Mont St. Agnes, near Zwol? or was he the Benedictine Jean Gersen? This was the point at issue; and with what learning, zeal, and perseverance it was debated, is well known to all the curious in such matters; and may be learned by others from the notice prefixed by Thuilliers to his edition of the posthumous works of Mabillon. It is only so far as his pen was diverted from its Cyclopean toils by this protracted warfare, that we are concerned with it at present.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, a Flemish printer then living at Paris (Jodocus Badius Ascentius was his Latinized name) published two editions of *De Imitatione*, in which Thomas, of the village of Kemp, in the diocese of Cologne, was, for the first time, announced as the author. Francis de Tol, or Tob, a German, in two other editions, followed this example; and was himself followed by Sommatius, a Jesuit—in reliance, as he said, on certain manuscripts of the work in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, then to be seen at Antwerp and Louvain.

But in the year 1616, Constantine Cajitano, a Benedictine monk, published at Rome another edition, in the title-page of which Gersen was declared to be the author; partly on the authority of a manuscript at the Jesuits' College at Arona, and partly in deference to the judgment of Cardinal Bellarmine.

Round Cajitano rallied all the champions of the Gersenian cause. The partisans of Thomas à Kempis found an equally zealous leader in the person of Rosweid, a Jesuit. Bellarmine, himself a member of the same company, was, as the Kempists maintained, induced by Rosweid to abandon the Gersenian standard. The Benedictines, on the contrary, assert that the Cardinal gave in his adhesion to their adversaries only by pronouncing the words, "As you will," in order



to silence the importunities with which the anxious Kempists were disturbing his dying bed.

Whatever the fact may be regarding Belarmine's latest opinion, the next chieftain who appears on this battle-field is Francis Waldegrave; who, with true English pertinacity and party spirit, traversed the continent, to bring up to Cajitana a vast reinforcement of manuscripts, pictures, and other proofs collected from all the German, Swiss, and Italian abbeys. Missiles from either side darkened the air; when, between the combatants, appeared the majestic form of Richelieu himself, who, having employed the royal press at the Louvre to print off a new edition of the *De Imitatione*, enjoyed the honor of being solicited by the disputants on either side for his authoritative suffrage, and had the pleasure of disappointing both, by maintaining to the last a dignified neutrality.

On the death of Rosweid, the commander of the Kempists, his bâton passed to Fronteau, a regular canon, who signalized his accession to the command by a work called "*Thomas Vindicatus*." This, for the first time, drew into the field the congregation of St. Maur, who, by their champion, Dom Quatremaire, threw down the gauntlet in the form of a pamphlet entitled "*Gersen Assertus*." It was taken up by the Jesuit, George Heser, the author of what he called "*Dioptra Kempensis*." That blow was parried by Quatremaire, in a publication to which he gave the title of "*Gersen iterum Assertus*." And then the literary combatants were both surprised and alarmed to learn that the Prevôt of Paris considered their feud as dangerous to the peace of that most excitable of cities; and that they could no longer be permitted to shed ink with impunity in the cause of either claimant!

Thus the controversy was transferred to the safe arbitrament of Harlay, the archbishop of that see; who, having no other qualification for the task than the dignity he derived from his mitre, convened at his palace a solemn council of the learned, which, under his own presidency, was to investigate the pretensions of Thomas and of Gersen. Of this conclave Mabillon was a member; and, after much deliberation, they pronounced a sentence which affirmed the title of Gersen to the honor of having written this ever-memorable treatise.

An ultimate appeal to public opinion lies against all adjudications, let who will be the author of them; and in due season the Father Testelette made that appeal against the

decision of the archiepiscopal palace, in the form of a book entitled "*Vindiciæ Kempenses*," which drew from Mabillon his "*Animadversiones*" on the argument of Testelette. A truce of ten years followed; after which another council was held, under the presidency of Du Cange; and although they pronounced no formal sentence, yet the general inclination and tendency of their opinions appears to have been hostile to the claims of Gersen, which have ever since been regarded by the best judges with suspicion, if not with disfavor.

Agitated by this vehement dispute, and mourning the silence of her infallible head, the Roman Catholic Church were at length rejoiced to repose in the oracular dictum of St. Francis de Sales, who declared that the authorship was to be ascribed neither to Thomas à Kempis nor to Gersen, but to Him by whose inspiration the Scriptures themselves had been written!

It is probably on account of the darkness of the regions through which they pass, that the pens of antiquarians, philologists, and theologians are so much used as belligerent weapons. Though the most peaceful of mankind, Mabillon, while waging war with the Kempists on one flank, was engaged in a contest not less arduous with the Bollandists on the other. Papebroch, one of the most learned of that learned body, had published a book on the art of verifying the charters and other ancient public acts deposited in the various archives of Europe. In 1681 Mabillon answered him in a treatise, "*De Re Diplomaticâ*." After laying down rules for distinguishing the false instruments from the true—rules derived from the form of the character, the color of the ink, the nature of the penmanship, the style and orthography of the instrument, the dates, seals, and subscriptions—he proceeded to show, *by more than 200 examples*, how his laws might be applied as a test; and how, by the application of that test, the manuscripts on which Papebroch chiefly relied might be shown to be valueless. Whatever may be thought of the interest of this dispute, (which, however, involves questions of the very highest practical importance,) no one probably will read with indifference the answer of Papebroch to his formidable antagonist:

"I assure you," he says, "that the only satisfaction which I retain in having written at all on this subject is, that it has induced you to write so consummate a work. I confess that I felt some pain when I first read it, at finding myself refuted in a manner so

conclusive. But the utility and the beauty of your treatise have at length got the better of my weakness; and, in the joy of contemplating the truth exhibited in a light so transparent, I called on my fellow student here to partake of my own admiration. You need have no difficulty, therefore, in stating publicly, whenever it may fall in your way, that I entirely adopt and concur in your opinions."

While Papebroch, thus gracefully lowering his lance, retired from the lists, they were entered by Father Germon, another Jesuit; who, armed with two duodecimo volumes, undertook to subvert the new Benedictine science. His main assault was aimed at the assumption pervading Mabillon's book, that the authenticity and the authority of an ancient charter were the same. He suggested that forgery was a very wide-spread art, and had probably flourished with peculiar vigor in remote and ignorant ages. Mabillon was content to reply that, throughout his extensive researches, he had never found a proof of any such imposture. His disciples assailed the sceptical Germon by far more elaborate hostilities. In one form or another the dispute has descended to our own times. At the commencement of it, in the seventeenth century, in France, it yielded (as what French dispute will not yield?) some choice entertainment. The Jesuit, Hardouin, anticipating our contemporary, Strauss, resolved all these ancient instruments, and with them a large part of the remains of antiquity, into so many monkish and mythical inventions. Thus, he declared that the odes of Horace were written in some Benedictine monastery; and that Lalage herself was nothing more than a monkish poetical symbol of the Christian faith. Whither such theories tended Hardouin clearly enough perceived; but he sheltered himself by offering up his thanks to God that he had been denied all human faith, in order (as he said) that the total want of it might improve and strengthen his divine faith. Boileau's remark on the occasion was still better: "I have no great fancy for monks," he said, "yet I should be glad to have known Brother Horace and Dom Virgil."

Father Anacreon might have been recognized by the great satirist in the person of the reverend Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, who, having been appointed, at the age of ten, to a canonry at Notre Dame, became, in less than three years afterwards, the author of a new edition of the Anacreontic Odes, a work of undoubted merit in its

way; though it must not be concealed that the young canon was happy in the possession of a learned tutor, as well as of powerful patrons; for Richelieu was his godfather and kinsman, Bossuet his friend, Marie de Medicis his protector, Francis de Harlay (afterwards archbishop of Paris) the associate of his youthful revels, and De Retz his instructor in intrigue and politics. Eminent alike in the field and at the Sorbonne, De Rancé would occasionally throw aside his hunting frock for his cassock, saying to Harlay, "Je vais ce matin prêcher comme un ange, ce soir chasser comme un diable." The pupil of the coadjutor was, of course, however, an eye-sore and an offense to Mazarin; and being banished by him to Verret, this venerable archdeacon and doctor in divinity (such were then his dignities) converted his chateau there into so luxurious a retreat, that the cardinal himself might have looked with envy on the exile.

The spirit of this extraordinary churchman, was, however, destined to undergo a change, immediate, final and complete. De la Roque relates, that having hurried to an interview with a lady of whom he was enamored, he found her stretched in her shroud, a disfigured corpse. Marsollier's story is, that his life was saved by the rebound of a musket-ball from a pouch attached to his shooting belt. It is agreed on all sides that, under the deep emotion excited by some such startling occurrence, he retired from the world, and became first the founder, and then the Abbé of the monastery of La Trappe, of the Cistercian Order, where he remained till his death. During the forty intervening years, he was engaged in solving the problem—what are the maxima of self-inflicted mortifications which, in the transit through this world to the next, it is possible to combine with the minima of innocent self-gratifications?

While occupied in this rueful inquiry, it happened that De Rancé lighted on a treatise which Mabillon had recently published under the title of "*Traité des Etudes Monastiques*." To M. de la Trappe, it appeared that the book was designed as an indirect attack on himself and his community; and he made his appeal to the world he had abandoned, in a publication entitled "*Réponse au Traité des Etudes Monastiques*." In reluctant obedience to the commands of his spiritual superiors, Mabillon published "*Reflexions sur la Réponse de M. l'Abbé de la Trappe*," which drew from De Rancé another volume, entitled "*Eclaircissements sur*



la Réponse," &c., and there the controversy ended.

When one of two disputants plants his foot on the terra firma of intelligible utility, and the other is upborne by the shifting, dark and shapeless clouds of mysticism, it is impossible for any witness of the conflict to trace distinctly either the progress of it or the result. It may, however, be in general reported of this debate that according to the Benedictine arguments, he best employs the leisure of a religious state, who most successfully devotes it to the diffusion among mankind of divine and human knowledge; while, according to the Trappist, such labors are at best but the fulfillment of the written, positive, and categorical commands of Scripture or of the Church—an obedience of incomparably less excellency than that which is due from those communities, or from those individuals, who are called to the state of sinless perfection; for to them it is given, not merely or chiefly to conform to absolute rules of duty, but to listen to those inarticulate suggestions which, from the sanctuary of the divine presence descend into the sanctuary of the human heart, and to dwell amidst those elevations of soul to which such heaven-born impulses are designed to conduct them.

They who thus contended could never come within the reach of each other's weapons. But Mabillon and De Rancé could never get beyond the reach of each other's love. After the close of the debate they met at La Trappe; and separated—not without much unreserved and affectionate intercourse—each in possession of his own opinion, and of his antagonist's esteem. The sentences of Innocent XII, and Clement XI, awarded the victory to the author of "*Les Etudes monastiques*;" and without the gift of infallibility, the same result might with safety have been predicted, from the different tempers in which the controversialists had encountered each other. Mabillon descended to the contest in the panoply of a humble, truth-loving spirit. De Rancé (if we may rely on those who knew him well) was not emancipated, even in his retreat, from that enervating thirst for human sympathy which had distinguished him in the world. His disputations and his self-tormentings, are both supposed to have been deeply tinged by his constitutional vanity; and it was believed that he would have been far less assiduous in digging his grave and macerating his flesh, if the pilgrimage to La Trappe had not become a rage at Paris;

and if the *salons* there had not been so curious for descriptions of that living sepulchre, that the very votaries of pleasure were sometimes irretrievably drawn, by a kind of suicidal fascination, within those gates impervious to all sublunary delights, and scarcely visited by the light of day.

From the depths of his humility Mabillon gathered courage. In his days the altars of the Church were every where hallowed by the relics of saints and martyrs; of which the catacombs at Rome afforded an inexhaustible supply. To watch over this precious deposit, and to discriminate the spurious article from the true, was the peculiar office of a congregation selected for that purpose from the sacred college. But though the skill and the integrity of cardinals were remote from all suspicion, who could answer for the good faith of their subordinate agents, and what was the security that the *Dulia* appropriate to the bones of the blessed, might not be actually rendered to the skeletons of the ungodly?

When teaching the art of discriminating between the osseous remains of different mammalia, Cuvier never displayed a more edifying seriousness, than was exhibited by Mabillon in laying down the laws which determine whether any given bone belonged of yore to a sinner or a saint. The miracle-working criterion, though apparently the best of all, being rejected silently, and not without very good reasons, Eusebius Romanus (such was his incognito on this occasion) addressed to Theophilus Gallus a letter "*De Cultu ignotorum Sanctorum*," in which he discussed the sufficiency of three other tests. First, he inquired, are we sure of the sanctity of a bone extracted from a sepulchre on which an anagram of the name of Christ is sculptured in the midst of palms and laurels? The answer is discouraging; because it is a well-ascertained fact, that the body of one Flavia Jovina was found in this precise predicament, and yet she was a simple neophyte. Then, secondly, are we safe if a vase stained with blood be also found in the tomb? Nothing more secure, if only we could be quite certain that the stain was sanguineous, and was not produced by the perfumes which the ancients were accustomed to heap up in such vessels. But thirdly, what if the word 'Martyr' be engraven on the stone? In that case, all doubt would be at an end, were it not for a sophistical doctrine of *equivalents* which the relic dealers have propagated. Thus, for example, at the abbey of St. Martin, at Pontoise, the

devout had long been honoring the corpse of one Ursinus, in the quiet belief that the words of his sepulchral inscription were *equivalent* to a declaration of martyrdom, whereas, on inquiry, it turned out that they were really as follows: "Here lies Ursinus, who died on the 1st of June, after living with his wife Leontia 20 years and 6 months, and in the world 49 years, 4 months, and 3 days." Thus his only recorded martyrdom was the endurance of Leontia's conjugal society for twenty years and upwards.

Abandoning then all these guides, whither are we to look for assurance as to the title of a relic to the veneration of the faithful? To this grave inquiry, the learned Benedictine gravely answers as follows: Be sure that the alleged saint has been authentically proved to have been a saint. Be sure that his sanctity was established, not merely by baptism, but by some illustrious deeds, attested either by tradition or by certain proofs. Above all, be sure that the apostolic see has ordained that homage be rendered to his remains. Admirable canons, doubtless. Yet, to an unenlightened Protestant, it would seem that they afford no solution of the problem. Did this jawbone before which we are kneeling, sustain, while yet in life and action, the teeth of a martyr, or the teeth of one of those by whom martyrs were slain, or the teeth of any one else?

To assert that any such question was debateable at all before the tribunal of human reason, was, however, an overt act of liberalism; which Mabillon was of course required to expiate. Long and anxious were the debates in the congregation of the Index whether the book should not be condemned, and the temerity of the author rebuked; nor would that censure have been averted, but for the interference of the Pope in person; who made himself sponsor for the willingness of Eusebius to explain in a new edition whatever might be thought objectionable in the first. The pledge was redeemed accordingly; and then the letter "*De Cultu sanctorum Ignotorum*" was not only acquitted of reproach by that sacred College, but even honored with their emphatic approbation.

Mabillon gave a yet more decisive proof that he was not blinded to truth by any extravagant scepticism. In his days, as in our own, there was living a M. Thiers, a man of singular talents, and of no less remarkable courage; who had accused the Benedictine fathers of Vendôme of an egregious imposture, in exhibiting at their convent one of those tears which fell from the eyes of Jesus

when he wept at the grave of Lazarus. An angel (such was the legend) had treasured it up, and given it to Mary, the sister of the deceased. It passed some centuries afterwards to the treasury of relics at Constantinople; and was bestowed by *some* Greek emperor upon *some* German mercenaries, in reward for *some* services to his crown. They placed it in the abbey of Frisingen, whence it was conveyed by the emperor Henry III, who transferred it to his mother-in-law, Agnes of Anjou, the foundress of the monastery of Vendôme, where she deposited it. Mabillon threw the shield of his boundless learning round this tradition; maintaining that the genuineness of the relict might at least be reasonably presumed from the admitted facts of the case; that it had a prescriptive claim to the honors it received; and that his brethren ought to be left in peaceable enjoyment of the advantages they derived from the exhibition in their church at Vendôme of the Holy Tear of Bethany.

Passing from fables too puerile for the nursery, to inquiries which have hitherto perplexed the senate, Mabillon undertook to explain the right principles of prison discipline, in a work entitled "*Réflexions sur les Prisons des Ordres Religieux*." He insisted that, by a judicious alternation and mixture of solitude, labor, silence, and devotion, it was practicable to render the gaol a school for the improvement of its unhappy inmates in social arts and in moral character. After discussing to what extent solitary confinement would be consistent with the mental and bodily health of the sufferers, and how far the rigor of punishment ought to be mitigated by exercise and active employments, he concludes as follows:

"To return to the prison of St. Jean Climaque. A similar place might be established for the reception of penitents. There should be in such a place several cells like those of the Chartreux, with a workshop, in which the prisoners might be employed at some useful work. To each cell also might be attached a little garden, to be thrown open to the prisoner at certain hours, for the benefit of labor, and exercise in the open air. They should attend public worship, at first in a separate lodge or compartment, and afterwards in the choir with the congregation at large, so soon as they should have passed the earlier stages of penal discipline, and given proofs of penitence. Their diet should be coarse and poor, and their fasts frequent. They should receive frequent exhortations, and the master of the gaol, either in person



or by deputy, should from time to time see them in private, at once to console and to strengthen them. Strangers should not be permitted to enter the place, from which all external society should be strictly excluded. Once establish this, and so far from such a retirement appearing horrible and insupportable, I am convinced that the greater number of the prisoners would scarcely regret their confinement, even if it were for life. I am aware that all this will be considered as a vision of some new Atlantis; but let the world say or think what it may, it would be easy to render prisons more tolerable and more useful, if men were but disposed to make the attempt."

So wrote a Benedictine monk in the age and kingdom of Louis XIV. The honor which one of his biographers, M. de Malan challenges for him, of being the very earliest of those who addressed themselves to this difficult subject in the spirit of philanthropy and wisdom, is strictly his due. To the enlightened reformer of prisons may be cheerfully forgiven his sacred osteology, and even his defense of the Holy Tear of Vendôme. Though in bondage to the prejudices of his own age, he was able to break through the bonds which have shackled so many powerful minds, in later and more enlightened times.

In the midst of these and similar employments, Mabillon had reached his sixty-second year, but the great project of his life was still unfinished and unattempted. In the belief that the end of his days was drawing near, he desired to consecrate them to a devout preparation for death. But being roused to the task by the instances of Renaudot and Baluze, and his affectionate pupil Ruinart, he engaged, with all the ardor of youth, in collecting materials for his long-meditated history of the Benedictine Order. In studying and methodizing the vast collections at his disposal, the aged scholar displayed, though without a shade of scepticism, an acuteness which the subtlest sceptic might have envied, and, without a tinge of philosophy, a luminousness of mind worthy of the most illustrious philosopher.

At that period the more ardent sons of the Church regarded her as no less infallible when she asserted historical facts, than when she proclaimed dogmatic truths. On the other hand, the Centuriators of Magdeburgh, Du Pin, Richard Simon, and even the great Arnould, had presumed to interrogate ecclesiastical traditions, and to controvert the authority of popes and synods, fathers

and saints, whenever it touched on topics beyond the articles of the Christian faith. This audacious freedom was rebuked by the contemptuous and withering eloquence of Bossuet; and Mabillon presented himself as the great living model of an historian, employing the most profound and varied knowledge, under the severe restraints of this intellectual docility. By day and by night he labored, during the last fourteen years of his life, on the annals of his Order; without so much as a solitary departure from the implicit submission which he yielded to the Church, as to all matters of fact attested either by her own authoritative voice, or by the decision of her accredited doctors. The result was, that, instead of a history of what had actually occurred, he produced a chronicle, from which it may be learned what are the occurrences, the belief of which the Church has sanctioned, or has silently left to the investigation of her obedient annalists.

It is, however, a book which irresistible evidence establishes, and which without such evidence could not be believed, to be the work of a single man, between his sixty-second and seventy-sixth years. It comprises a biography of the Benedictine saints in a form more compendious than that of his *Acta Sanctorum*. It contains an account of every other illustrious member of the Order. It includes a careful review of every book written by any eminent Benedictine author. All the grants and charters under which the property and privileges of their monasteries were held, are recapitulated and abridged in it. Finally, it embraces a description of all their sepulchral and other ancient monuments.

Five folio volumes of this vast compilation were finished, and the last was about to appear, when the life and labors of Mabillon were brought to a painful and a sudden, though not an immature termination. Ruinart meditated, though in vain, the completion of the work. He lifted (perhaps unwisely) the veil which would otherwise have concealed the last fearful agonies of its great author. He has, however, shown, with the most artless and genuine pathos, how the tortures of the body were soothed and dignified by the faith, the hope, and the serenity of soul of the sufferer. With no domestic ties and no worldly ambition to bind him to earth, and with no anxious forebodings to overcast the prospect before him, he entertained the last enemy as a messenger of good tidings, and a herald of approaching joy and freedom; and then breathed out his spirit in

an unhesitating affiance on Him, whom, beneath the shade of many superstitions and the burthen of many errors, he had loved and trusted, and obeyed from childhood to the grave.

Mabillon was a perfect model of monastic perfection; and however much inferior the produce of the conservatory may be to those hardier plants which germinate amidst the frosts and the scorplings of the unsheltered day, yet they have a value and a delicacy peculiarly their own. He had quitted the world without a sigh, and probably never breathed a sigh to return to it. If compelled to revisit and to tread the highways of mankind, he would have resembled the lifelong prisoner of an aviary, driven out to the bleak uplands for shelter. Meekly bowing his head to "holy obedience," he yielded himself without reluctance, to be moulded into whatever form the "genius of the place" might prescribe. Nor was this a painful sacrifice. The graces of the cloister, docility, devotion and self-discipline, were his by an antenatal predestination. Mabillon lived and died in an uninterrupted subjection to positive laws and forms of man's devising. Even in his interior life, rule and habit exercised an inflexible dominion over him. He worshipped indeed with fervent piety; but with such a mechanical exactness of ceremonial, time, and place, as might seem, to a careless self-observer, fatal to the life of spiritual exercises. To his daily routine of divine offices were added other forms of private worship, scarcely less immutable; of which some were appropriate to his entrance on any literary work, some to the arrival of the first proof-sheet from the press, and some to the commencement of the studies of each succeeding day.

To this constitutional and acquired acquiescence in the will of his superiors and the rules of his convent, was added the most profound lowliness of spirit. "Permit me, Sire," said Le Tellier, the archbishop of Rheims, to Louis XIV., "to present to your Majesty Dom Mabillon, the most learned man in your Majesty's dominions." "Sire," rejoined Bossuet, who stood by, "the archbishop might also have said the most humble man in France." It is supposed that the plumage of the eagle of Meaux was not a little ruffled by the superlative adjective which derogated from his own claims to the first place among men of learning. But the applauses both of the archbishop and of the bishop, in whatever temper given, were perfectly just. The proofs of Mabillon's learn-

ing are, at this moment, among the noblest monuments of the age of Louis XIV. The proofs which his eulogists adduce of his humility have not been very judiciously selected.

A humble man is one who, thinking of himself neither more highly nor more lowly than he ought to think, passes a true judgment on his own character. But the great Benedictine neither entertained nor suggested a truth, when among titled men, and learned men, and superficial pretenders to knowledge; he bore himself as if he had been undeserving of their notice, and unworthy to communicate with them on equal terms. There is no genuine self-abasement apart from a lofty conception of our own destiny, powers, and responsibilities; and one of the most excellent of human virtues is but poorly expressed by an abject carriage. Torpid passions, a languid temperament, and a feeble nature, may easily produce that false imitation of humility; which, however, in its genuine state, will ever impart elevation to the soul and dignity to the demeanor. This part of Mabillon's portrait has been ill drawn; because the artists drew rather from a false image in their own minds, than from the great original.

In the conventual merit of bodily self-discipline, so far as it could be reconciled with his studious habits, Mabillon was emulous of the Trappists. His food, sleep, clothing, warmth, social intercourse, and other personal gratifications, were measured by the indispensable exigencies of nature; and his admirers describe his austere mortifications of the flesh with the fond delight of a Hindoo recounting his sacred legends of the spontaneous endurance of more than human sufferings. "Holy obedience" dictated to her favorite child abasements and self-denials, which it is difficult to reconcile with decorum or with sincerity. If she had been wise, she would have summoned him to the nobler office of asserting that intellectual rank, and those claims to the reverence of mankind, which, like all the other good gifts of Providence, are designed for noble uses by the wise and gracious Author of them all.

Although the virtues of the convent, even in the person of Mabillon, excite but a reluctant admiration, and a still colder sympathy, yet his simple tastes, his devout spirit, and his affectionate nature, would, under a more genial discipline, have rendered his character as lovely, as his diligence, his critical sagacity, and the extent of his knowledge, were wonderful. For, soaring, in these respects,



immeasurably above vulgar ascetics, he obeyed to the letter the command of his great patriarch, Benedict, and devoted every moment of his life to some useful and energetic occupation.

In these pursuits Mabillon was not merely an indefatigable student, but a laborious traveller. In his time the treasures of which he was insatiably covetous, were not accumulated in the Royal Library of Paris, but dispersed in the conventual, episcopal, and other public archives of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. The journeys necessary for examining them had all the terrors of an exploration of the Nile, to one whom (all Frenchman as he was) not even the enchanted gardens and terraces of Versailles had, during a period of twenty years, been able to seduce, for a single morning, from his seclusion at St. Germain des Près. But what antiquarian worthy of the name would be arrested by the Loire, the Meuse, the Rhine, or the Alps, when beyond these distant barriers a whole harem of virgin manuscripts wooed his embrace, glowing, like so many houries, with immortal youth, and rich in charms which increased with each revolving century? Sometimes alone, but more commonly attended by a Benedictine brother, he accomplished several *Capitulary* or *Diplomatic* tours through Flanders, Burgundy, Switzerland, the south of Germany, and the whole of the Italian peninsula. The earlier of those expeditions were made on foot, at the cost of his Order; the later with the equipages becoming an agent of the Grand Monarque, employed by Colbert to collect or to transcribe manuscripts for his royal master. The results of these expeditions were various learned itineraries (such as his "*Iter Burgundicum*" and his "*Museum Italicum*," ) and a prodigious accession to the wealth of the royal library. His services were rewarded by Louis with a seat in the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. But the whole republic of letters united to confer on the learned traveller honors far exceeding any at the disposal of the greatest of the kings of the earth.

His journeys, especially his Italian journey, resembled royal progresses rather than the unostentatious movements of a humble monk. Monasteries contended for the honor of entertaining him as their guest. Fêtes celebrated his arrival in the greater cities of Italy. His society and correspondence were courted by the learned, the great and the fair. The Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Cardinals, and Queen Christina, vied

in rendering courtesies to their illustrious visitor. At the Catacombs, at Loretto, at Clairvaux, and, above all, at Monte Casino, the devout assembled to witness and to partake of his devotions. All libraries flew open at his approach; nor did the revolutionary *savans* of France traverse the same regions, or examine the same repositories, with an authority comparable to that of the poor Benedictine, as he moved from one Italian state to another, powerless except in the lustre of his reputation, the singleness of heart with which he pursued his object, and the love with which he was regarded by all his associates.

In M. Valery's three volumes will be found an ample and curious diary of Mabillon's Italian expedition. He commenced it on the 1st of April, 1685, having selected as his companion Dom Michel Germain, another member of the congregation of St. Maur. Germain had himself written some essays on monastic history; but his chief title to literary honors was derived from his having ministered to the production of the "*Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti*," and of the treatise "*De Re Diplomaticâ*."

The travellers had engaged to maintain a correspondence with four of their monastic associates. One of these was the faithful and affectionate Ruinart, of whom we already know something. Placide Porcheron, the next, seems to have been a member of the Dryasdust family, so celebrated by Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle; his two great performances being a commentary on an obscure geographical book of the 7th century, and notes on a treatise on Education written by Basil the Macedonian, who, two hundred years later, had been Emperor of the Greeks. Claude Bretagne, the third of the Committee of Correspondence at Paris, was the author of some devotional works, but was more eminent as the intimate friend of Nicole, and as a companion of infinite grace and wit, and of the most captivating discourse. The last, Charles Bulteau, was not a monk, but "*Doyen des Secretaires du Roi*," and was famous for having, in that capacity, vindicated, with great learning, the supremacy of the King of France over the sovereigns of the Spanish monarchies.

When devout men, profound scholars, or still more profound antiquaries, engage in a prolonged epistolary intercourse, the reader is not without preconceptions of the mental aliment awaiting him. He has probably gone through some volumes in which Protestant divines interchange their religious experien-

ees. The style in which Salmasius, Budæus, and Scaliger entertained their friends is not wholly unknown to him; and how the Spelmans of old, and the Whitakers of recent times, wrote their letters, may be learned at the expense of a transient fatigue. But let no one address himself to M. Valery's volumes, with the hope or the fear of being involved in any topics more sacred, more crabbed, or more antiquated than befits an easy chair, a winter's evening, and a fireside. Reading more pleasant, or of easier digestion, is hardly to be met with in the Parisian epistles of Grimm, Diderot, or La Harpe.

Our pilgrims first take up the pen at Venice. They had ransacked the Ambrosian Library, examined the Temple of Venus at Brescia, admired the amphitheatre at Verona, and visited the monastery of their order at Vicenza; though, observes Germain, "Ni là ni ailleurs, nos moines ne nous ont pas fait goûter de leur vin." Some gentlemen of the city having conducted them over it, "On ne saurait," adds he, "faire attention sur le mérite et les manières honnêtes de ces messieurs, sans réfléchir sur nos moines et admirer leur insensibilité. Aussi n'étudient ils pas; ils disent matins avant souper; ils mangent gras; portent du linge, pour ne rien dire du *peculium*, et de leur sortie seuls." In short, there is already peeping out, from behind our good Germain's cowl, one of those Parisian countenances, on the quick, movable lines of which flashes of subacid merriment are continually playing.

On reaching Florence, the migratory antiquarians form a new acquaintance, alike singular and useful, in the person of Magliabechi, the librarian of the Grand Duke. Another man at once so book-learned, so dirty, and so ill-favored, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom. The Medicæan Library was his study, his refectory, and his dormitory; though, except in the depth of winter, he saved the time of dressing and undressing, by sleeping in his clothes and on his chair; his bed serving the while as an auxiliary book-stand. Fruit and salads were his fare; and when sometimes an anchovy was served up with them, the worthy librarian, in an absent mood, would not unfrequently mistake, and use it for sealing-wax. Partly from want of time, and partly from the consciousness that an accurate likeness of him would be a caricature on humanity at large, he would never allow his portrait to be taken; though what the pencil was not permitted to do, the pens of his acquaintance have so attempted, that he

would have judged better in allowing the painter to do his worst. Michel Germain describes him, as "Varillas multiplied by three." Now Menage tells us that happening once to say that every man was hit off by some passage or other in Martial, and having been challenged to prove it with respect to Varillas, he immediately quoted "*Dimidiasque nates Gallica palla tegit.*" Short indeed, then, must have been the skirts of Magliabechi, according to Germain's arithmetic.

His bibliographical appetite and digestion formed, however, a psychological phenomenon absolutely prodigious. Mabillon called him "*Museum inambulans, et viva quædam bibliotheca.*" Father Finardi, with greater felicity, said of him, "*Is unus bibliotheca magna,*" that being the anagram of his Latinized name, Antonius Magliabechius.

Having established a correspondence with this most learned savage, the Benedictines proceeded to Rome, where they were welcomed by Claude Estiennot, the procurator of their Order at the Papal court. He also devoted his pen to their entertainment. Light labor for such a pen! Within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom Le Cerf, "*réflexions très sensées et judicieuses;*" a praise which probably no other mortal was ever able to gainsay or to affirm.

Germain found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the galleys, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals, while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin, why are you leaving Rome, and answers "*Chi parla è mandato in galera; chi scrive è impiccato; chi sta quieto va al sant' officio.*" Marforio had good cause for his hurry; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) "broke the priest's neck" was merely his having said that "the mare had knocked the snail out of its shell;" in allusion to the fact of the pope's having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. "The rogues continued to repeat the jest notwithstanding," observes the reverend looker-on.

He gathered other pleasant stories, at the expense of his holiness, and these heretical



aspirants after a devotional repose of the soul. Some of them are not quite manageable in our more fastidious times, without the aid of a thicker veil than he chose to employ. For example, he tells of a Quietist bishop who, to escape an imaginary pursuit of the police, scaled the roof of his mansion in his night-dress, and so, running along the tops of the adjacent houses, unluckily made his descent through one of them into which he could not have entered, even in full canonicals and in broad day, without a grievous damage to his reputation. Then follows a fine buffo catastrophe, and when (says Germain) "the whole reaches the ears of Nostro Signore, the holy man has a good laugh, and orders the bishop to quit Rome without delay." Yet Germain himself breaks out into hot resentment against "the wretched and abandoned Molinos," and proposes to Magliabechi (in seeming seriousness) to arrest the progress of the evil, by publishing a manuscript discovered in their Italian tour, from which it would appear that the bones of a wicked Bohemian lady, of the name of Guillemine, who, three centuries ago, propagated nearly the same enormities, were at length taken, with public execration out of her grave, and scattered to the winds.

Molinos, however, was strong in the protection of Christina, who then dwelt at Rome. Her abandonment of the faith of her illustrious father was accepted there, not only as a cover for a multitude of sins, but as an apology for the assumption of an independent authority beneath the very shadow of the Vatican. Mabillon, accompanied by Germain, presented to her his book "*De Liturgiâ Gallicanâ*," in which, to her exceeding discontent, she found herself described as "*Serenissima*." "My name," she exclaimed, "is Christina. That is eulogy enough. Never again call me, and admonish your Parisians never to call me, *Serenissima*." Germain left her with the fullest conviction that the epithet was altogether out of place; but "after all," he says, "she gave us free access to her library—the best thing she could do for us." So great were her privileges, or such the weakness of the lazy Innocent XI, that, as we learn from these letters, an offender on his way to prison, having laid hold on the bars of one of her windows as a sanctuary, was violently rescued by her servants, whereupon they were tried and sentenced to be hanged. Christina wrote to the judge to inform him, that if her servants died any other than a natural death, *they should not die alone*. The judge com-

plained to the Pope; but his holiness laughed at the affair, and terminated it by sending her Majesty a peace-offering, which she contemptuously handed over to the complainant.

Germain looked upon the religious observances of Rome with the eye of a French encyclopediste. He declares that the Romans burn before the Madonna and in their churches, more oil than the Parisians both burn and swallow. "Long live St. Anthony!" he exclaims, as he describes the horses, asses, and mules, all going, on the saint's festival, to be sprinkled with holy water, and to receive the benediction of a reverend father. "All would go to ruin, say the Romans, if this act of piety were omitted. So nobody escapes paying toll on this occasion, not Nostro Signore himself." Then follows an account of a procession to St. Peter's on the reception of certain new converts, which is compressed into a single paragraph purposely long, intricate, and obscure; "a sentence," says Germain, "which I have drawn out to this length to imitate the ceremony itself." Soon after we meet him at the cemetery of Pontianus, "where," he observes, with all the mock gravity of Bayle, "there lie 50,263 martyrs, without counting the women and children. Each of us was allowed to carry off one of these holy bodies. That which fell to my share had been too big for the hole in which it was found. I had infinite trouble in disinterring it, for it was quite wet, and the holy bones were all squeezed and jammed together. I am still knocked up with the labor."

The Pope himself fares no better than the ceremonies and relics of his church. "If I should attempt," he says, "to give you an exact account of the health of his holiness, I must begin with Ovid, '*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*.' At ten he is sick, at fifteen well again, at eighteen eating as much as four men, at twenty-four dropsical. They say he has vowed never to leave his room. If so, M. Struse declares that he can never get a dispensation, not even from himself, as his confinement will be, *de jure divino*. The unpleasant part of the affair is, that they say he has given up all thoughts of creating new cardinals, forgetting in his restored health the scruples he felt when sick; like other great sinners."

Indolent and hypochondriacal as he was, Innocent XI. had signalized himself, not only by the virtues which Burnet ascribes to him in his travels, but by two remarkable edicts. One of them, which could not be decorously quoted, regulated the appearance on the

stage of certain classes of singers ; the other, (under the penalties of six days' excommunication, and of incapacity for absolution, even in the article of death, save from the pope himself,) commanded all ladies to wear up to their chins, and down to their wrists, draperies *not* transparent. "The Queen of Spain," says our facetious Benedictine, "immediately had a new dress made, and sent it to her nuncio at Rome, to ascertain whether it tallied exactly with the ordinance, for" he continues (the inference is not very clear) "one must allow that Spanish ladies have not as much delicacy as our own."

He has another story for the exhilaration of St. Germain des Près, at the expense of both pope and cardinals. A party of the sacred college were astounded, after dinner, by the appearance of an austere capuchin, who, as an unexpected addition to their desert, rebuked their indolence and luxury, and their talkativeness even during High Mass. Then, passing onwards to an inner chamber, the preacher addressed his holiness himself, on the sin of an inordinate solicitude about health—no inappropriate theme ; for he was lying in the centre of four fires, and beneath the load of seven coverlets, having recently sustained a surgical operation ; on which Germain remarks, that if it had taken place in summer, "it would have been all-up with the holy man."

The Jesuits of course take their turn. At the table of the Cardinal Estrées, Mabillon and Germain meet the Father Couplet, who had passed thirty years in China. "I do not know," says Germain, "whether he was mandarin and mathematical apostle at the same time ; but he told us that one of his brethren was so eminent an astrologer, as to have been created a mandarin of the third class. He said that another of them was raising himself by contemplation to the third heaven, before actually going there. I have my doubts about his success. However, Father Couplet told us that he had a very numerous *Chretiené*. 'My *Chretiené*,' he frequently said, 'consists of more than 30,000 souls.' Do you believe his story, that there are forty millions of inhabitants in Pekin, and from two to three hundred millions in China at large ? I do not."

This keen observer is not silent on the cold reception at Rome of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The claims of Louis XIV. on behalf of the Gallican Church had abated much of the enthusiasm with which the measure would otherwise have been hailed. "Well," observes Germain, (one

can see the rising of his shoulders as he writes,) "a hundred years ago they took a very different tone about the Huguenots. They not only offered public thanksgiving on their massacre by Charles IX, but hung the walls of the royal hall in the Vatican with pictures of the murder of Coligny and of the butcheries of St. Bartholomew. They still form its chief ornaments."

Even when accompanying Mabillon on a pilgrimage to the cradle of their order at Monte Casino, Germain looks about him with the same esprit fort. "At the foot of the mountain," he says, "we found an inn, where we learned to fast, as we got nothing but some cabbages which I could not eat, some nuts, and one apple for our supper. Then we paid thirty francs for a wretched bed, which we divided between us in the midst of bugs and fleas." On the next day they luckily fell in with the vicar-general of the Barnabites, a Frenchman, from whom (he says) "we got some cheese and preserves, and, finally, a glass of Lachryma ; as he told us, to strengthen the stomach. Reaching at length the mansion of the abbé of Monte Casino, he made a fête for us, and bore witness to our excellent appetites."

Mabillon's devotion at the tomb of his patriarch is described as deep, fervent, and protracted. Germain sends to their friend Porcheron a picturesque account of the dress and aspect of the monks, an enthusiastic description of the library, a very pretty sketch of the adjacent country, and a graphic representation of the church and the ceremonial observed in it ; and promises his correspondent "to say a mass for him at the foot of Benedict's tomb." With the exception of that assurance, (whether grave or gay it is not easy to determine,) the whole letter might have been written by Miss Martineau, and would have done no discredit even to her powers of converting her readers into her fellow-travellers.

Such of the letters comprised in this collection as are written by Mabillon himself, relate exclusively to the duties of his mission ; and are grave and simple, though perhaps too elaborately courteous. In the last volume are some contributions from Quesnel, whose singular fate it is to have been censured by the Pope, Clement XI, and eulogized by De Rancé the Trappist, by La Chaise the Jesuit, by Voltaire the Wit, and by Cousin the Philosopher. The pleasantries of Michel Germain and the freedoms of Estiennot are far from being the best things in M. Valéry's book. We have selected them



rather as being the most apposite to our immediate purpose.

In this correspondence three of the most eminent of the congregation of St. Maur transmit from Italy such intelligence and remarks as appear to them best adapted to interest other three of the most eminent of their brotherhood at Paris. If the table-talk of the refectory of St. Germain des Près was of the same general character, the monks there had no better title to the praise of an ascetic social intercourse, than the students or the barristers in the halls of Christ Church, or of Lincoln's Inn. It would be difficult to suppose an appetite for gossip more keen, or more luxuriously gratified.

The writers and the receivers of these letters were all men devoted by the most sacred vows to the duties of the Christian priesthood; yet in a confidential epistolary intercourse, extending through eighteen successive months, no one of them utters a sentiment, or discusses a question, from which it could be gathered that he sustained any religious office, or seriously entertained any religious belief whatever. It may be that our Protestant divines occasionally transgress the limits within which modesty should confine the disclosure, even to the most intimate friends, of the interior movements of a devout spirit. But all hail to our Doddridges and Howes, to our Venns and Newtons! whose familiar letters, if sometimes chargeable with a failure in that graceful reserve, yet always glow with a holy unction, and can at least never be charged with the frigid indifference which these learned Benedictines exhibit on the subjects to which they had all most solemnly devoted their talents and their lives.

Visiting, for the first time, the places which they regard as the centre of Christian unity, as the seat of apostolic dominion, as the temple towards which all the churches of the earth should worship, as the ever-salient fountain of truth, and as the abode of him who impersonates to his brother men the Divine Redeemer of mankind, not a solitary word of awe or of tenderness falls from their pens—not a fold of those dark tunics is heaved by any throb of grateful remembrance or of exulting hope. They could not have traversed Moscow or Amsterdam with a more imperturbable phlegm; nor have sauntered along the banks of the Seine or the courts of the Louvre in a temper more perfectly debonnaire.

Protestant zeal may be sometimes rude,

bitter, and contumelious in denouncing Roman Catholic superstitions. It is a fault to be sternly rebuked. But how adequately censure these reverend members of that communion, who, without one passing sigh or indignant phrase, depict the shameful abuses of the holiest offices of their Church, with cold sarcasms and heartless unconcern!

Rome combatted her Protestant antagonists by the aid of the Jesuits in the world, and of the Benedictines in the closet. Yet to those alliances she owes much of the silent revolt against her authority which has characterized the last hundred years; and of which the progress is daily becoming more apparent. The Jesuits involved her in their own too well merited disesteem. The Benedictines have armed the philosophy both of France and Germany with some of the keenest weapons by which she has been assailed. It was an ill day for the papacy, when the congregation of St. Maur, at the instance of Benard, called the attention of their fellow-countrymen to the mediæval history of the Church, and invited the most enlightened generations of men whom Europe had ever seen, to study and believe a mass of fables of which the most audacious Grecian mythologist would have been ashamed, and at which the credulity of a whole college of augurs would have staggered.

It was but a too prolific soil on which this seed was scattered. At the moment when, in the integrity of his heart, Mabillon was propagating these legends, the walls of his monastery were often passed by a youth whose falcon eye illuminated with ceaseless change one of the most expressive countenances in which the human soul ever found a mirror. If the venerable old man had foreseen how that eye would one day traverse his Benedictine annals, in a too successful search for the materials of the most overwhelming ridicule of all which he held holy, he would cheerfully have consigned his unfinished volumes, and with them his own honored name, to oblivion. Not so would Michel Germain, Claude Estiennot, and the brethren for whose amusement they wrote, have contemplated, if they could have foreknown, the approaching career of the young Alouet. Though they clung to the Church of Rome with all the ardor of partisans, and though their attachment to her was probably sincere, their convictions must have been faint, unripe, and wavering. The mists of doubt, though insufficient to deprive them of their faith in Christianity, had struck a damp and abiding chill into their hearts. If they had

lived long enough to know the patriarch of Ferney, they would have been conscious of the close affinity between his spirit and their own.

How could it have been otherwise? From disinterring legends and traditions revolting to their hearts and understandings, they passed to Rome, there to disinter foul masses of holy bones, to contemplate sacred processions of mules and asses, to find a corpulent, self-indulgent valetudinarian sustaining the character of the vicar of Christ, and to discover that the basest motives of worldly interest dictated to the papal court the decisions for which they dared to claim a divine impulse and a divine infallibility. From such follies and such pretensions these learned persons turned away with immeasurable contempt. The freedom of thought which unveiled to them these frauds, left them disgusted with error, but did not carry them forward to the pursuit of truth. Without the imbecility to respect such extravagances,

they were also without the courage to denounce and repudiate them. Their superior light taught them to expose and ridicule religious error; it did not teach them to embrace unwelcome truth. In that book which is the "religion of Protestants," they might have read that "the light is the life of men"—that is, of men who obey and follow its guidance. There also they might have learned that "the light which is in us may be darkness,"—that is, may once illuminate the inquisitive intellect, and darken the insensible heart. The letters which they have bequeathed to us, interesting as they are in other respects, afford melancholy proof how deeply the younger Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur were already imbued with the spirit of that disastrous philosophy which was destined, before the lapse of another century, to subvert the ancient institutions of their native land, and, with them, the venerable fabric of their own illustrious Order.

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From the People's Journal.

## SONNETS.

BY HENRY LESTAR HARRISON.

### ONCE MORE!

Once more! dear words, a rainbow of sweet hope  
Is in thy utterance, and even though  
Thy radiance illumines with living glow,  
Time's buried treasures, yet thou dost ope  
A Future mirroring the Past. The scope  
Of human joy, life's happy memories,  
Childhood's first kisses, and the days when come  
The snowdrops, youth's gay birthdays, and the home  
Of harvested delights—all—aye all, lies  
Cadenced in music to the words, once more!  
The mother's prayer is, "God, let me see my  
Son, my only son, once more before I die!"  
Ah! who shall count from memory's honey-store,  
All that the fond heart longs for, yet, once more! once more!

### NEVER MORE!

Oh mockery of sunshine—dear eclipse  
Of joy! Words, trembling on the lover's lips  
When in the grief-riven heart, burn the pale  
Ashes of departed visions. O wail  
Of woe, moan of the human when it sips  
The "Marah" of heart-bitterness. Thou veil  
Of mournful sound, falling, falling like night  
On the disconsolate soul; thy tones alone  
Closing the heart with a sepulchral stone!  
Brother, despair not—what though Death may toll  
His scornful prophecy of "nevermore,"  
A still small voice is near unto thy soul,  
Parting the darkness with a voice of light,  
Assuring thee of life, of "life for evermore!"



From the People's Journal.

## THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND, (LATE CAMILLA TOULMIN.)

By her Dead Child the Mother kneels,  
And on her ear the death-bell peals;  
He was—the heir to wide-spread lands,  
And all the state that wealth commands;  
He is—a tiny heap of clay,  
Laid in the grave-clothes, prim array!

The day is chill with weeping clouds,  
Whose veil the radiant noon-time shrouds,  
Shown through the antique orient panes,  
Sombred by richly darkened stains;  
Yet bringing something of relief—  
That sunshine does not mock her grief.

The frenzy of her mad despair  
Has dashed away the power of prayer;  
With streaming eyes, and throbbing brow,  
Her form—but not her heart—may bow:  
The words come tangled, or but track  
One frantic thought, "Give back—give back!"

A pitying Angel stooped his wing,  
A balm to this sad soul to bring:  
Quick through her frame there silent crept  
A subtle charm—the Mother slept;  
Such sleep as on the rack was caught  
When sense and soul sank overwrought.

Then, moulded from her tears, arose  
A mirror to reflect the woes  
Which, on the Future's mystic loom,  
Lay ready for her infant's doom:  
Thus, through each dimly shifting scene,  
She dreaming sees *what would have been*.

She and her Husband—they whose blooming days  
Have scarcely reached bright youth's meridian  
blaze—  
Stand hand in hand, with wrinkled cheek and brow,  
And scant locks fleck'd with fifty winters' snow.  
Anguish is written on the matron's face,  
And wrath and grief each other quickly chase  
Athwart the visage of her time-changed lord;  
Anon he drops her hand, with bitter word

Of harsh rebuke: "the fault it was her own;  
Fruit of the seed which she herself had sown:  
The weak indulgence of his Boyhood's day  
Had raised the fiend no mortal power could stay."  
Then, by the shadowy painting of the dream,  
New terrors throng, and o'er her vision gleam.  
Entranced she gazed. Behold, there rose to view  
A stranger man, yet one her spirit knew;  
The soft-eyed babe had grown to this dread thing,  
More venom-dowered than is the adder's sting.  
The dice-box rattles in his trembling hands;  
He throws—the stake his broad ancestral lands!  
The fresh-drawn flagon, and the wine-soiled glass,  
And haggard form, before the Dreamer pass:  
And then, in quick review, some woman's wrongs  
Are shrieked in chorus by a choir of tongues:  
New crimes the mirror shows in lurid flame—  
Then breaks at last beneath its load of shame!

By her Dead Child she still is kneeling,  
The solemn bell has stayed its pealing;  
The clouds have wept themselves away,  
The sun resumed his gorgeous sway,  
And through the antique oriel pane  
Streams with a sapphire-emerald stain,  
And, falling as through ruby deep,  
Makes Death but seem a rosy sleep.

The little hands so soft and fair  
Are folded as in infant-prayer;  
The dimpled chin and placid brow  
Not yet are marred by passions' glow.  
And now the mother silent kneels,  
For through her soul a soft peace steals:  
She sees that heaven's power has blent  
Sweet mercy with the anguish sent.

No longer tears bedim her eyes;  
Life's duties fair before her rise,  
And he whose only angry word  
Was in the awful vision heard.  
One kiss she plants on those cold lips,  
And on those dear eyes' dull eclipse;  
Then leaves she with a solemn tread  
The guarded chamber of the Dead!

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE.

*Gespräche mit Goethe in den letzten Jahren seines Lebens.* (Conversations with Goethe in the latter years of his life.) By JOHANN ECKERMANN. 3d vol. Magdeburg. 1848.

WITH the general character of this work our readers are probably already acquainted, from that of the two preceding volumes, published some years ago. Mr. Eckermann is a biographer of the Boswell class, with the same unbounded and unquestioning admiration of his subject, and with fully as much natural simplicity, but with greater intellectual culture, and without the incomparable absurdity or the tendency to spite which our dear "Bozzy" occasionally exhibits. With his perfect surrender of himself to the influence of the more powerful mind round which he revolved, we are little disposed to quarrel; such devotion is in the present day but too rare; and in addition to the vast mental superiority of Goethe, his elaborate and comprehensive culture, and his free and noble position in the world, contrasted with the narrow circumstances and limited education of Eckermann, made it almost impossible that the attraction should not be overpowering. To have retained perfect freedom and independence of mind in such a case would have required very unusual strength of character and mental endowment. The relation in which they respectively stood, is not, for the work before us, without its advantages. The perfect transparency of the medium through which the master is exhibited, the almost total absence of character in the mind of the pupil, is in many instances favorable to the correctness of the representation. There is no attempt on the part of Eckermann to make the sayings of Goethe accommodate views and theories of his own, as a livelier biographer might have tried to do; but, on the other hand, it is difficult to acquit of occasional misconception, this appearing a more probable supposition than that Goethe should really have said all that is set down for him.

In the former volume there are many such sayings, as, for instance, this—

"I remarked that Byron was very successful in his women. 'Yes,' said Goethe, 'his women are good. Indeed, this is the only vase into which we moderns can pour our idealism; nothing can be done with the men. Homer has got it all away in Achilles and Ulysses, the bravest and most prudent of possible men.'"

Whether this saying has any meaning at all, and is not of that order of profundity in which no bottom can be found, we must leave our readers to determine; but to us it appears as if Goethe were often playing with the simple listener, and treating him to some such instruction as Mephistophiles gives to the young student who comes to consult Faust in his study.

In another place Goethe is made to fall into one of the vulgarest errors of that class of his countrymen who take their views of English policy from the Parisian newspapers.

"'While we Germans,' said Goethe, 'are tormenting ourselves with philosophical problems, the English, with their fine practical understanding, laugh at us and win the world. Everybody knows how they have declaimed against the slave trade; and, while they have made us believe they were actuated solely by motives of humanity, we at last discover that they have an object, such as they do nothing without, and this we should have known before. *They themselves need the blacks in their extensive domain on the western coast of Africa, and they do not like the trade which carries them off.*'"

"'They have large colonies of negroes in America, which are very profitable. From these they can supply the demand from North America, and if slaves are brought from other places it injures their trade—so they preach against the inhuman African slave trade (!)'"

Again—the conversation had one day fallen on the relative value of the observations of nature, made by scientific and unscientific



persons; and Goethe had asserted that the perceptions of the unlearned were often the truer.

"‘You would seem to infer,’ said I, ‘that the more one knows, the worse one observes.’

"‘If our acquired knowledge is much mingled with error, certainly I do,’ answered Goethe. ‘As soon as we have joined any narrow, scientific sect, all true and simple observation is over for us. The decided Vulcanist will always look through Vulcanian spectacles, and the Neptunist and the partisan of the new elevation theory through his. The vision of such theorists, turned always in one direction, loses its clearness, and objects no longer appear to them in their native purity. When these men give us an account of their observations, we receive, notwithstanding the highest regard for truth in the individual—by no means the truth as it is in nature; all objects have a strong subjective tinge. I am far, however, from meaning to maintain that a true unbiassed knowledge would be any hinderance to observation; much more does the old truth retain its force, that we in fact have only eyes and ears for what we know.

"‘The musician hears every instrument in the orchestra, and every tone in each, whilst the unlearned ear perceives only the mass of sound. So also an ignorant man will see nothing but the agreeable surface of a green or flowery meadow, where the observant botanist will be struck by the vast variety of grasses and other plants.

"‘But everything has its limits; and, as in my *Gotz* it is said that a son from sheer learning does not know his own father, so in science we meet with people who can neither see nor hear for erudition. They are so preoccupied with hypotheses that, like a man in a violent passion, they may run against their nearest friend in the street without knowing it. For the observation of nature, a certain simplicity and tranquillity of mind is desirable. The child sees the flower and the insect, and has all his senses awake to a simple and single interest. It does not occur to him that there may be, at the same time, in the formation of the cloud something remarkable, so that he should turn his eyes also in that direction.’

"‘In that case,’ said I, ‘children, and people resembling them, might be good assistants in science.’

"‘Would to heaven,’ said Goethe, ‘that we were all nothing more than good assistants! It is just by wishing to be more, and carrying about with us a great apparatus of philosophy and hypotheses, that we spoil all.’”

Now it is certainly no very uncommon case to find half instructed scientific people possessed by an exclusive theory, distorting their views of fact to accommodate it, and seeing all things through a colored medium: but perhaps the error is less occasioned, even in this case, by their learning than by their ignorance. They have made themselves

masters of one side of a question, and looked hastily, or not at all, at the other; and their mistakes are not in consequence of what they know, but of what they do not know.

Mr. Eckermann asks, “Do you mean to say, that the more one knows, the worse one observes?” (*Dass man um so schlechter beobachtet je mehr man wisse?*) To which Goethe replies, “Certainly I do, if our acquired knowledge is much mingled with error;” which is as much as if one were to ask, “Do you think we are likely to be poisoned by bread and butter?” and the reply were, “Certainly I do, if the bread and butter has been spread with arsenic”—a conclusion which we may readily admit, without at all thereby calling in question the wholesomeness of bread and butter. It may be very true that, as soon as we have joined any narrow scientific sect, (*beschränkte confession*;) we have “lost the faculty of just observation;” but it is not the science, but its narrow limitation—its “*beschränktheit*”—that makes the danger.

It appears also to be quite an unfounded assumption that the observations of unlearned persons concerning facts cognizable by the senses are always, or usually, correct. Most people who have ever tried the experiment will be aware how difficult, how almost impossible it is to obtain from them observations unmixed with inferences; and that no small amount of scientific training is requisite to enable any one to give a really true and accurate account of the simplest phenomenon passing daily before his eyes.

There is doubtless some truth in what is said of the observations of children; but it is not because they know less, but because they attend more, that their observations have sometimes greater value. The learned observer whose attention is divided between the garden and his meteorological inquiries, may easily overlook the flower or the insect; but it does not follow that if he looked at it, he would not see more in it than the child saw.

But it is not surprising that a German should be perhaps over-sensitive to the evils of “much learning;” and to the clear, healthy, eminently practical mind of Goethe, nothing could be more distasteful than the sickly, factitious, unhealthy aspect of body and soul, not uncommon in those who, like so many of his countrymen, have been nourished too exclusively on books.

“‘You know,’ he says on one occasion, ‘that scarcely a day passes in which I do not receive a

visit from some passing stranger; but I cannot say these visits give me much pleasure, especially when they happen to be those of young German learned men, coming from a certain *northeasterly* direction. Pale, hollow-chested, short-sighted, young without youth—that is their general appearance; and when I enter into conversation with them, I soon perceive that the things in which such folks as we take interest, appear childish and trivial to them. They are quite entangled in the *idea*; and nothing but the highest problems of speculation has any interest for them. Of sound senses and a pleasure in the sensuous, there is not a trace—all youthful feeling and joy in youth is driven out of them irrevocably. Could we but take pattern by the English, and give our young men a little less philosophy and a little more power of action—a little less theory and a little more practice! Much improvement might proceed from below, from the people, by schools and domestic education; much also might come from above, from rulers and those about them. I cannot see, for instance, why we should require, from young men studying to qualify themselves for the public service, so much of the theoretical learning by which young people are ruined, mentally and corporeally, before their time. When they enter on practical business, they possess, indeed, an enormous stock of learned and philosophical information; but this can find no application within the narrow limits of their calling, and, as totally useless, must be forgotten. Of what they really want in the meanwhile, they have nothing; and they have none of the energy of mind and body which is so indispensable in the practical business of life. And then in the life of a public servant—in his treatment of mankind—is not love and benevolence needed? And how shall any one feel and practise benevolence towards others, if things do not go well with himself? Now, with these people they mostly go very ill.’”

This seems to rest on much the same foundation as the celebrated *dictum*, “Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.” Does experience bear out the theory, that we may expect most benevolence from those who have themselves suffered least? But Goethe probably referred only to a state of sound bodily health; for he adds—

“One-third of our official and learned men, who live chained to their writing-tables, are physically infirm, and subject to the demon of hypochondria. In these cases, it is in the highest degree necessary that something should be done, in order that, at least, future generations may be protected from such destruction.”

In general, Goethe complains that European life is too artificial and complicated, too far from nature; that our social intercourse is without benevolence or kindness.

“‘Every one is polite and refined, but no one has the courage to be true and cordial, so that a man of a natural sincere character is at a great disadvantage. One cannot help wishing sometimes to have been born a South Sea Islander, in order to have an opportunity of observing human nature without any artificial coloring. If you think, when you happen to be in low spirits, of the miseries of the time, it seems as if the world must be really ripe for the day of judgment. The evil increases, too, from generation to generation; for not only have we to mourn for the sins of our fathers, but we deliver to our posterity the infirmities we have inherited, increased by the addition of our own.’”

To this Mr. Eckermann replies that he has often had similar thoughts, but has been consoled by *the sight of a regiment of dragoons!*

“‘Our peasantry, it is true,’ said Goethe, ‘are still in a state sufficiently healthy to preserve us from total ruin. The country population may be regarded a *depôt* from which the sinking powers of humanity may be from time to time renewed. But go into our great towns, and you will feel very differently. Take some turns through them with a *diable boiteux*, or a physician in great practice, and he will whisper stories to you that will make you shudder at the misery, and marvel at the frailty of human nature, from which society is suffering. But let us get rid of these hypochondriacal thoughts. What have you been doing lately? How have you been living? Tell me, and give me something pleasant to think of.’

“‘I have been reading in Sterne,’ I replied, ‘how Yorick, sauntering through the streets of Paris, was struck by the remark, that every tenth person was a dwarf. I thought of that just now when you were talking of the infirmities of great towns. I recollect, too, in Napoleon’s time, seeing a battalion of French infantry, consisting entirely of Parisians, who were all such wretched, feeble-looking little fellows, that I could hardly imagine what use they could be of in war.’

“‘The Duke of Wellington’s Scotch Highlanders,’ said Goethe, ‘were heroes of rather a different stamp.’

“‘I saw some of them before the battle of Waterloo, in Brussels,’ I replied. ‘They were indeed fine, strong, active looking men, fresh as if just from the hand of the Creator. They carried their heads so free and boldly, and stepped out with their naked, muscular limbs, as if they knew neither hereditary infirmity nor original sin.’

“‘It is a curious thing,’ said Goethe, ‘but whether it be in the race, in the soil, in the free constitution, or in the sound education—the English appear certainly to have the advantage over most other nations. We see here in Weimar but a small number of them, and probably by no means the best specimens, but what clever, handsome young fellows they mostly are. Young as they are, too—some of them not more than seventeen years old—they never appear strange or embarrassed in this foreign German country;



on the contrary, their deportment is as easy and confident as if the world belonged to them. That's the thing that pleases our women, and makes them commit such terrible havoc in young ladies' hearts. As a German family man, I can't help feeling a little dismayed whenever my daughter-in-law announces to me the speedy approach of one of these young islanders. I see, in the spirit, the tears that will have to flow for his departure.

"I can hardly admit, either," said I, "that these young Englishmen are really superior to others' either in heart, in intellect, or in cultivation."

"It is not in those things, dear friend," said Goethe, "nor is their advantage in their birth or wealth. It lies in this:—that they have the courage to be what nature made them. There is nothing in them distorted, perverted, or 'half-and-half.'" They are complete men—also, I must allow, sometimes complete fools—but even a fool complete weighs for something in Nature's scales."

We give this passage, not merely for the gratification of our national vanity, for we are by no means sure the tribute, such as it is, is deserved; and if it were, we must own we ourselves regard a certain kind of becoming sheepishness as more appropriate and agreeable in the age of seventeen, than this self-satisfied and confident manner, which appears to have been so captivating to the young ladies of Weimar. But the characteristics described are unquestionably those of a class, and to a great extent, we think, of a certain rank in society, whether exclusively of our own country or not. There is also something eminently characteristic of Goethe himself in these remarks. He rejoiced in every manifestation of nature, from the highest to the lowest, in "the heavens, and the earth, and the waters that are under the earth;" light and colors, and the manifold phenomena of the atmosphere, rocks, and mountains, and valleys; and what the earth hides in her bosom, and the races of plants and animals that people its surface; the world of art, and the still more complex and various one of the human heart—in all he was at home, and the smallest object had interest in his eyes if it were only genuine and true; but he was in the highest degree impatient of all that was false and factitious, or constrained, and not perfect of its kind. "Even a complete fool," he says, "is something;" and it is often hard to avoid the inference, that he really preferred folly, or even vice that was genuine and spontaneous, to virtue laboriously manufactured, from which, indeed, nothing can grow, while vice is often the result of a force misdirected, but capable of a different application. In all

things he would have clearness and certainty. "I honor the man," he says, "who clearly knows what he wants, who knows also the means to its attainment, and is able to seize and to employ them. Whether his object is a great or a small one, deserves praise or blame, is a secondary consideration." And he has in many places left on record his admiration of what he called "a nature," and his contempt for *Philisterei*, or petty formalism. Nothing disturbed him more than the perpetual interference of the police with all freedom of action, even in the most trivial matters, by which Germany has so long been harassed—and from which it is now breaking loose with the outrageous boisterous eagerness of boys bursting from the confinement of school.

"I only need to look out of the window in our dear Weimar, to know how matters stand with us. When, lately, the snow was lying on the ground, and my neighbor's children wanted to try their little sledges in the street, a policeman was sure to make his appearance and put the poor little things to flight. Now, when the sun of spring is drawing them from their houses, and they like to come and play before the doors with their fellows, they always seem under some constraint—as if they were half afraid, and watching for the approach of the police potentate. A boy can't so much as sing, or whoop, or crack his whip, without a policeman jumping up to forbid it. With us everything is directed to the earliest possible taming of youth, and driving out of them all wild nature and originality, so that at last nothing is left but the *Philister*."

In contrast with this timid, servile inoffensiveness of character, always and everywhere the cherished ideal of despotism, whether of a family or of a nation, the robust freedom of the young Englishman must have been doubtless welcome.

It is well known that Goethe's profound appreciation of the blessings of tranquillity and order, and his apparent indifference to many of the political events of his time, have frequently brought on him the charge of being a friend of despotism, and not always without semblance of justice. It is right, therefore, to hear what he says in his own justification.

"People have been pleased not to see me as I am, and to turn away their eyes from what might have showed me in my true light. Schiller, on the contrary, who, between ourselves, was much more of an aristocrat than I, but who considered more what he said, has had the remarkable good fortune to be counted as a friend of the people. I do not grudge it to him, however, and I console

myself with the thought, that others before me have not been more fortunate.

"I could not, indeed, be a friend to the French Revolution, for its horrors were too near to me, and revolted me daily and hourly, whilst its beneficent consequences were not then to be perceived. I could not, either, be indifferent, when the attempt was made to bring about, in an artificial manner, in Germany, scenes similar to those which in France had been the consequence of a great necessity. But I was just as little the friend of arbitrary power; and I was perfectly convinced, that every great revolution is the fault of the government, not of the people.

"Because, however, I hated revolutions, I have been called a friend to the existing state of things—conservative (*Freund des Bestehenden*.) If all that existed were good and just I should have nothing to say against this. But since, by the side of much that is good, there exists also much that is bad, imperfect, and unjust, a friend of whatever exists is often a friend of the pernicious and the obsolete. Time is in perpetual progress—and human affairs take, every fifty years, another form; so that an institution that may be perfection in the year 1800, will become an abuse in 1850.

"Again, nothing is good for a nation but what proceeds from its innermost kernel, from its own internal wants, without imitation of any other; for what to a people, at a certain stage of culture, may afford beneficent nourishment, may act on another as a poison. All attempts to introduce any foreign innovation—for which the necessity does not lie deep in the heart of the nation itself—are a folly, and all such intended revolutions remain without result. *They are without God, who holds himself aloof from any such botching.* Whenever a real necessity for any great reform exists, God goes with it, and it succeeds. He was visibly with Christ and his apostles and their first disciples; for the appearance of the new doctrine of love was a want, a necessity, for all nations: he was just as visible with Luther, for the purification of that doctrine, disfigured by priestcraft, was equally necessary. Neither of the above named great powers could be called friends of the existing, far more were both deeply penetrated with the necessity of clearing out the old leaven, that what was defective, untrue, and unjust, could not be suffered to continue."

On another occasion he returns to the subject. The conversation turned upon French literature, and upon the ultra-romantic tendencies of several writers of considerable talents. Goethe was of opinion, that the poetical revolution then going on, though it might be prejudicial to individuals, was in the highest degree favorable to literature itself.

"In no revolution," said he, "are extremes to be avoided. In the beginning, nothing further is generally contemplated than the getting rid of some abuses; but before people know where they

are, they find themselves in the midst of horror and bloodshed. The French, in their present literary movement, intended nothing further than to obtain a freer form; but they do not now stop at that, but along with the form reject also the matter. The representation of noble deeds and noble characters, begins to be thought tedious; and variety is sought in the exhibition of depravity. In place of the beautiful fictions of heathen mythology, come devils, witches, and vampires; and the heroes of former ages have to give place to cheats and galley-slaves. That is *piquant* that produces an effect; and after the public has been accustomed to these highly-spiced ingredients, it desires continually more and stronger stimulants.

"A young writer who wishes to succeed, and is not strong enough to choose his own path, must accommodate himself to the taste of the day, and, if possible, outdo all his predecessors in scenes of horror. In this striving after effect, every profound study, and every gradual development of the man from within, is out of the question. That is the greatest injury that can be done to the man; but literature in general will gain by the direction it is now taking." "How," said I, "can a movement, which destroys individual talent, be favorable to literature in general?"

"The extremes and excesses to which I have alluded," replied Goethe, "will gradually disappear, but the great advantage will remain, that, besides a freer form, a richer and more various matter will have been obtained; and no object in the wide extent of life and the world will be rejected any more as unpoetical. I compare the present literary epoch to the crisis of a violent fever—a condition not in itself good or desirable, but which is followed by an improved state of health. The extravagances which at present form the whole contents of a poetical work will hereafter only enter as an occasional ingredient; and the pure and the noble, banished for the moment, will be sought for again with so much the greater eagerness."

They then talked of Berenger, and Eckermann gave the preference to his love-songs over his political poems.

"That is because the political poems are not written for you," said Goethe, "Ask a Frenchman, and he will tell you what they are worth. A political poem is, in the most favorable cases, only to be regarded as the organ of a certain nation, and, in most, only of a certain party. A circumstance favorable to Berenger was, that as Paris is France, all the important interests of his country are concentrated in the capital, and find there their echo. In most of his political songs, therefore, he is not to be regarded as the mere organ of a party, but rather of the whole people. With us, in Germany, that would not be possible. We have no city—not even a country of which we could say, this is Germany. Should we ask in Vienna, we should be told this is Austria; in Berlin, this is Prussia. Sixteen years ago, indeed, when we wanted to get rid of the French, Germany was everywhere, and a political poet



might have produced some effect; but he was not wanted. A universal feeling of the disgrace we had suffered, and of the necessity for an effort, had seized on the minds of the people; the ethereal fire which the poet might have kindled was burning in every heart; but I will not deny that Arndt, Körner and Ruckert did something.

"‘You have been reproached,’ said I, rather thoughtlessly, ‘with not having taking up arms at that epoch; or, at all events, taken your part in the movement as a poet.’

"‘Let us drop that subject, my good friend,’ replied Goethe. ‘It is an absurd world which does not know what it wants. How could I take up arms without feeling any hatred; and how could I hate at my age? Had that period found me a lad of twenty, I should certainly not have been the last; but remember, I was already turned of sixty. We cannot all serve our country in the same way; but let every one do his best, according to the gifts that God has given him. I have worked hard enough for half a century, and I may say that, in those things which Nature has appointed me to work at, I have allowed myself no rest, day or night, but have toiled and striven without ceasing, whenever and wherever I could. If every one can say the same, it will be well for us all.’

"‘At bottom,’ said I, endeavoring to make amends, ‘that reproach should not annoy you. For what does it mean more than that the world’s opinion of you is so great, that they require of him who has done so much for their culture nothing less than all?’

"‘I don’t know,’ said Goethe; ‘there is more malice against me in those sayings than you imagine. It is a new form of the same old hatred that has pursued me for years, and is ever seeking for a vulnerable point. I have long been a stumbling-block to many, and they would gladly be rid of me. As they can find nothing against my talents, they attack my character. I am proud, selfish, envious; of young talent—sunk in sensual indulgence—no Christian—and now, forsooth, without any attachment to my country, or my dear fellow-countrymen. You have known me for years, and can say how much truth there is in all this. As for sitting quietly in my room and writing fierce war-songs—that was not my way. Lying at night by a bivouac fire, when one can hear the neighing of the enemy’s horse—then, indeed, one might write warlike songs; but that was not the life for me, but for Theodore Körner. His martial songs suit him admirably. I am not of a warlike disposition; and had I assumed it, it must have been a mere task, which would have sat very ill on me.

"‘There has been no affectation in my poetry. I have not talked and made verses about what I have not known and lived through. How could I write poems of hate, when I felt no hatred? Between ourselves, I did not hate even the French, though I was heartily glad when we were free of them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism alone are things of consequence, hate a nation which is one of the most cultivated in Europe—and to which I am myself indebted for so great a part of my own culture?’

"Our conversation soon turned on other matters, and Goethe requested me to tell him my notion of the Saint-Simonians.

"‘The chief principle of their doctrines,’ I replied, ‘appears to be this—that every one shall labor for the happiness of the whole, as a necessary condition of his own happiness.’

"‘I thought,’ rejoined Goethe, ‘that every one should begin at home, and first of all work out his own happiness, from which finally the happiness of the whole would infallibly result. For the rest, that doctrine seems to me throughout unpractical and impracticable. It contradicts all nature, all experience, and the whole course of things, for centuries. If every one will but do his duty as an individual, and will but be courageous and sufficient in the sphere of his immediate calling, there need be no fear for the weal of the whole. In my vocation of author I have never asked, ‘What is it the great mass wishes, and how can I be useful to the whole?’ but my endeavor, and my only endeavor has been this—to make myself wiser and better, to increase the worth of my own personality; and then always to express only what I recognized to be good and true. My work indeed, I do not mean to deny it, has been effective and useful in a great circle; but such was not my aim, it was merely a necessary consequence—one which takes place in all activity whatsoever. If, as a writer, I had kept in view the wants of the mob, and sought to appease them, I should have betaken myself to story-telling, and made sport of them, like Kotzebue of blessed memory!’

"‘That admits of no question,’ I replied. There is, however, besides the happiness which I enjoy as a private individual, one which arises from my existence as a citizen and a member of a great community. If, now, the attainment of the greatest possible happiness by an entire nation be not made a principle of action, on what basis is legislation to erect itself?’

"‘If that be your meaning,’ rejoined Goethe, ‘I have indeed no objection to urge. In such cases, however, none but a very select few could make use of your principle. It would be a recipe for princes and lawgivers solely, although even in that case it seems to me that laws should strive rather to lessen the mass of evil, than pretend to introduce universal happiness.’

"‘Both these things,’ I replied, ‘would in the long run coincide. Bad roads, for example, appear to me to be a great evil; now if the ruler makes good roads through his state, even to the humblest villages, he has not merely destroyed a great evil, he has conferred on his people a great blessing. Further, a tardy administration of justice is a great misfortune; now if the ruler, by the introduction of a public and oral legal procedure, bestows on his people a speedy one, not merely is a great evil subdued, but a great blessing is introduced.’—‘I could sing you many a song to this tune,’ interrupted Goethe. ‘But we will agree to leave some evils unindicated, in order that mankind may still possess something on which to exercise their power. My main doctrine is briefly this: Let the father care for his house, the artisan

for his customers, the priest for mutual love, and let the police not disturb our joy.' "

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The mention of Dumont turned the conversation to his relation to Bentham, on which Goethe thus expressed himself:

" 'It is to me an interesting problem how so sensible, so practical a man as Dumont, can be the true worshipper and pupil of *that ass Bentham*! "

" 'Bentham,' I replied, 'is in a certain degree to be looked upon as two persons. I distinguish between Bentham the genius, who evolved the principles which Dumont has preserved from oblivion, and Bentham the man of passion, who, in his exaggerated love of utility, overstepped the boundaries of his own doctrine, and thereby ran into radicalism, both in politics and religion.'

" 'But that,' rejoined Goethe, 'is precisely a new problem to me—namely, how an old man can close the course of a long life by remaining a radical in his last days.'

" 'I tried to explain this contradiction by remarking that Bentham, in the conviction of the excellence of his doctrine and system of legislation, and seeing the impossibility of introducing it into England without a complete alteration of the ruling system, had been carried away by his passionate zeal, the more easily that he came little into contact with the world, and could not accurately measure the danger of a violent overturn.'

" 'Dumont on the contrary,' I continued, 'who has less passion and more clearness, has never approved of Bentham's fanaticism, and is very far from falling into a similar error. He has, besides this, had the privilege of applying Bentham's principles in a country which, in consequence of political changes, was at that time in a certain measure to be regarded as a new one, namely, in Geneva, where moreover everything succeeded perfectly, and a happy result exhibited the worth of the principle.'

" 'Dumont,' said Goethe, 'is a moderate liberal, as all sensible people are and ought to be, and as I myself not only am, but as such have endeavored to work through the course of a long life. The true liberal,' he continued, 'seeks to effect as much good as he can with the means actually at his disposal, but he is chary of destroying mischiefs, often inevitable, by fire and sword. He labors by prudent progression gradually to expel the disease of the commonwealth, without destroying by violent expedients much that is excellent along with them. In this world, always one of imperfections, he is content with the good, until time and circumstances are favorable for his attainment of the better.' "

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Speaking of the natural sciences, and of

\* Our readers will probably be astonished, and even shocked by the epithet, but we cannot help it. Thus it stands written. The word *narr* cannot, that we are aware of, be translated otherwise than by simpleton, fool, or ass. Among these they must take their choice.

the petty jealousy with which scientific men will frequently dispute with each other the priority of a discovery—

" 'There is nothing,' said Goethe, 'by which I have acquired more knowledge of mankind than by my scientific studies. The acquisition has, indeed, cost me much trouble and annoyance; but I rejoice in it nevertheless.'

" 'It appears,' said I, 'that the egotism of men is especially awakened in the pursuit of science; and when that is once put in action, all the defects of a character usually make their appearance.'

" 'The questions of science,' replied Goethe, 'are frequently questions of existence. A single discovery may make a man famous, and lay the foundation of his social position. This is often the occasion of the vigilance and jealousy with which scientific men watch over each other. In the region of æsthetics, offenses of this sort are more easily pardoned. Thoughts are more or less the property of all men; and all depends on the treatment and carrying out of them, so that there is less room for envy. A single thought may serve as matter for a hundred epigrams; and we ask only which poet has embodied it in the most beautiful and effective manner. In matters of science, on the contrary, the first thought is all; there is little that is universal or subjective in these things; but the particular manifestations of the laws of Nature lie dumb, rigid and sphinx-like before us. Every new observation of a phenomenon is a discovery—every discovery a property; and the moment property is touched, man with his passions stands before you. It happens, however, that what is merely learned traditionally and in academies, is also regarded as property; and then should any one appear who brings with him anything new—anything that does not harmonize with the creed that we have for years been repeating and teaching to others—all our passions are up in arms, and we endeavor, by every method to suppress him. We struggle as long as we can—pretend not to hear him, or not to understand him, and speak of him in a depreciating manner; so many obstacles has a new truth to encounter, before it can make its way.' "

Soon after, he recurs again to the accusation of having been an admirer of arbitrary power, and an enemy of the popular cause.

" 'I know not,' said Goethe, 'what sin against the people I have committed, that I should be accused of being no friend to them. I am, indeed, no lover of revolutionary mobs—practising incendiarism, robbery, and murder; who, behind the mask of the public weal, have none but objects of the lowest selfishness in view. Of such a people as this I am no more a friend than I am of Louis XV. I hate all violent overthrows; for they destroy as much good as they effect. I hate those who execute them, as well as those who give cause for them; but am I, for that reason, no friend to the people? Can any right-minded man think otherwise on this point?



"You know how I rejoice at every improvement which the future promises; but, as I have said, everything violent and sudden is hateful to me; for it is not according to nature.

"I love plants—I love the rose, as the most perfect flower that our German climate can produce; but I am not fool enough to require my garden to provide me with them at the end of April. I am content if I then find the first green buds—if, from week to week, I can see the leaves, one after another, unfolding themselves; and rejoice when, at the end of June, the rose unfolds itself in all its glory and fragrance. If any one has not patience to wait for this, let him go to the forcing-house.

"I have been reproached with being a servant of princes. Do I then serve a tyrant or a despot? Do I serve one who lives for his own pleasure at the cost of his subjects? Such princes and such times lie, thank God, far behind us! For half a century I have been strongly and intimately attached to the Grand Duke; for half a century I have worked and striven with him—but I should speak falsely if I said I knew of a single day during that period in which the Duke has had no thought tending to the good of his country, and the improvement of the condition of his people. What does he get personally by his princely rank but a weight of care and trouble? Is his habitation, his dress, his table better appointed than that of many a private man? There are merchants enough in our great trading cities who expend more upon their kitchen and cellar than ever he did. We shall celebrate this autumn the day on which the Grand Duke will have ruled and reigned for fifty years. But when we consider this reign, what has it been other than a fifty years' service? A service for the attainment of great objects—for the welfare of his people. If, then, I must needs be a servant of princes, it is at least a consolation that I am the servant of one who is himself a servant of humanity."

In all this we doubt not Goethe was perfectly sincere. We do not believe that he would have felt, still less that he would have stooped to profess, without feeling this attachment to a sovereign who did not possess, in a great measure, the virtues and excellences described; but would he have felt the same attachment and veneration for these virtues and excellences, had they been manifested in a humbler sphere? It belonged, perhaps, to the character of his mind, to his intense susceptibility to the beautiful, that they should attract him more powerfully when thus set in the imposing environments of princely rank; it belonged, too, to what we cannot but think a somewhat effeminate shrinking from all that was painful, that he should seek for the objects of his admiration rather on the glittering summits, than in the dark and rugged highways of life.

Of the low servility that attaches itself to

the great for the sake of the selfish advantages to be obtained from them, he was wholly incapable; but to virtue, tranquillity, unfolding itself in the freedom and power of a high station, he had more affinity than to equal virtue struggling with adverse circumstances.

He did not "despise poor folk," but he soared, perhaps, in somewhat too lordly a manner above them; and cared little to seek beneath the plain, or sometimes repulsive exterior of more humble life, for the virtues that so often "make a sunshine in that shady place." The following has much interest at the present moment.

"We spoke of the unity of Germany, and in what sense it was possible and desirable. 'I have no fear,' said Goethe, 'but that Germany will one day be united. Our good roads and our future railways will do their part; but, before all, let us be united in love among ourselves, and united against a foreign foe. Let German dollars and *groschen* have the same value all over Germany. Let my trunk, when I am travelling, pass through the six-and-thirty states without being opened. Let the passport of a citizen of Weimar not be regarded everywhere else in Germany as that of a foreigner. Let there be no more talk of *Inland* and *Outland* among German states. Let Germany be one in her trade and commerce, in her weights and measures, and a hundred similar things that I could name.'

"But if, by the unity of Germany, it is meant that it shall be one great empire, with one great capital—if it be supposed that this great capital will promote the welfare of the great mass of the people, as it may do the development of great individual talent, that is a great error. A state has been compared to a living body with many limbs; and in this comparison the capital will, of course, take the place of the heart, from which life and well-being circulates to the nearer and more distant members. But for the members that are most distant, the stream of life will flow with less and less vigor.

"A clever Frenchman—I believe Dupin—has made a map of the intellectual culture of France, and marked the greater or smaller illumination of the departments, with brighter or darker tints. We found in those provinces situated at the south, at the greatest distance from the capital, particular departments marked black, to represent their intellectual condition. But would this be the case if *la belle France* had possessed not one, but ten centres of life and light? In what is Germany great but in the admirable cultivation of her people, which has penetrated simultaneously to every part of the country? But does not this proceed from the numerous capitals? How would it stand with German culture, if, for centuries past, we had no other capitals than Vienna and Berlin, or, perhaps, only one?—Nay, even with the general diffusion of prosperity, which goes hand-in-hand with culture.

“Germany possesses twenty universities, scattered over her territory, and above a hundred public libraries, besides a proportionately large number of collections of works of art, and museums of natural history; for every prince has endeavored to draw some of these advantages to his own territory. Gymnastic and industrial schools we have in superabundance; and there is scarcely a single German village that is unprovided with the means of education. What is the position of France in this respect?”

“Again, we have above seventy theatres—and the theatre is by no means to be despised as the promoter of the higher popular culture. The taste and capacity for music and singing is in no country in the world so extensively diffused as in Germany. Then think of such cities as Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart, Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, and the like; think of the great elements of life, which they have in them; of the effects which proceed from them to the neighboring provinces,—and ask yourself if they would have been what they are if they had not been the seats of separate rulers?”

“Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck, are splendid cities in themselves—not to calculate their effects on the general prosperity of Germany. Would they, however, remain such if they

should lose their sovereignty, and be incorporated in a great German empire as provincial towns? I greatly doubt it.”

It will be perceived that, though this volume can hardly be considered in any other light than that of gleanings from a field already reaped, it contains much that we would not willingly have lost; and if our readers should feel, occasionally, perplexity or disappointment in some of the poet's utterances, as here set forth, they should recollect how severe is the trial to which he is exposed in this perpetual jotting down of his most careless conversation.

Like the saint of old, in the door of whose cell a devout follower bored a hole, in order to have an opportunity of watching him at every hour of the day and night, Eckermann seems fully convinced that there is nothing his hero can say or do which is not worthy of record as tending to edification. But truly we may say in this instance, that “even his failing leans to virtue's side.”

## SONNETS ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER.

BY HENRY FRANK LOTT.

### I.

Mother, thou know'st how truly I am thine  
By ties of sympathy as well as blood—  
Warm from my bosom in a gushing flood  
My best affections still to thee incline;  
Thy breast has been to me a holy shrine  
Where love unselfish, glowing gratitude,  
With all that makes us kind, or leaves us good,  
In one unchanging sentiment combine.  
I hold naught dearer than thy power to bless,  
As o'er the varied scenes of life I rove—  
Not e'en the warm impassionate caress  
Meeting or parting with the maid I love:  
A mother's love! while I such boon possess,  
I scarce would change my state with saints above!

### II.

Thy love was like a sheltering tree, that grew  
Over the stream that fed it;—thine embrace  
Was not more warm when first mine infant face  
Thou didst behold, than at our last adieu;  
Untiring, eager, generous, and true,  
Thy tenderness did with my years keep pace,  
Seeking all sorrow from my brow to chase,  
And holding truth and virtue up to view.  
Thanks! grateful thanks! I have not all deserved,  
I plead me guilty to a wayward will;  
Yet thou didst chide so mildly when I swerved,  
That I returned to love thee better still;  
Thy warning counsel has my spirit nerved,  
And proved an antidote to many an ill.

### III.

As age accumulates upon thy brow,  
And all thine energies become less warm,  
Securely rest on my more vigorous arm—  
Time the protectorship reverses now.  
If, by God's blessing, health and strength allow,  
My toil shall comfort thee; secure from harm,  
No dread of want thy last days shall alarm,  
Nor workhouse insolence thy spirit bow.  
Mother, though dim thine eye, yet many a day,  
While blythe I sported, didst thou toil for me,  
Along no path of flowers, but a rude way  
Beset with hardship and with poverty.  
May I the debt that's due in part repay,  
By feeling grateful, and by aiding thee!

### IV.

Dost ask why I have joined thy name to song?  
Lo! how the ivy round the oak entwines!  
Thus round thy worth these transitory lines  
Enwreath themselves, existence to prolong:  
My muse now noteless 'mid the busy throng,  
If in her lay a parent's virtue shines,  
A pleasing theme unto her numbers joins  
To warm the heart and linger on the tongue.  
Though Fame pass by, a better guest, Content,  
Dwells ever with us, making all serene;  
And Hope is sometimes to my vision lent,  
That, after we resign this earthly scene,  
These lines shall be our humble monument,  
O'er which remembrance shall in fondness lean.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE DEATH-BED OF JACOB BOEHMAN.

BY THE REV. R. S. BROOKE.

The circumstances attending the death of this great philosophic mystic of the sixteenth century are faithfully detailed in the following lines.

WHEN within the walls of Gorlitz, the Teutonic mystic lay,  
Circled with his weeping dear ones, watching till he passed away;  
When, with coming Death contending, the reluctant flame of life,  
Leaping in its silver socket, scarce maintained the dubious strife:

It was daybreak, and the crimson of the purple skies had come,  
Like a spirit, through the lattice, flushing all the sick man's room—  
Lighting up his fixing features, calm as marble sculpture wrought,  
With something like their former tone of life and lofty thought.

Broader, brighter broke the morning, and the crimson hues are gone;  
And, blazing all with gems and gold, upheaves God's glorious sun:  
Was it this that stayed the life-tides, as they slowly ebb'd away?  
Was it this that checked the spirit ere it soared to endless day?

And the dying man upspoke and said—"Ope the door that I may hear  
That soft music which is ringing wild and sweet within my ear:  
Heard you not that strain excelling? Blessed sound! it sinks and falls—  
Oh, Lord of Hosts, 'tis thy still voice\* that to my spirit calls."

"Oh, strength of Love!—oh, Life of death!—my God! above this hour  
Lift me. Oh, Saviour, strong the waves, but stronger is thy power!"  
Then to the wall he turned his face. "Now I go hence," he cried,  
"To paradise, to meet my Lord." And simply thus he died.

And was it not a marvel in such an hour to see  
How God did loose the fetters of his mind's long phantasy!—  
How one like him so overwrought, who had leaped beyond all rules,  
To plunge in depths untrod alike by sages and by fools—

"Rapt † in the holy Sabbath"—"trod the centre and the ground  
Of man's hidden nature"—"shadowed over with a mystery profound"—  
"Heard the tones, and felt the touch of God"—"in seven days' vision dim  
Saw the Spirit throned in thousand Lights"—"held his peace, and worshipped Him."

To think that such a mind and man, on this his dying day,  
Like a river issuing bright and swift from weeds which clogged its way,  
Heard but the Heavenly Shepherd's voice, as the shadowy vale he trod,  
Then laid him down like some dear child, and slept, to wake with God.

NOTE.—For a picture of Boehman's extraordinary and interesting mind, the reader is referred to Coleridge's exquisite "Parable" in the "Aids to Reflection," under the head of "Mystics and Mysticism."

\* "After the fire, a still small voice."—1 Kings, xix. 12.

† Some of Boehman's extravagant doctrines.

From the North British Review.

## THE SOCIALIST PARTY IN FRANCE.

At the moment that the dynasty of Louis Philippe was overthrown, the sovereignty of France fell into the hands of the people of Paris. What use they were to make of the opportunity, what character they were to give to the revolution that they had just effected, depended on the collective tenor at that moment of their political prepossessions and wishes. What those prepossessions and wishes were, however, it has required subsequent events to make clear.

One thing, indeed, was decided from the very beginning. France was to be a republic. Abolishing royalty, and accounting the events of the preceding fifty years as a mere interruption, in part splendid and in part disastrous, of the great career of self-government that had been begun in 1792, the French people were now to resume that career in a new spirit, and under better auspices. So much may be said to have been agreed upon from the first; it was virtually settled by the people in the streets, and if there were any dissentients, they were obliged to hide themselves. Another point also may be said to have been settled at the same time; namely, that the republic thus revived was to be a republic based on universal suffrage. To stop at a restricted system of suffrage, such as satisfied the men of the first revolution, was doubtless impossible. At all events the attempt was not made.

A republic, then, and a republic based on universal suffrage, such was the lowest result that the people would accept from the revolution of February. To this all classes were obliged to make up their minds, Louis Philippists and legitimists, politicians and bourgeoisie; and all that the more moderate spirits of the country could hope was, that by uniting their efforts they might be able to arrest the movement at this stage, and prevent it from going any farther.

To English readers, accustomed to regard a republic, and, above all, a republic based on universal suffrage, as a condition of things beyond which nothing else exists to be either desired or dreaded, these words "any far-

ther" may appear strange. But when it is considered that the word republic is only the name for a particular method of electing the governors of a country, and that it implies nothing as to the set of principles that shall prevail in the government, except indeed a certain conformity at all times to the will of the majority, this wonder will vanish, and it will be seen how, among republicans themselves, there may be differences of moderate and extreme. One class of persons, for example, may desire a republic as an end, and for its own sake, that is, from a mere general conviction that this is the likeliest form of government to secure the prosperity of a nation; another class of persons may desire it rather as a means, in other words, from a conviction, that if this form of government were established, then certain favorite theories, that they are obliged in the mean time to keep in reserve, might be put in practice. It was precisely so in Paris on the 24th of February last. The effective revolutionists of that day were not a single compact body, feeling together and moving together; they were a great straggling multitude, of which one battalion marched far in advance of the rest. One portion of them desired a republic because they believed it would put an end to the corruption that existed, and secure better government for the future; but many desired it more expressly because they had predetermined in their own minds certain things that they would do when they had got it.

Of the moderate republican party, desiring the republic for its own sake, or at least for the sake of the general prospect of good that it held out, the natural leaders were Dupont de l'Eure, Arago, and other members of the small radical section in the old Chamber of Deputies. Their chief organ out of doors was the *National* newspaper, edited by Marrast. To them was attached the generous and high-souled Lamartine. If not a republican before, in the precise sense in which they had been republicans, he had at least had democratic visions of his own; he had



fought the battle of reform along with them, and had stood boldly when Barrot had flinched; and now that the hour of the republic was come, he had been the first to close with it and lend it his voice.

Such was the moderate republican party, the recognized and traditional republicans of France, the successors and admirers of Armand Carrel, called from the position of a small minority of parliamentary radicals, to a supreme place in the eyes of the nation. To indicate the nature of their prepossessions and views, they may be called the political republicans, that is, the republicans, who having all along directed their efforts to the establishment of a republic as an end, were willing, now that the end was gained, to wait for the response of the people. Very different from these were the republicans that remain to be described. Confident that the republic would come, but weary of waiting for it, they had turned their attention, in the mean time, by way of preparation, to certain deep social questions, the settlement of which, they believed, would form the first and principal business of the republic whenever it should arrive. In the preliminary study of these questions, in the search beforehand for solutions, or even approximate solutions to some of them, they were already, they believed, serving the future republic, at the same time that they were procuring intellectual pleasure for themselves. "Let others," they said, "strive in the political arena to bring in the republic; we will assist them when it is necessary to do so, but meanwhile we will rehearse our parts in an imaginary republic of our own. These were the social, or the social and democratic republicans, that is, the republicans, who in virtue of the zeal with which they had studied certain social changes that they thought would take place in a republic, had come to value the republic itself chiefly as a means for bringing about those changes. They had kept their promise, indeed, of fighting for the republic when the chance came, nay, they had fought with double ardor; but they had fought with doctrines in their heads, and when the fight was over, they stood aloof from their companions and attempted to dictate. "You have done your part," they said, "in achieving the republic; and now we will show you what to do with it." Let us examine a little more closely into the constitution of this party, and the nature of its tenets.

The grand peculiarity of the party consisted, as all know, in certain sanguine pre-

conceptions that it entertained as to the possibility of a sudden amelioration of the condition of the working-classes.

The father of these new social speculations in their most general form was Saint-Simon. It was he who, more than thirty years before, had thrown forth the idea, since become familiar, that a great crisis of European society was at hand, when not only should industrial interests assume the preponderance in politics, but the industrial mind itself should seize the administration; it was he that had set the example to theorists of a certain class, by proposing his ideal of society as it should be—an ideal which consisted in a supposed hierarchical arrangement of all the members, on the one great principle that every man should be stationed according to his capacity, and paid in proportion to his services; and it was from him also, or at least from his school, that had emanated the proposition, so subversive in its purpose, for reducing all men to an original equality of chances, by abolishing the law of inheritance. Many of the Saint-Simonians, it is true, had abandoned their attitude of hostility to the existing *régime*, and, retaining their doctrines only as speculations, had even taken office as public functionaries. Others, however, maintaining their character as members of a church militant, had joined the ranks of the democracy, adopting the Saint-Simonian creed for immediate service, and suiting portions of it to the popular taste. Of these the most eminent was Pierre Leroux, the founder of a philosophic sect called Humanitarians. His most distinguished pupil, and his assistant in the work of disseminating his peculiar democratic generalities among the people, was George Sand.

Tributary to this great stream of Saint-Simonian speculation, were the theories of the Fourierists. From them had emanated the doctrine of co-operation, as applied to industry; the idea of associating mankind universally into little communities, or phalanxes, by the operation of their natural inclinations and tastes, each community to form a united firm or copartnership of various trades; drawing their provision from a common fund, and dividing the profits periodically among the members, according to the three categories of labor, capital, and talent; labor to share as five, capital as four, and talent as three, in the distribution. In this scheme of the Fourierists it will be observed, and particularly in its subordination of capital and talent to labor, there was, as compared with the scheme of the Saint-Simonians, a decidedly

levelling tendency, a decided tendency to assimilate human conditions, and make all men socially equal. And yet, in recognizing capital and talent as at all entitled to consideration in the distribution of material advantages, Fourier clearly meant to uphold private property, and to assert some degree of social inequality to be necessary and inevitable. Still, there was enough of absolute Chartism in the system to make it a powerful democratic engine; and, accordingly, among the democratic forces at work in France, before the revolution of February, may be reckoned the whole body of the Phalangsterians or Fourierists, represented in the press by the *Démocratie Pacifique*, and other journals, and headed in the public eye by Victor Considérant, their ablest man, and the ordained successor of Fourier. How little, however, the Fourierists were expecting the speedy arrival of the democratic epoch that they longed for, or how little they desired a social outbreak at all, is shown by the fact, that only a month or two before the revolution, Considérant, in dedicating (without permission) the third edition of his *Destinée Sociale* to Louis-Philippe, expressed a hope that the king himself might yet lay the foundation-stone of the first Phalangstère, and thereby win an honor for the dynasty of Orleans.

A more formidable contribution to the new democratic philosophy than either the magnificent generalities of the Saint-Simonians, or the impracticable schemes of the Fourierists, were the theories of the so-called Communists. The peculiarity of Communism, as compared with either Saint-Simonianism or Fourierism, consists in its total abrogation of all social inequality between man and man. Saint-Simonianism, we have seen, is almost an aristocratic creed: it proposes, indeed, a revolution in the present order of things, but the system of society that it would build up instead, would be a gorgeous hierarchy of functions, spiritual and temporal, in form resembling the Catholic system of the Middle Ages, all authority proceeding from above downwards. Fourierism, on the other hand, would arrange mankind in corporations smaller and larger on a level platform, each corporation, from the smallest to the largest, delegating the powers of government upwards to officers chosen by itself. So far, therefore, it is more democratic, more republican in its spirit than Saint-Simonianism. Even Fourierism, however, retains differences of rank and wealth, and stops short of absolute social equality. To both systems alike Communism says, No. Absolute and

entire social equality, in other words, absolute and entire equality, in respect of the material advantages of life, notwithstanding all the natural inequalities of health, strength, talent, virtue, and energy, that do subsist, and perhaps will ever continue to subsist, between man and man; this is essentially what Communism demands. It does not necessarily deny the natural inequalities that have been alluded to; it may or it may not hold these inequalities to be temporary and destined to gradual extinction as society advances; it does not even necessarily deny that they should exert an influence over the mass of human relations; but it maintains, at least, that any such influence ought to be confined to the feelings, to the purely moral relations between soul and soul, and ought to have no issue into the sphere of material things. All human beings, whatever they may be in the eye of the Infinite, are here but citizens of one common planet, crowded, as it were, upon a given weight of earth, and having at their disposal but the limited quantity of material products and comforts that they can extract out of it. Let these creatures of the Infinite regard each other as they choose—with love, admiration, dislike—all as their infinite instincts guide them, soul recognizing soul through the veil of the body; but let the inequality stop here; let not heaven and earth be commingled, and let not any man, in virtue of any advantages that he may possess in the sphere of the illimitable, claim, or be allowed to have a larger interest than another in the limited fund of material wealth that is the property of all. Whatever may be the differences of value between man and man, regarded from the *supra-mundane* point of view, (which we assume when we exercise our affections,) in the society of this world, at least, and considered as a copartnership of individuals associated to till and otherwise modify to their use a given extent of earth, all men are equally units.

Such, in its highest and most abstract form, seems to be the doctrine of Communism. In a vague, sentimental shape we see it lying deep in the popular mind of all ages, producing usually only dumb discontent, but roused now and then, by the force of special misery, into something almost resembling a scientific expression.

“Alaboon, Sir Priest, Alaboon!

By your priestship now give me to see;  
Sir Galfred the knight that liveth hard by,  
Why should he be greater than me?”

Perhaps the first germ of the doctrine, in



the modern shape in which it has been since developed, is to be found in the writings of Rousseau. "He that first inclosed a piece of land, and said, *This is mine*, and found people simple enough to believe it, was," says Rousseau, "the real founder of civil society. How many wars, crimes, and massacres—how many miseries and horrors would have been spared to the human race, had some one levelled the boundary, filled up the ditch, and said to his companions, 'Beware of this impostor; you are lost if you forget that the fruits belong to all, and the earth to no one.'" Among the anarchical expansions of this doctrine that sprang up about the time of the first French revolution, the most remarkable was that of Gracchus Babeuf, who was guillotined in 1796, for an attempt to overthrow the Directory, and subvert the Republican Constitution then in force. Babeuf was the president of a club whose object it was to establish a true and absolute democracy, by means of an equal partition among all of the property monopolized by the few. The readiest way to effect this in any State, would be to confiscate all the property existing in it at any given moment, and portion it out in strictly equal divisions among the citizens; but the plan of Babeuf, as expounded after his death by his disciple and panegyrist, Buonarrotti, was somewhat slower and more cautious. "To establish by the laws a public order, in which proprietors, while retaining provisionally their effects, should find neither abundance, nor pleasure, nor respect; where, forced to spend the greater part of their revenues in expenses of cultivation and in tolls, crushed by a weight of progressive taxation, set aside from public business, deprived of all influence, and forming in the State but a suspected class of foreigners, they should be at last forced to emigrate, leaving their goods behind them, or to seal with their own adhesion the establishment of universal community"—such was the scheme of Babeuf, as described by Buonarrotti. In other words, the class of proprietors was to be extirpated, not at once, but by a process of gradual corrosion.

This class of Communists, frequently distinguished as the Babouvists, and sometimes also as the Equalitarians, or Equalitarian Communists, is all but extinct in France. The Communism now in vogue is of the species named Fraternal Communism, of which the chief expositor is M. Cabet, formerly attorney-general under Louis Philippe, and member of the Chamber of Deputies, and not long since an exile in England.

In essence, the theory of Cabet is the same as that of Babeuf, namely, that all the members of society should share equally the material advantages at command; the difference between the two theorists being a difference rather of spirit and temper. Babeuf was an anarchist, a man of hard and desperate resources, ready for any amount of rigor necessary for the application of his scheme. Cabet is a quiet dreamer, a man of inoffensive character and gentle demeanor, not at all logical or systematic in his ideas, but master of a simple and pleasing style, that seems to suit his audiences. In these respects, and in the boundless faith that he has in his own strange fancies, he appears very much to resemble his counterpart in this country, Robert Owen, who, as he walks in the streets of London, firmly believes, it is said, that in six months they are all to disappear. Cabet's chief production is a work entitled *Voyage en Icarie*, in which, under the convenient form of a fiction, he describes in rosy hues, his ideal of a society, reconstituted on the principle of equality. In this imaginary paradise, there is no money, no crushing commerce, no private capital; all labor equally with instruments and materials furnished by the state; and the results of the common industry are deposited in public magazines, for equal distribution among the citizens. The consequence is, that there is no want, no weariness, no discord; luxury, such as no Eastern nabob could command, is the lot of all in Icaria; all loll on sofas of the softest velvet, the dark-haired on sofas of crimson, the fair-haired on sofas of blue; all partake of the choicest viands at stated hours; all travel in first-class carriages; all are happy and serene—such, without a word of exaggeration, is Cabet's picture of society as he hopes to make it. Yet, in prosecuting even this dreamy method of representing to himself what he would be at, he seems to have struck against certain obstacles; hence some limitations in his creed to the theory of absolute equality. The institution of the family, for example, is still to exist, a little monopoly of pleasures and duties. The partition of property, too, mathematical equality being impossible, is to proceed on a principle of only virtual or approximate equality, that may be thus expressed: "Each man, producing according to his faculties, is to be remunerated according to his wants." This rule of proportionality being observed, however, will in effect produce equality, for although the man of ravenous appetites will certainly according to such a rule receive

most, yet, as the man of simple desires will have as much as he cares for, there will be no real inequality in the case. The fair-haired man may not have a crimson sofa like his dark friend, but then this will be because blue will suit him better.

Contenting himself with denouncing property and capital in general terms, and with affirming the abstract proposition, that the extinction of misery can be obtained only by the extinction of opulence, Cabet made no direct attempt to subvert the existing order of things. The golden age, he believed, would roll in upon men unawares; and there was horror in all revolutionary courses. Only if one could exhibit to the world a model society, founded on the true principles, the example would doubtless be salutary. Accordingly, the chief immediate use that Cabet made of the Revolution of February, was to carry out a plan previously meditated, and ship off a body of his disciples to found an Icaria in Texas.

It is needless to point out how completely Communism, whether in the form of Babeuf or in that of Cabet, is opposed to Saint-Simonianism. Communism requires that the natural inequalities of men, if such exist, shall have no issue into the sphere of strictly social relations; Saint-Simonianism, on the other hand, will organize society in no other way than by the very mechanism of these inequalities. The formula of Communism, as propounded by Cabet, may be expressed thus—"The duty of each is according to his faculties; his right according to his *wants*;" the formula of Saint-Simonianism is in one of its halves flatly the reverse—"The position of each man according to his faculties; his right according to his *works*." There is little danger, then, that Communism will be confounded with Saint-Simonianism. The confusion of Communism with Fourierism is an error more likely to be committed. And yet between the doctrines of Cabet and those of Fourier there is irreconcilable discord. The following is an extract from a chapter of the *Destinée Sociale* of Considérant, expressly devoted to the illustration of the difference between the two systems:

"Community is so absurd that no peasant ever submitted to it voluntarily. What man would be so much of a philosopher as to bring to the general stock twice, three times, four times, as much as his neighbor, if he were to receive in return but an equal share of the profits? . . . In the Phalanx, therefore, no community, no pell-mell, no equality. If Peter has brought a capital

double of that furnished by Paul, Peter shall draw from the share assigned to capital, a revenue double that of Paul; and justly so. If it is agreed that Paul has worked three times as much as Peter, Paul shall draw from the share of labor a portion three times as large as Peter; and justly so. If the relations of their talent are as one to four, their shares in respect of talent shall be as one to four; and this also justly. In all this there will be justice, because there will be not equality, but proportion. If there were equal retribution, there would be monstrous injustice. Moreover, Peter and Paul, and all the others, shall lodge as they please, consulting their own tastes and the fulness of their purses, either in a luxurious or in a modest apartment; and so also they shall dine at whatever cost they please; only the one and the other and all of them shall be ten or twenty times better treated for the same money under the societary than they could be under piecemeal regime."

Differing as they do, however, in principle and character, the three systems known as Saint-Simonianism, Fourierism, and Communism, all agree in one respect; in the promise, namely, that they hold out of an indefinite amelioration of the condition of the working classes. Hence the tendency to think of them together, if not to amalgamate them. Filtrating downwards through the mass of the population, modified by the popular exigencies and wishes, receiving sometimes a tincture of bitterness and malevolence by contact with individual misery, and mingling also, it must be added, with much of willful and deliberate profligacy, the three systems of doctrine have at length become diffused, in the double form of a moral restlessness and a special intellectual tendency, through the whole of French society. In Paris, in Lyons, and in all the other great centres of French industry—wherever, in short, there are clubs, reading-rooms, debating societies, meetings of young men, there, based on the general Saint-Simonian expectation of a splendid future for the working-classes, are discussed the means of bringing it about. The French *ouvriers*, especially the printers, cabinet-makers, weavers, designers, and members of such other trades as usually furnish in this country the more intelligent class of Chartists, are said to have a wonderful aptitude for such speculations. Generalities and verbal formulæ that are here confined to men of special culture, are there familiar in the *Atelier*. The idea, hardly yet current in the literature of this country, that as the working-classes of Europe have already passed successively through the three stages of slavery, serfdom, and hired service, so there



may be yet a fourth stage in reserve for them, as superior to hired service as hired service is to serfdom, or serfdom to slavery—is in France the growing faith of the working classes themselves. In Paris, especially, such views are common; they are to the Parisian *ouvriers* what the points of the Charter are to the workmen of Manchester or London. Nor is this a fact of yesterday. While Louis-Philippe was still on the throne, and while the Duke of Orleans was still the heir-apparent, ideas and feelings that never found their way to the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, and that were unknown in the breasts of representatives of the people, were rife in the workshops of Paris.

Upon the whole, the tendency of the workmen seems to have been towards the most thorough and levelling of the three systems—to wit, Communism. The form, however, in which they liked to conceive the doctrines of Communism, appears to have been not the vague, pictorial form of Cabet, but that more specific and practical form that had been provided for them in 1839, by Louis Blanc in his *Organization du Travail*; the peculiarity of that form consisting, as all know, in its supposed fitness as a means of transition out of the present condition of society into the condition that is to succeed it. Raising a capital by way of loan from the community, the State, said Louis Blanc, ought to expend that capital in the establishment of a limited number of national workshops in various departments of industry; these workshops to be organized on the principle of strict community or equality, so that all the workmen, contributing each according to their power in the matter of labor, should receive the same exact share of the profits. These workshops, forming as it were so many new organic centres, in the midst of a society viciously constituted on the principle of individualism or unlimited competition, would gradually work a change on that society, penetrating it farther and farther the longer they remained in operation, till at length the organization on the principle of association would pervade the whole.

Seizing, for the most part, on this swift and simple form of Communism, the workmen of Paris adopted also the phrase that had accompanied it, *Organization of Labor*. There was in this phrase a convenience for the occasion, as well as an intrinsic aptness. It was general enough to include all the varieties of opinion that it was desirable at that moment to harmonize. Communism meant one thing, Fourierism another, Saint-Simoni-

anism a third; but all three were included in the phrase, *Organization of Labor*. Somewhat more of precision, indeed, might have been secured by the adoption of the more lengthy formula—*Organization of Labor on the co-operative principle*; which, while it would have included all the Communists and Fourierists, would have excluded hardly any of the democratic Saint-Simonians. But the shorter watchword was, upon the whole, the best. In converting this watchword, however, into a name for the party agreeing to use it, there was a difficulty. *Organizationists of Labor* would have been too clumsy; it was necessary, therefore, to find a synonym. The word *Socialists* here presented itself. Equally precise and equally vague with the practical signification that it was meant to have, it was at once adopted. Whether used by itself, or lengthened, for the purpose of more strict political contrast, into the name *Social Republicans*, it indicated exactly the hopes and tendencies of the party, their devotion to a particular class of speculations, their eagerness for a social rather than a mere political Revolution. The old Saint-Simonian philosophers; the Humanitarian, Pierre Leroux, and his disciple, George Sand; the Fourierist, Victor Considérant, and his whole school; Babouvists, or Equalitarian Communists, if any such existed; Fraternal or Icarian Communists of the school of Cabet; the political aspirant, Louis Blanc, and whoever were willing to support his scheme—all could co-operate provisionally, and for present ends, under the name of Socialists or Social Republicans. Nay, the name would include men not exactly belonging to any class, not pledged to any system; men, on the one hand, like the ex-priest Lammennais, believing, with hazy eye, in a mystic Future unlike all the Past; or men, on the other, like Ledru-Rollin, already at work in the field of politics, and often startling his colleagues in the Chamber of Deputies, by the unwelcome talk of certain miseries out of doors that it was the business of Parliaments to attend to.

Such were the two great parties that rushed forward to seize the sovereignty that Louis Philippe had dropped—the Political Republicans, who wanted only to eradicate monarchy and maintain order till the population of France should declare its will; and the Social Republicans, who wanted, if possible, to confiscate the Revolution immediately in behalf of certain ideas, more or less precise, that they had in their heads.

At the first moment of the Revolution, the

two parties, as yet imperfectly known to each other, found themselves in coalition, like men standing among the ruins left by a fire. Of the eleven persons hastily placed in the Provisional Government by the necessity of the hour—some by popular acclamation in the Chamber, and others by the activity of democratic clubs in the city—seven, namely, Dupont de l'Eure, aged 81 years, Arago, aged 61, Lamartine, aged 57, Crémieux, aged 51, Marie, aged 52, Garnier-Pagès and Marrast, each aged about 40, were Political; and four, namely, Ledru-Rollin, aged 40, Louis Blanc, aged 34, Ferdinand Flocon, and Albert (Ouvrier,) aged 32, were Social Republicans. In dividing them thus, we judge from the tenor of their subsequent conduct; the distinction had not yet declared itself, nor even now is it possible to arrange them exactly with a reference to their minuter differences. Of the four that we have named as Social Republicans, Louis Blanc alone could be called a Socialist by system. The other three, however, sympathized so far with him as to form a party in his favor; and as the *National* was the organ of the more moderate party, so Ledru-Rollin lent his paper, the *Réforme*, to represent the views of himself and his associates.

And now began the struggle between the two parties. From the windows of the Hotel de Ville, Lamartine withstood the crowd, demanding that the red flag should be hoisted as the flag of the Republic, and secured the triumph of the tricolor. The red flag, although not demanded by the minority of the Provisional Government, would have been a symbol that they could have accepted. It was the rough, popular assertion of their own view that, now that the republic was obtained, something thorough should be done with it. But if so far the spirit of moderation prevailed, yet in giving to the Revolution its name and character, in stamping upon it the impress that was to distinguish it in history from all preceding Revolutions, in deciding what were to be its first acts and proclamations, the extreme party won the day. This was natural. The Political Republicans, having never looked beyond the act of acquiring the Republic, did not know what to do with it now they had it in their hands. The abolition of capital punishment for political offenses was indeed a splendid inspiration, worthy of a poet swaying the heart of a people. But other things than the abolition of the guillotine for statesmen were required from the Revolution; and what these things should be, only the Socialist members of the

Government could say. They, therefore, stepped forward, and relieved their colleagues of all trouble in the matter. "You attend to the foreign nations," they virtually said to Lamartine; "we will manage France." Arago, Marrast, and the rest, were taken by surprise or overpowered; and the following manifestoes went forth to the country in succession:

"DECREE, 25th February, 1848.

"The Provisional Government of the French Republic binds itself to guarantee the existence of the workmen by labor;

"It binds itself to guarantee labor to all citizens;

"It recognizes the right of workmen to associate among themselves for the enjoyment of the legitimate profits of their labor;

"The Provisional Government restores to the workmen, to whom it belongs, the million that falls in of the civil list."

"DECREE, 27th February, 1848.

"The Provisional Government decrees the immediate establishment of national workshops.

"The Minister of Public Works is charged with the execution of this decree."

"PROCLAMATION, 28th February, 1848.

"Considering that the Revolution made by the people should be made for them;

"That it is time to put an end to the long and unjust sufferings of laborers;

"That the question of labor is of supreme importance;

"That there is nothing more high, more worthy the thoughts of a republican government.

"That it pertains above all to France to study ardently and resolve a problem now pending in all the industrial nations of Europe;

"That it is necessary, without the least delay, to guarantee to the people the legitimate fruits of their labor;

"The Provisional Government of the Republic decrees:

"A permanent commission, to be called *Commission of Government for the Laboring Classes*, shall be appointed with the express and special charge of attending to the condition of those classes.

"To show what importance the Provisional Government of the Republic attaches to the solution of this great problem, it names as President of the Commission for the Laboring Classes, one of its members, M. Louis Blanc, and as Vice-President another of its members, M. Albert, workman.

"Workmen shall be called to take part in the Commission.

"The seat of the Commission shall be at the Palace of the Luxembourg."



In these three decrees\* we have the germ of the whole Revolution, so far as it assumed a peculiar character. Take away these decrees and their sequel of consequences, and the movement is bereft of all originality, and becomes but a repetition, in somewhat new circumstances, of what occurred in 1792. Three things, it will be observed, are included in the decrees: 1st. The adoption by the Republic of the abstract principle, that the State is bound to guarantee the means of subsistence to all its citizens; 2d. The establishment of national workshops; 3d. The establishment of a commission to inquire, with a view to future legislation, into the whole question of the condition of the working-classes. Of the abstract principle so boldly adopted by the Republic we shall yet have to speak; meanwhile let us trace the history of the two practical measures, upon whose success or failure it very much depended whether the principle itself would be retained or abandoned.

And, first, of the national workshops, the famous *Ateliers Nationaux*, organized not by Louis Blanc, as people in this country persist in believing, (misled by the force of the association between his name and theirs,) but by the Minister of Public Works, M. Marie, on principles of his own, against the will of Louis Blanc, as now appears, and with the express intention, it is said, of lessening his influence with the people.

The number of men that the Revolution found or threw out of employment in Paris must have been very great. The first business of the Republic, and especially of a

Republic that had acknowledged the right of all to the means of subsistence, must be to provide work for these men. There was but one way of doing this; to look out, namely, for whatever public works, such as levelling, draining, road-making, were in progress, or could be begun anywhere in the neighborhood of Paris, and to employ the men on these. This was, accordingly, what was actually done. On the 1st of March, public works of this description were begun at several points in Paris and its neighborhood; at one place 1500 men, including numbers of all professions, were set to work, digging and levelling; at another 600 men were employed in terrace-making; at another 800 men in cutting a road; and altogether, in one way or other, about 5,000 men were provided with a means of livelihood. Each of the spots where this kind of work was going on, was called an *Atelier National*; and the mode of admission was as follows: Any workman producing at the *mairie* of his *arrondissement* a certificate from his landlord, proving him a resident of Paris, was to be furnished with a ticket of admission to the *Ateliers Nationaux*, which ticket was to entitle him to employment at any *Atelier* not already full.

Soon, however, all the *Ateliers* were full; and hundreds of workmen were going about from place to place with useless tickets, fatigued and discontented. They were entitled indeed to a daily allowance of one franc fifty centimes, on showing a certificate that they had applied and could not be admitted; but this rather increased the confusion. At this moment, M. Emile Thomas, a citizen pursuing on a large scale the profession of industrial or manufacturing chemist, and who till then had taken no part in politics, presented himself with an introduction to M. Marie, the Minister of Public Works, and detailed a scheme that he had in view for regulating the *Ateliers Nationaux*. This scheme consisted in calling in the aid of the pupils of the Central School of Arts and Manufactures, already eager to be employed in any such service, and distributing them in the capacity of officers among the workmen at the *Ateliers*, thus forming a kind of semi-military organization for carrying on public works in the neighborhood of Paris. Remitted by the separate *mairies* to an appointed place in a quiet part of the city, the workmen were there to be formed—with whatever attention to the nature of their previous occupations the exigencies of the case would permit—into brigades, companies,

\* Caussidière relates some curious particulars relative to the discussions in the Provisional Government in the matter of these decrees. The first, recognizing the general principle of the right to labor, was passed within twenty-four hours after the victory of the people, and also, it appears, without hesitation, general principles being cheap, and some social declaration absolutely inevitable. Here, however, Arago, Lamartine, and others of the moderate party wished to stop, the Provisional Government being bound, they said, to abstain from deciding any question whatever. But an empty abstraction would not satisfy the people, nor their Socialist representatives in the government. The trades came in procession with banners to the Hotel de Ville, and demanded through their delegates a Ministry of Labor. Louis Blanc supported the prayer of the people, and threatened to resign if it were refused. Arago adjured him by his grey hairs to renounce this terrible idea of the organization of labor, but in vain. At length Marrast and Garnier Pagès proposed as a compromise, a Commission of Inquiry, instead of a Ministry. The third decree was accordingly written. "It is very strong; it is very strong," said Marrast, as he signed it.

&c., and marched off under their officers to the different places where work awaited them. This would, at least, give the Government some control over the confusion; and, meanwhile, all efforts might be made to devise new works for those that should still be idle.

The scheme was gladly accepted by the perplexed minister, and, on the 6th March, M. Thomas was named Commissary of the Republic, and Director-General of the *Ateliers Nationaux*. He at once entered on his duties, and established himself at the place appointed for the central administration—the Pavilion and Gardens of Monceaux, situated in the suburbs, and once the property of Cambacérès. On the 9th of March, at half-past six in the morning, the formation of the men into brigades began at this place; and on that day nearly 3,000 men of the 8th arrondissement were disposed of. Each brigade consisted of 55 men and a brigadier, and was composed of five detachments of eleven men each, one of whom was chief of the detachment. On the following days, the other arrondissements were taken up; and, before the 16th of March, about 14,000 men in all were brigaded. Then came into play the higher parts of the scheme: the brigades were formed into lieutenancies of four brigades, or 225 men each, with a lieutenant in command; the lieutenancies into companies of four lieutenancies, or 901 men each, with an officer called chief of a company in command; and, finally, every three companies, or 2703 men, were under the orders of a chief of service: all the chiefs of service in an arrondissement were under the orders of the chief of that arrondissement; and the commander-in-chief presiding over all the arrondissements was M. Thomas himself. To officer so vast an army with the aid of the pupils of the Central School that co-operated with him, was clearly impossible; distributing them, therefore, through the higher grades, M. Thomas allowed the men to elect their own brigadiers and chiefs of detachments. These seem to have been the only officers that received pay; and their allowances, in comparison with those of the workmen, were as follows: a brigadier 3 francs a day, whether employed or not; a chief of detachment  $2\frac{1}{2}$  francs if employed,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  francs if not; a common workman 2 francs a day if employed, 1 franc if not. Until the 17th of March the workman, if employed, received  $1\frac{1}{2}$  francs a day, but the reduction to one franc was then effected.

All this was very well, supposing that the works on hand remained in proportion to the

number of applicants. But daily new claimants poured in, men really in want, actors, painters, sculptors, designers and clerks that had held out as long as they could; poor fellows of municipal guards, too, that had to bear popular insult as well as starvation; idle vagabonds, also, of all sorts, calculating on the franc a day for doing nothing; and, finally, hosts of workmen from the country, attracted by the prospect of work, and admitted into the Ateliers, by means of forged or borrowed certificates of residence. The elaborate organization of this vast mass of men was a mockery, so long as there was not work to set them to. If there had been an Irish bog in the neighborhood, that they could have been sent out under the command of their corporals, lieutenants, and captains, and colonels to reclaim; if even the Government had resolved to build a pyramid, or make bricks with their labor, the organization might have been found effective; but, as it was, it had no strength to keep the men in order. Louis Reybaud, in his novel of *Jérôme Paturot*, gives an account that does not seem overcharged, of the doings at an Atelier National. Visiting the chief Atelier—that of the pavilion of Monceaux itself, Jérôme finds a crowd of workmen of all professions, standing idle, jeering and laughing, and besieging the door of the pavilion, with cries for the director. The director at last comes forth, and asks what they want, when “work, work,” resounds on all hands. As he does not chance to have any shift ready, he retires, bidding them name deputies to confer with him, an exercise of republican rights which they seem to enjoy for its own sake. The election over, the fun goes on till the deputies return with the news that they have got work; that they are to go, 250 of them, (a lieutenancy, we suppose,) to bring in 250 young trees which the Republic has purchased from a nursery-man, a little out of town, with which to replace the trees destroyed in the Boulevards. Forth they go to execute this commission. Arrived at the place, they are received with blank astonishment by the nursery-man, who sees 15 francs at stake in the circumstance, having contracted to bring in the trees himself in his cart for that sum; he permits them nevertheless to take what they want, and watches, not without emotion, his young acacias, as they disappear in the hands of their rough carriers. Laughing, singing, and stopping at cabarets on the way, the men bring the trees into town, but in such a state that it is useless to plant them. The ex-



pense of the whole frolic is 1250 francs, (£50.) being three francs for each of the trees, and two francs to each man for his day's work.

The idea of employing a portion of the idle men in replanting the Boulevards, was, as we learn from M. Thomas, the suggestion of M. Trémisot, the head of the Board of Paving in Paris, to whom he was indebted also for many other shifts, some of them by no means so bad. One proposal, indeed, of M. Trémisot was so gigantic as to stun the Ministry of Public Works. This was the proposal to employ the men in constructing, in the flat grounds near the Barrière du Trône, a vast circus, with terraced seats, capable of accommodating 20,000 spectators, and so that the arena could be converted at will into a lake for exhibiting sea-fights. If it would have had no direct utility, says M. Thomas, this work would have at least survived as a splendid monument of the solicitude of the Government, and as a magnificent theatre for popular fêtes.

To protract the history of the Ateliers Nationaux through the months of April and May is unnecessary; suffice it to say that the mass of dangerous idleness, thus accumulated in Paris, increased daily; that on the 19th of May, a census of those enrolled showed the whole number to be 87,942 men, drawn from about 190 different professions; and that before the end of May, the number probably amounted to 100,000, of whom, owing to the difficulty of devising work, not 15,000 were employed, the rest receiving their allowance of one franc a day instead. The Ateliers Nationaux, therefore, degenerated into a mere system of relieving pauperism in disguise. And yet in France, at that moment, no one had a title to say so; for was it not a fundamental principle, decreed in the very preamble of the Republic, that the country owed all its citizens the means of subsistence, not as a charity but as a right?

In the mean time, while masses of workmen were thus accumulating in Paris, under the auspices of M. Marie as Minister of Public Works, Louis Blanc and his associates at the Luxembourg were keeping strictly to their own less tremendous business of expiscating the true theory of the organization of labor.

On the 2d of March, as we learn from the authorized report, the first meeting of the new Commission took place, Louis Blanc presiding, Albert sitting near him, and about 200 workmen, delegates from the different trades, occupying the luxurious benches

recently reserved for the French peers. No sooner had the object of the Commission been explained by the president, than two demands were made by the delegates—the reduction of the hours of labor, and the abolition of the system of *marchandage*; that is, of the tyranny of sub-contractors over workmen. On these two points there seemed to be a wonderful unanimity among the workmen of Paris, as if they had agreed long ago to take their stand upon them. Undertaking to give them immediate consideration, Louis Blanc dismissed the assembly; and next day, a meeting of a number of master tradesmen having been called, that *their* opinion might be ascertained, it was agreed to grant what was asked. A decree of the Government was therefore immediately issued, abolishing *marchandage*, and limiting the hours of work to ten in Paris, and eleven in the provinces. Arbitrary or not, says Louis Blanc, this measure was necessary to secure peace.

Day after day the Commission assembled at the Luxembourg. The effective business was managed by the president, the vice president, and a committee of ten working men, chosen by lot from among the delegates, with whom were associated also a number of persons, supposed to be capable, from the special nature of their occupations or studies, of affording valuable assistance. Occasionally, however, a general meeting was held of the whole body of the delegates, when, amid applauses such as had never been heard in that hall before, Louis Blanc rehearsed the doctrines of his book from beginning to end, its expositions of the fearful evils arising from mercantile competition, and the principle of *laissez-faire*, and its affirmation of the possibility of commencing a gradual re-organization of society, by means of a few model establishments of workmen associated on communist principles. The only novelty in the way of theory that seems to have been the result of the conversations, slightly mingled with debate, that took place on the general subject of the organization of labor, is presented in a discourse delivered by the president on the 3d of April. In this discourse, more distinctly than in any part of his *Organization du Travail*, Louis Blanc commits himself to the essential principle of fraternal Communism, as expounded by Cabet; namely, that the ideal state of society is that in which each man, producing according to his aptitudes and powers, shall consume according to his wants. Though we are still far from this ideal, says Louis

Blanc—our present vicious civilization both concealing aptitudes and begetting factitious wants—yet we are tending towards it, and equality of salaries would be a step in the right direction.

Oratory and discussions of theory were not, however, the sole business of the Commission. In that terrible commercial crisis that had been occasioned by the Revolution, when, according to the calculation of M. Chevalier, the loss in Paris alone, arising from the suspension of all kinds of industry, amounted to two millions of francs, or £80,000 a day, the Palace of the Luxembourg was the general dépôt for all complaints. Hither came heads of bankrupt establishments, anxious that the State should buy them up, and make Communist ateliers or whatever it chose with them; hither came masters against whom their men were in revolt; hither came journeymen to denounce their masters. In such a chaos the Commission found plenty to do. Interfering wherever it was possible, it effected, according to Louis Blanc, numerous reconciliations, and saved Paris many a scene of riot. On the 29th of March, for instance, there was a universal strike among the journeymen bakers, the object of which was that they, the worst-used class of mankind, might fish some boon out of this great revolution. That morning Paris was in danger of wanting bread. The master bakers, dreading results, rushed to the Luxembourg. Here a hasty conference was held, masters being heard on the one side, and delegates from the men on the other; a satisfactory arrangement was effected, and Paris, little knowing the risk it had run, awoke to its breakfast. In a similar manner were adjusted differences among the paviors, the cabmen, the slaters, the washerwomen, &c. Usually, says Louis Blanc, it was the masters that applied first at the Luxembourg in such cases; but generally the men and they left it together.

This was not all. To illustrate by actual example the views of Louis Blanc and his associates, two industrial associations were founded on the principle of equality, the one an association of working tailors, using for their atelier the ancient prison of Clichy; the other, an association of working saddlers, occupying a barrack in the Champs Elysées. The former included 1200 workmen, electing their own foremen, and sharing the profits equally; the latter was not quite so numerous, but was similarly organized. Both had received large orders from the Government, the tailors for military clothing, and the

saddlers for horse-gear, and both were in an extremely flourishing condition. These two associations, said Louis Blanc, in a recent letter to the Times, were the only *Ateliers Nationaux* for whose establishment he was responsible; and they were then still in existence. Besides these, the Commission set on foot several model lodging-houses.

Finally, amassing all the information possible, relative to the condition of the working classes, and resuming in a succinct shape all the practical suggestions that had been elicited, the Commission prepared an elaborate scheme to be submitted to the approaching Constituent Assembly, as the basis for that reorganization of industry in all its branches, whether agricultural, commercial, or manufacturing, of which it was hoped Republican France would set an example to the world.

Meanwhile, towards this very Constituent Assembly, appointed to meet on the 4th of May, all the hopes of France were directed. While M. Marie, like another Frankenstein, was gazing on his *Ateliers Nationaux*, and Louis Blanc was occupied with his commission at the Luxembourg, all France was agitated with preparations for the elections. As in the Provisional Government there were two parties, the Political and the Social Republicans, so did this division permeate the whole country. Scarcely had the first shock of the Revolution been over, when, deserting by inevitable necessity their tattered standards of yesterday, Louis-Philippists and Constitutional Monarchists crowded round the new party of the Moderate Republicans, to prevent a movement that had gone too far, as they thought, already, from going any farther. Odilon Barrot associated with Lamartine; and Thiers, emerging from a temporary obscurity, was seen hanging on their skirts, and looking smilingly on. All this soon became manifest throughout the country; reactionary symptoms, as they were called, broke out; and the Socialists were put upon their mettle, lest this Revolution, that they had hoped to confiscate for their peculiar ideas, should elude them after all. Hence the circulars of Ledru-Rollin, one of which, Caussidière tells us, was written for him by George Sand. The whole Socialist party, in short, were in arms; let us see, then, what accession of strength they had in the mean time acquired, and what alteration of character they had, in the mean time, undergone.

The outburst of new opinion in France after the Revolution of February, was tre-



mendous. Doctrines and passions that had lain deep down in the uttermost corners of society, repressed thither by the restraining discipline of the monarchy, now came forth as it were in blotches. In the months of March and April several hundreds of new journals—no restriction being now imposed on publication—appeared in Paris alone; and in the very week after the Revolution, there were founded in the same city 150 new clubs. Every needy fool that had relations with a printer, started a newspaper; every landlord that had a large room to let, originated a club. The French vocabulary was ransacked for names for these new organs of public opinion. Among the newspapers were *The Duck*, *The Volcano*, *The Red Bullets*, *Mother Michel*, and *The Devil's Eye-Glass*; among the clubs were the *Club of Rights and Duties*, the *Club of the Rights of Man*, and some dozen *Clubs of the People*. The majority of these journals and clubs were on the side of Socialism, so far at least as a blind vehemence towards anarchy may be said to have been on that side. Among them, however, were some that were expressly and emphatically Socialists, and that deserve notice from their eminence over the others. Such were, among the newspapers, the *Peuple Constituant* of Lamennais, the *Vraie République* of Thoré, supported by Pierre Leroux, George Sand, and Barbès, as contributors, the *Ami du Peuple* of Raspail, the *Commune de Paris* of Sobrier, and the *Populaire* and *Père Duchêne* of Cabet; and among the clubs, the *Club Blanqui*, the *Club Sobrier*, the *Club Raspail*, the *Club Cabet*, and the *Club de la Révolution*, of which Barbès was president, and Thoré, Leroux, and other well-known Socialists, members. Making the reckoning in men, it may be said that among the most powerful auxiliaries to the ranks of effective Socialism immediately after the Revolution were these five persons—Barbès, Sobrier, Thoré, Blanqui, and Raspail; Barbès, who had been condemned to death under Louis-Philippe, and whom, when the Revolution had released him from his long imprisonment with a bearded and woe-worn face, the people flocked to see, as a political martyr; Sobrier, a young man of fortune, in whom political enthusiasm had taken the form of a wild, semi-religious illuminism; Thoré, already known as a Socialist writer, and now stepping forward as a leader; Blanqui, a restless, erratic soul, charged, says Lamartine, with the electricity of the time, and bearing in his countenance the marks of the long suffering, bodily and

mental, that he had endured in his previous career as a conspirator; and Raspail, a chemist, remembered as one of the chief witnesses in the case of Madame Laffarge, and now in his new capacity as a theorist for the people, dealing forth drugs of the strongest. But a man, also added to the band of Socialist chiefs at this moment, and far transcending, both in genius and courage, if not in the tact for immediate action, any one of those just mentioned, was a man whose name may yet be a terror in Europe—P. J. Proudhon.

Born in 1809, at Besançon, the birthplace, by the way, of Fourier, Proudhon, whose parents were in humble circumstances, began life there as a compositor in a printing-office. This printing-office he afterwards occupied on his own account; but some years ago he quitted Besançon for an engagement in a mercantile house at Lyons. Devoted in youth to metaphysical, theological, and philological studies, his subsequent operations have rendered him familiar with questions of banking, inland navigation, and general traffick. In 1839, while still residing at Besançon, he produced his first work, an essay entitled, *On the Celebration of the Sabbath*, the Academy of Besançon having offered a prize for the best memoir on that subject. In this work, now regarded as one of the most extraordinary in the French language, the Sabbatic institution was defended from the author's point of view, with a power of argument quite amazing; but as it contained opinions on social points that the Academy could not subscribe, it did not gain their approbation, and the author gave it to the world himself. For the same learned society he produced, in the following year, a second essay, entitled, *What is Property?* in which the anti-social doctrines that had appeared in the first, were developed with such audacity that, when it was printed, the society publicly disclaimed all connection with it. The book, however, was of a kind to become widely known; read in some circles of Paris it made people there aware of the existence of some eccentric paradoxical being living at Besançon; and the attention of the Minister of Justice having been called to it, the author narrowly escaped prosecution as an enemy to public order. The impression made by this treatise was renewed from time to time by subsequent works from the same pen, including a *Second Memoir on Property*, a pamphlet called *Warning to Proprietors*, a volume entitled *On the Creation of Order in Humanity*, published in 1843,

and a large work published in 1846, and named *Economic Contradictions or the Philosophy of Misery*, besides tracts on *Credit and Currency*, and on the *Competition between Canals and Railways*. It was only a month or two before the Revolution that the author, then about thirty-nine years of age, came to reside in Paris, presenting himself to people, who had already known him through his books, as a man of spare and somewhat peculiar figure, with severe, hirsute visage, and wearing spectacles.

To give an idea of Proudhon to those that have not seen any of his writings, is impossible. To say that he is a Socialist, or even that he is the most daring and profound of Socialists, is to call up a notion very insufficient. Of an intellect that one would call enormous, plying a remorseless logic, bringing into literature a plainness of speech quite unusual, and paying deference to hardly any man or sect that he names, one regards him at first as a great, scornful misanthrope, dealing blows out of sheer hate. Even then, however, one admits his gifts as a writer—the terrible energy of his style, the almost blasting eloquence that bursts up amid his algebraic reasonings, the resistless force with which he makes the French language go down to depths that it rarely seems to reach. At length, through some characteristic passage, one sees him better, and recognizes in him a man whose mood is that of fierce and universal intolerance. Not as a smooth-tongued flatterer does he come before the people, with the French balderdash in his mouth of *gloire, honneur, &c.*, but as a taskmaster with a whip of scorpions. That crime is punishable and retribution just, that work is obligatory, that marriage is holy and all unchastity an offense against nature, that a lie is a murder of the intelligence, that law is not the expression of will, either individual or general, but the *dictamen* of conscience applied by reason, that he who provokes to debauch either by word or writing is infamous, and that he who denies God is frantic—such are the sayings that he seems to rest in and recur to, careless whether or not, to use one of his own expressions, his readers may find the medicine too harsh, the brewage too bitter. Though he marches, therefore, in the same general direction as the Socialists, it is in a character quite his own; and with a disposition ever and anon to knock one of them down. Caussidière, for example, loving him, as he says, extremely, yet cannot but lament very much that waywardness that leads him, in his fits of de-

spondency, “to turn round on his own supporters, and to treat men as if they were nine-pins.” On many points Proudhon is at one with the Economists.

Yet, honorably distinguished as he is among French writers by his moral strictness as a theorist on many cardinal points, his heresies of general doctrine are more stupendous, more subversive of the fabric of society, than the paradoxes of all other writers put together. It is of one of these heresies, in particular, that we are here to speak.

Seeking in vain, he says, in books for an explanation of the misery that is in the world, he resolved to investigate the thing himself. And, as Copernicus, finding that he could make no way in the explication of astronomical phenomena so long as he supposed the firmament to turn round, succeeded when he supposed the spectator to turn round, and Kant, by a precisely similar device, had effected a revolution in metaphysics, might not this method answer also in ethics? In other words, might not the cause of evil be not in society without, but in the constitution of the human reason?

Psychologists tell us that all our perceptions are determined by certain general laws of the spirit itself, certain necessary forms or types pre-existing in the understanding, and technically called *Categories*—such are the ideas of Space, Time, Cause, Substance, &c. Now, without denying this, one may lay it down as a fact not less true, that habit has the power of impressing on the understanding new categorical forms, derived from the world of appearances, and which, although they may be fallacious, will yet exert an influence on our thoughts and conduct not less strong than that exerted by the original categories themselves. Such a secondary categorical form was the belief, held until the discovery of the law of gravitation annihilated it, that the existence of the Antipodes was impossible. And so in morals, habit may have engrained into the constitution of the mind itself certain perverted ideas of the real fact of things.

Among all the principles on which society now reposes, the one that, according to Proudhon, answers best to the definition of a false secondary category, and that also, from its extreme antiquity may be supposed accountable for much if not all the misery with which our race is burdened, is that peculiar modification of the sentiment of justice that constitutes the idea of property. This idea of property, this notion that a man can in



any circumstances whatever truly say of a thing *this is mine*, this belief that any individual can possess a right to a single atom of the earth's substance or its produce beyond that varying fraction that would remain to him if the whole sum to be shared were perpetually divided afresh by the whole number of those that were to share it—this idea, this notion, this belief, Proudhon undertakes to prove to be fallacious, unjust, null, disastrous, and damnable.

He divides his argument into three parts. In the first he examines the various theories of the right of property that have been given to the world—as that it is a natural right, that it arises from the act of occupation, that it is a creation of the civil law, that it is a result of labor and skill expended in appropriation, that it is founded on universal consent, that it is derived from prescription; and all these theories he successively declares absurd and futile. In the second part he enters on the field of political economy, and tries to demonstrate that although property may manifest itself as an accident, yet as an institution and in principle it is mathematically impossible. This is the part of the book into which, owing to the form of the reasoning, it is most difficult to follow him. The third section he entitles “Psychological Exposition of the Ideas of Just and Unjust, and Determination of the Principle of Government and of Right.” Here, recognizing property as a fact in the present condition of the world, he attempts to explain its origin, and the cause of its establishment, and of its long duration; after which he expounds how, in virtue of an organic law in society ceaselessly acting to destroy it, it must at last entirely disappear.

To pursue the writer through the various stages of this strange *mélange* of argument is clearly impossible at present; the following, however, may be taken as the general doctrine of the book in its most abstract shape: That the human race are jointly and corporately the possessors, although not the proprietors, of the sphere of material conditions into which they have been ushered; that they are associated together, in the first place, by a certain low instinct, common to them with the inferior animals, that may be called Sociability; that, man being gifted with reason to reflect upon himself, this instinct rises in him into an intelligent principle, called right or justice, the essence of which consists in the recognition in others of a personality equal to one's own; that it is upon this principle that all society and all

civil law should be founded, and that therefore inequality of material conditions, or the government of one man by another, is unjust and against nature, every man being entitled to occupy a portion of the whole field of things, varying directly as the space that there is, and inversely as the number of those that are to occupy it—a rule which renders impossible the formation of property; that the extinction of property, and a return to equality of material conditions, and to anarchy, or entire individual freedom, are consequently incumbent on the race, and that forces are at work that will effect this, whether men will or not, as certainly as an equation disengages itself; but, finally, that above this sphere of justice, there is a higher sphere reserved for the exercise of a third degree of sociability, that may be called Equity or Proportionality, the nature of which it is to recognize individual differences or natural inequalities, as those of virtue, talent, &c., between man and man, and to allot to each his due portion of esteem, love, admiration, hate, or disgust, all of which, being attitudes of human spirits towards each other in the sphere of the infinite, are not incompatible with strict equality in the sphere of the finite.

In this proposition we have tried to piece together, and grasp as a whole, the doctrine of Proudhon, so far as it is developed in his *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?* Proudhon, however, does not confine himself to the mere evolution of his ideas in an abstract and philosophic form; on the contrary, he delights in daring and startling appeals to the passions, and seems on principle to spare his readers no shock that he can give them. For example:

“If, in order to prolong for some years an unlawful enjoyment, one should allege that it suffices not to demonstrate equality, that it is also necessary to organize it, that, above all, it is necessary to establish it without ruptures, I should have a right to reply: The breast of the oppressed goes before the embarrassment of ministers; equality of conditions is a primordial law, to which economy and jurisprudence must succumb. The right to labor, and to an equal participation of goods, cannot bend itself before the anxieties of power; it is not for the working-man to harmonize contradictions of codes, still less to endure the blunders of government; it is for the civil and administrative power, on the contrary, to reform itself on the principle of equality. The evil that is known should be condemned and destroyed; the legislator cannot take grounds, from his ignorance of order, for establishing patent iniquity. There is no temporizing with restitution. Justice, justice; recognition of right; the re-installation of

the working-man; after that, judges and consuls, see to your police, and provide for the government of the Republic."—*Qu'est-ce que la Propriété*, p. 216.

"What form of government, then, are we to prefer? doubtless asks one of my young readers. You are a Republican? Republican, yes; but that word explains nothing. *Res publica* is public business; Kings are Republicans. Well, then, you are a Democrat? No! What, you are a Monarchist? No! Constitutionalist? God forbid! You are an Aristocrat, then? Not at all! You would have a mixed government? Still less! What are you, then? I am an Anarchist. Oh, I understand, you are concocting a satire? In no sense; you have heard my serious and deliberately-weighed profession of faith; although a very good friend to order, I am, in all the force of the term, an Anarchist."—*Ibid.*, p. 237.

"Anarchy, absence of master, of sovereign, (people ordinarily attribute to the word *anarchy* the sense of absence of principle, absence of rule; and this is how it has become a synonym for *disorder*.) such is the form of government that we approach every day."—*Ibid.*, p. 242.

The horrible formula in which Proudhon has expressed, and as it were summed up for practical purposes, all his various notions, is one that the newspapers must have made already familiar to our readers—"Property is Robbery; *La Propriété c'est le vol*."

Although, as will have been remarked, the main doctrine of Proudhon is directly antagonistic to the creed of the Saint-Simoniens, denouncing that proportionality in material respects which they consecrate; although the same doctrine is also repugnant to the creed of the Fourierists, who moreover would repudiate Proudhon's notions respecting property as vehemently as he would scorn theirs respecting co-operation; and although, finally, even the Communists, with whom he is at one on the great point of equality of conditions, find no favor with this eccentric apostle of anarchy, but are rather mauled by him whenever they cross his path; yet the general nature of his speculations is such, that he takes rank fairly enough in that temporary coalition of the three sects known by the name of the Socialists. Nay, more, one can see that, for several years before his appearance in public life, his doctrines must have been insinuating themselves, through his books, into the general mass of Socialistic opinion, and affecting more or less the language of all the sects that have been named, but particularly of the Communists.

It was only, however, after his arrival in Paris that Proudhon became fully known.

Led by some inscrutable providence to the scene of action precisely at the time when his services were about to be required, no sooner had the Revolution occurred than his haggard influence was felt. In the columns of the *Représentant du Peuple* it was easy to recognize the hand of the enemy of property, the anarchist of Besançon. In the *Club de la Révolution*, also, seated beside bilious Barbès, untidy old Leroux, and Herculean Thoré, might be seen the figure of the terrible philosopher with the spectacles. Whatever his eccentricity, whatever his irritability of temper, his immense energy was indisputable; and when, in anticipation of the elections, the united democratic party of Paris drew up a list of candidates for the department of the Seine, including ten Socialist or democratic leaders, and twenty-four workingmen, Proudhon's name was inserted among the former, along with those of Louis Blanc, Albert, Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, Caussidière, Leroux, Barbès, Thoré, and Raspail.

When the elections occurred, however, only five of these pre-eminent Socialists, viz: Caussidière, Albert, Ledru-Rollin, Flocon, and Louis Blanc, found themselves in the list of successful candidates; and this was but a type of the result all over France. Out of 900 representatives, probably not more than 200 could, by any method of counting, be ranked as Social and Democratic Republicans; and even of these the real and thorough Socialists formed but a fraction. Of the 700 representatives, on the other hand, constituting the Moderate party, a large proportion, though republican by the necessity of their position, were not in heart republican at all. In short, it was clear that a reaction was in progress; and this fact became still more evident when the Assembly, on the 9th of May, that is, on the fifth day of their sittings, chose as members of the Executive Committee that was to supersede the Provisional Government, these five persons—Arago, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Lamartine, and Ledru-Rollin; of whom the last alone belonged to the extreme party.

Sullen discontent reigned among the Socialists of Paris. Louis Blanc, now out of office, repeated in the Assembly his demand for a Ministry of Labor and Progress. It was refused. This increased the ferment. An accident soon showed in what relations the Assembly and the Parisians stood to each other. On the 15th of May a manifestation was arranged in favor of Poland; and thousands of workmen, under the banners of various clubs and of the Ateliers Nationaux,



came to present a petition in this cause to the too laxly guarded Assembly. Whether by chance or otherwise, the demonstration soon changed its purpose. Dashing past the guard, a crowd of men in blouses stormed the lobby of the House, burst into the galleries, filling them till they cracked, and at length pouring into the hall, scattered the members like chaff. Louis Blanc was carried in triumph; Raspail, Blanqui, and Barbès spoke from the tribune; and, mounting a bench, citizen Hubert, a former political prisoner, roared out that the Assembly was dissolved. The proclamation, however, was premature; Paris had rallied, and in a little while a body of National Guards entered at quick march, and reinstated the members in their seats. Albert, Barbès, Sobrier, and General Courtais, the commander of the guard, were forthwith arrested.

The Assembly, sufficiently warned of their position by this outbreak, resolved to act with vigor. Their chief attention was necessarily directed to the Ateliers Nationaux. An army of 100,000 men, divided into brigades and regiments under pretense of work, and having no work to do, was a fearful avalanche to assemble under. The Ateliers Nationaux must be dissolved at all hazards. Such was the resolution of the Assembly, and as a first step towards their object, they kidnapped (literally so) poor M. Emile Thomas, who was inclined to be refractory, and sent him off on an improvised mission to Bourdeaux. M. Lalanne, Engineer of Roads and Bridges, was appointed his successor. To calm the fears of the workmen, however, a special commission was appointed to consult with the executive power as to ways and means, and it was officially intimated that no measure should be taken in relation to the Ateliers Nationaux until "sure and numerous outlets" could be provided for the honest and industrious laborers.

This promise could not be kept. For a little while the Parisians were occupied with the supplementary election of eleven candidates for the city, to fill up blanks that had been caused by resignations and other circumstances. The elections took place on the 5th of June, when the returns yielded this strange result—Moreau, Goudchaux, Changarnier, Thiers, Pierre Leroux, Victor Hugo, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Lagrange, Boissel, Proudhon, and (once more) Caussidière. Thus while the Assembly gained in Thiers, Changarnier, &c., men of the old régime, and in Louis Napoleon an unknown

element, it gained, on the other side, in Proudhon, Leroux, and Lagrange, three leading Socialists. But scarcely had the new members, Louis Napoleon excepted, taken their seats, when the bustle that had attended their election, and especially that of Napoleon, was merged in the pressing question of the Ateliers Nationaux. What plan should be pursued with them—dissolution, modification, or re-organization? Only one practical proposition was discussed; namely, that the State, taking the railways of the country into its own hands, should effect a peaceful dissolution of the Ateliers Nationaux by dispersing the men as laborers over the various unfinished and projected lines. This plan was advocated by Lamartine. "Give me railways," were his words in committee, "and the question is quietly settled." "And what if we refuse you railways?" "You must employ cannon." The prophecy was true. Scarcely had the *Moniteur* of the 22d of June promulgated the decree excluding from the Ateliers Nationaux all unmarried workmen between seventeen and twenty-five years of age, and offering them enlistment as the only alternative, when the avalanche fell, and unhappy Paris was again in Revolution. For three days the cannon roared in the streets; and on the 26th of June the soldier Cavaignac sat master among the ruins.

There have not been wanting men to defend on grounds of logic the insurrection of June. If there was right on the one side of the barricades, they say, there was right also on the other. They shape their reasoning as follows: A fundamental principle in the Constitution of France at that moment—a principle as sacred in law as liberty of conscience, or liberty of the press—was the right to labor, the right, that is, of every citizen to obtain from the State the means of subsistence by work. This principle was the one great result of the Revolution of February; the first act of the Provisional Government had been to decree it. Nor had it been repealed since. On the contrary, it had been in a manner ratified by the Assembly itself. On the 19th of June, only three days before the insurrection, there had been read in the Assembly the draft of the proposed Constitution of the new Republic, as it had been prepared in the committee appointed for the purpose. That draft contained the following articles:

"ART. 2. The Constitution guaranties to all citizens liberty, equality, security, instruction, labor, the right of property, assistance.

"ART. 7. The right to labor is the right that

every man has to live by laboring. Society ought, by those productive and general means that are at its disposal, and that are hereafter to be organized, to furnish work to able-bodied men that cannot otherwise procure it."

Such were the articles that it was intended to place in the future Constitution of France; articles too, prepared not by a committee of Socialists, but by a committee in which, associated with Considérant and perhaps but one other decided Socialist, were such men as Cormenin, Marrast, De Tocqueville, Gustave de Beaumont, and Odilon Barrot. If, now, it is granted that a fair pretext for insurrection is afforded to a people when its government violates a principle that is fundamental, then, in dismissing a portion of workmen from the Ateliers Nationaux without providing other employment for them, the French government must be considered to have afforded a fair pretext for the insurrection of June.

Such was the reasoning actually employed; and whatever the Government and the Constituent Assembly may have thought of the reasoning, they found it necessary to take care that it should not be possible to employ it in future. In other words, they determined to strike out of the Constitution of the Republic all the guaranties of the right to labor.

It was on the 29th of August that the question of the new Constitution was reopened by the reading of a second draft of a proposed Constitution before the Assembly. Although the intervening period had been important, the notable events that had occurred in it had been few. Clubs had been suppressed; newspapers extinguished or suspended; order restored by military rule; Raspail and other leaders of the insurrection imprisoned; Louis Blanc and Caussidière impeached, and driven into exile. Under the protection of Cavaignac, the Assembly had indeed continued its sittings; but apart from the proceedings instituted in relation to the insurrection, the only discussion of much interest had been a discussion on a proposition of Proudhon, that the State should appropriate, partly by way of tax, and partly by way of credit, a third part of all the rents of France, whether of lands or houses, and a third part of all the interest due on capital. This tremendous attempt of the anarchist to carry his theories into actual practice had been put down by a universal negative. Thiers, on the 26th of July, had given in a report of committee unanimously reprobating the proposal; and on the 31st, after Proudhon had delivered from the tri-

bune an unexampled speech in reply, in which he dared the Assembly single-handed, drubbed Thiers and the Socialists too, and attacked property, the validity of contracts, universal suffrage, and a hundred other things, he was met with a vote declaring his opinions to be odious.

The debates on the Constitution extended over the months of September and October. The discussion on the right to labor occupied many days in all; but the chief portion of it took place on the four days from the 11th to the 14th of September inclusive. For its intrinsic importance, as well as for the ability shown by the speakers, this debate deserves to rank as one of the most illustrious that have ever taken place in a representative assembly. It is long, at least, since any debate comparable to it has occurred in the Parliament of England. Perhaps the most remarkable of the speeches were those of De Tocqueville and Thiers *against*, that of Lamartine *regarding*, and that of Ledru-Rollin *for* the right to labor. Proudhon did not speak; but his opinion was well known. "Give me the right to labor," he said to M. Goudchaux, in the Committee of Finances, "and I will let you keep the right of property;" a saying that had given great offense to his brother Socialists, as presenting their views in an unduly harsh shape, but which the Economists declared to be in strict accordance with one of the clearest truths of their science, namely, that labor can be set a-going only by capital; which capital, in the case of labor that there is no demand for, must be raised by a tax.

On the division, the numbers were 596 *against* to 187 *for* the right to labor.\* And thus, after a short reign of seven months, was retracted, by an overwhelming majority the single peculiar social principle that it was thought the Revolution of February had established. Of that Revolution, the only relic left is universal suffrage. This it would probably be difficult to retract.

The reaction had triumphed; the Socialists were beaten. At present, under the presidency of Louis Napoleon, they exist but as a small speculative minority, probably (if we may form a guess from the state of the vote for the presidency) about a twentieth part in all, of the French nation. Banquets

\* In this vote, the members of the former Provisional Government were distributed thus: in the majority, Marrast and Dupont l'Eure; in the minority, Garnier-Pagès, Crémieux, Ledru-Rollin, and Flocon; absent, Louis Blanc and Albert; abstained from voting, Lamartine, Arago, and Marie.



are now their only demonstrations. In Paris, they are at this moment the established subject of public laughter. In the *Illustration*, and other illustrated newspapers, there are weekly caricatures of Leroux, Proudhon, Thoré, and other leading Socialists. *Jérôme Paturot*—a wretched production in ridicule of the whole movement of 1848—is the popular novel of the day. At one of the Parisian theatres, there has been produced, under the title of *La Propriété c'est le vol*, a farce, in which the Socialists are attacked with a license as regards personality unequalled since the days of Aristophanes. When, in the course of the performance, Proudhon is introduced as the devil, the applause is tremendous. Nor are more serious answers to the Socialists wanting. The report of what has occurred in

Texas has brought down a storm of indignation upon Cabet. In a shrewd, witty, shallow book, Thiers has stepped forward as the champion of property. Less popular, perhaps, but far more profound, and far more effective as an exposure of the errors of the Socialists, are the Letters of Michel Chevalier.

To one who remembers February last, all this seems very strange. A people retracting what so recently they established; laughing at what so recently they revered! But let no one think that the history is yet at an end. The presidency of Louis Napoleon is but a mystic covering of emotion rolled over the thoughts of France. There are wild elements underneath. The existence of such a man as Proudhon is no jest in Europe.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## LIBERTY; OR, A NIGHT AT ROME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LAMARTINE, AND DEDICATED BY HIM TO ELIZA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

As o'er the Elysium of the ancient dead  
The pensive stars their light celestial shed,  
So on the Colosseum's rugged walls,  
Through driving clouds, the moon's soft radiance  
falls,  
And pours its peaceful light on all below,  
Like sleep descending on the troubled brow.  
There glancing on the massive walls beneath,  
Where waves the ivy to the zephyr's breath,  
It beams upon a pathway broad and drear—  
A mighty nation sleeps in silence there—  
And 'mid dim shadows desolate and vast,  
Pale memory wanders sadly o'er the past.  
There, arch on arch, and pile on pile arise,  
Like monuments of ages to the skies;  
There, through the winding corridors of stone,  
The wanderer roams more lonely than alone;  
Descending now where Sol ne'er sends his ray,  
Now rising upwards to the face of day.  
Here, like the drooping forehead of the sage,  
The ruin bows beneath the weight of age;  
There, from the building rent, huge masses lie,  
Mouldering in silence 'neath the burning sky;  
Like hopes that o'er the heart long held their sway,  
By Time's unpitied hand all torn away.  
Upon these rugged beds green forests rise,

Spreading their branches upwards to the skies;  
Or, pendent from their roots, descend below—  
As new desires on buried fancies grow,  
The ivy twines around its shining wreath,  
A fadeless garland on the brow of death!  
Shrouding each year the ruins of the last,  
Like cold oblivion stealing o'er the past.  
The yew-tree, and the cypress' stately form,  
Mourn to the wind, and shudder in the storm;  
While, bending meekly from its stony bed,  
The humble wallflower droops its pensive head,  
And o'er the waste blooms forth in loveliness,  
Like the sweet memory of departed bliss.  
On the bleak summit, lordly in his rest,  
The king of birds has built his lonely nest;  
Roused by my steps, with shrill affright he cries,  
And upward soars, like lightning, to the skies;  
Then, downward darting from the giddy height,  
Hovers around my head with threatening flight.  
Within the vaulted arches' dismal shade  
Ill-omened birds their foul abode have made,  
Whence, issuing loud, their horrid cries resound,  
And wake a thousand echoes with the sound.  
From out the yew-tree's shade the bird of night  
Loud murmuring comes, and wings his awkward  
flight;

While, startled at the sound, the timid dove,  
 With notes of terror, quits her nest above,  
 And on some lonely urn, all tempest-torn,  
 Mourns like an exiled soul, and sighs forlorn.  
 Within the ruins pent, the angry blast  
 Imprisoned howls, and shrieks amid the waste,  
 Through vaulted arches murmuring deep and hoarse,  
 Like Time's swift torrent in its mighty course,  
 O'erwhelming all that human pomp and pride  
 Have reared in triumph on its awful tide.  
 The dark clouds floating through the air on high,  
 Obscure the light that overflows the sky,  
 And, casting forth their shade on all around,  
 Wrap the grim ruin in a night profound;  
 Now, as they break, the moon pours forth her beams,  
 And o'er the scene with purest radiance streams,  
 Revealing to the eye, all dim and vast,  
 This standing phantom of the buried past—  
 Its ruined walls, its mutilated form,  
 Its massive pillars bowing to the storm,  
 Its broad foundations, mingling with the dead,  
 Its threatening turrets, tottering overhead—  
 While high amid the clouds the cross is seen,  
 In stately grandeur, towering o'er the scene.

Great mistress of the world, imperial Rome !  
 I love to walk around thy mighty tomb,  
 And feel, all matchless as thy deeds appear,  
 Time, mightier still, those deeds hath buried here.  
 Mourn not, O man ! thy proneness to decay,  
 Nor dread the evening of thy life's brief day ;  
 Thy temple falls, but falls again to rise  
 Where death no more shall cloud thy destinies.  
 Empires shall sink with age, while thou shalt be  
 Still in the dawn of immortality.  
 Great mother of the Cæsars, mighty Rome !  
 I love to dream upon thy ruined tomb,  
 When the pale lamp of night sheds forth on high  
 Her mournful glance, like memory's pensive eye  
 Watching o'er scenes of woe and deeds of blood,  
 That crimsoned Tiber's deep and silent flood.  
 Awake, my harp, awake thy plaintive sigh,  
 More plaintive than the night-bird's minstrelsy ;  
 Awake, and o'er the seven-hilled city sweep  
 A strain of Liberty, long, loud and deep !  
 Alas ! no echo to thy mournful wail  
 Sounds o'er the hill, or trembles in the vale.

"Oh ! sacred Liberty, thy name divine  
 Dwells in my heart ; before thy hallowed shrine  
 My spirit bends, as o'er Eurotas' flood  
 The Spartans bowed, and worshipped as their god,

When brave Leonidas his foes defied,  
 And for his country fought, and bled, and died—  
 Or when Æmilius, with his warlike force,  
 Adored the Tiber in its rapid course.  
 I love thee, Liberty, as thou of old  
 Wast once regarded, when thy children bold  
 Rose 'gainst oppression like a mighty flood,  
 Their garments dyed in sweet Virginia's blood ;  
 Or when three hundred deathless sons of fame,  
 Saved, with their lives, the honor of thy name—  
 Or, later, when from rugged height to height,  
 Mid Uri's cliffs, swift was thy daring flight  
 From Leman's waves to rocky Appenzell,  
 Or, charged with vengeance, on the shaft of Tell.  
 Then from their native hills a warrior band  
 Poured like an angry torrent o'er the land,  
 Swept the oppressor from their mountain home,  
 And reared thy banner on the tyrant's tomb.  
 But now forgotten all thy deeds of fame,  
 License and cruelty usurped thy name,  
 And from the Tagus to the Eridan  
 In purple floods the ensanguined current ran ;  
 While Freedom, waking from the horrid dream,  
 Found thrones and laws engulfed beneath the  
 stream.

"Then mourned thy children, with averted eye,  
 Thy name dishonored, godlike Liberty !  
 Thine altars all defiled, thy sacred fane  
 The abode of demons gloating o'er the slain.  
 Then mourned thy children, but with aspect calm,  
 Confessed thy name, and gained the martyr's palm ;  
 Like kings, with royal mien, they marched to death,  
 And on their brows they wore the conqueror's  
 wreath.

Then from her throne angelic Mercy fell,  
 And Hope, bewailing, bade the world farewell ;  
 While on their ashes, with relentless hate,  
 A blood-stained tyrant fixed his cruel state.  
 Oh ! then 'twas glorious to invoke thy name,  
 All glorious then thy worshippers became,  
 When to the conqueror's car the world bowed down,  
 Lived on his smile, and trembled at his frown.

"Yet once again, divinest Liberty;  
 Thy name is loved, once more thy sons are free ;  
 Within a thousand hearts that guard thy train,  
 The soul of Brutus lives and burns again ;  
 While proud Oppression, with his cruel band,  
 Lies, like great Cæsar, slain by Freedom's hand."

W. K.



From Sharpe's Magazine.

## LITERARY IMPOSTURES OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

IN devoting this paper to an examination of the most remarkable literary forgery of modern times, the writer cannot but feel that he is in a situation of some embarrassment. The genius of Chatterton has found so many admirers, and so much has been written respecting every incident of his life, that it becomes a task of no ordinary difficulty, from the abundance of accessible material, to construct and condense a satisfactory sketch of his singular career and world-famous imposture. By the side of the Rowley poems, all other literary fabrications shrink into insignificance; and the more attentively they are examined, the more vehement will be our feelings of admiration and astonishment.

The leading features of Chatterton's life may be condensed into a short compass. He was born at Bristol; educated at the Free-school there; apprenticed to an attorney; became disgusted with his profession; sought his fortune in London, and, after a short and miserable career as a literary hack, died—by his own hand. It is true that this apparently uneventful life is full of incidents painfully interesting and instructive; and few who have directed their attention to the study of the human mind—its innate principles and secret workings—would pass it by without serious and solemn reflection. The precocious development of his faculties imbued him in early youth with the feelings and aspirations of manhood. His character was full of incongruities. He was at once willful, arrogant, and obstinate; aimable, gentle, and affectionate. From his childhood he lived, and moved, and breathed in a world of his own. A brother apprentice has related that there was "generally a dreariness in his look, and a wildness, attended with a visible contempt for others;" and an old female relation, according to Warton, has stated that "he talked very little, was very absent in company, and used very often to walk by the river-side, talking to himself, and flourishing his arms about."

Some of his biographers have not hesitated to affirm that there was the taint of insanity in his constitution; thus, as Mr. Southey remarks, "affording a key to the eccentricities of his life, and the deplorable rashness of his death."

At the time of his death Chatterton was but seventeen years and ten months old. But what were the results of this short life? He had not only produced a collection of poems, which exhibit a ripeness of fancy and a warmth of imagination far beyond any effort of the frigid age in which he lived, but by a skillfully executed fraud had given rise to a controversy in which the keenest intellects eagerly engaged. Nor can it be said that the depth and variety of antiquarian information and research displayed in this memorable dispute—by Warton and Malone especially on one side, and Jacob Bryant on the other—were entirely thrown away. If the exhibition of learning and the zeal of the combatants appear disproportioned to the importance of the subject, it must, at any rate, be admitted that the Rowley controversy roused for a time the dormant spirit of literary inquiry, and facilitated the introduction of stricter canons of criticism, and more rigid principles of analysis.

Chatterton's *first* forgery, although of the nature of an innocent hoax—a mere school-boy's trick—is deserving of some little attention, as illustrating in a striking manner not merely his profound skill in the art of deception, but his ready insight into human character, and quick perception of individual weaknesses and peculiarities. A pewterer of Bristol, named Burgum, had taken some notice of him, and, whilst treating him as a mere boy, had encouraged a degree of intimacy which gave Chatterton an opportunity of practising on his credulity. He soon found that Burgum was a vain man, and just the person to be tickled and inflated with the pride of ancestry; so he set to work and deduced his pedigree from one of the companions of the Conqueror. From documents

which he pretended to have discovered in the muniment room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, he compiled a history of the "De Bergham" family; and furthermore produced a poem, entitled "The Romant of the Cnyghte," written by one John De Bergham, who flourished in the fourteenth century. As Chatterton had suspected, the worthy pewterer was too well pleased to permit himself to doubt the authenticity of the documents which conferred on him such an amount of ancestral dignity; and thus auspiciously commenced the course of fraud which ended in the production of Rowley.

A short time after this, a new bridge was opened at Bristol, with the usual ceremonies, and the same week there appeared in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal a curious account of the manner of opening the old bridge, pre-faced by the following letter:

"Mr. Printer,—The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not (at this time) be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. Yours, &c.

DUNHELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS."

Then followed, in curiously antique orthography, a circumstantial account of the procession. The communication was read with avidity and astonishment; but who was Dunhelmus Bristolensis? Inquiries were made, the handwriting examined; but Chatterton kept his secret, and remained undiscovered. Emboldened by success, however, he presented another paper for insertion, and was recognized. He was now closely interrogated about the discovery of the documents, and after some little demur, invented a tale, which, however plausible, was anything but satisfactory.

A surgeon of Bristol, named Barrett—a learned and painstaking man—was at this time writing a history of Bristol; and to this gentleman, Chatterton was introduced by a Mr. Catcott, the partner of Burgum the pewterer, as a likely person to furnish some information respecting the antiquities of the place. This was too good an opportunity to be lost; Chatterton eagerly embraced it, and soon produced an Ancient Account of Bristol, by Turgot or Turgotus, "translated by T. Rowley, out of Saxon into English." This is perhaps the least excusable of Chatterton's frauds; it was falsifying the information of a really valuable work, and injuring the reputation of a learned and estimable man, to gratify an idle and certainly not very honorable caprice. But we pass

the question of morality by, to proceed with our narrative. In December, 1768, Chatterton wrote to Dodsley, the bookseller, to state that he "could procure copies of several ancient poems, &c. written by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry VI. and Edward IV." The bookseller returned no answer; and, after waiting two months, Chatterton wrote again. This letter—whether answered or not is doubtful—also led to no result, and some other channel of publication was sought for. Horace Walpole at this time occupied a high position in the world of letters. From his private printing-press at Strawberry Hill had issued many remarkable works, and his reputation as a man of taste was already European. In addressing such an august personage, Chatterton saw the necessity of conforming to his particular tastes, and assuming a most respectful deference. He accordingly forwarded a paper, entitled, "*The Ryse of Depneteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowlie, for Mastre Canynge,*" with the accompanying note:

"Sir,—Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you, in any future edition of your truly entertaining 'Anecdotes of Painting.' In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige

Your most humble servant,  
THOMAS CHATTERTON."

This short note, it will be observed, is another striking example of Chatterton's miraculous perception of character and knowledge of the world. Never was an epistle more adroitly worded. Walpole, who was at once pleased with his correspondent, and evidently imagined him a very different person from the humble Bristol apprentice, forwarded a prompt and polite reply, containing, among others, these complimentary expressions: "What you have already sent me is valuable and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text." So auspicious was Chatterton's introduction to Walpole!

Believing that he had at last secured an influential patron to present his "discoveries" to the world of letters, he lost no time in forwarding some additional anecdotes and fragments of ancient poetry. But his eager-



ness excited suspicion. Walpole submitted the documents to his friends, Mason and Gray, and took other steps to ascertain their authenticity. At the same time inquiries were instituted at Bristol, and as soon as Walpole had learned that his correspondent was a mere boy, in an humble station of life, a marked change took place in his manner. Too cautious and sensitive to become the dupe of a lawyer's apprentice, he now drew back, and wrote the young enthusiast an edifying homily on the danger and disgrace of forgeries, and urged him to stick to business, and relinquish his poetical aspirations. This conduct in Walpole is not surprising—from one so totally deficient in warmth of heart and generosity of disposition what else could have been expected?—but it *does* excite resentment to find this dandy *littérateur*—the author, be it remembered, of the "Castle of Otranto," which was said in the preface to have been discovered "in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples, in black letter, in the year 1529"—thus insultingly speaking of Chatterton when the wonderful enthusiast was no more: "All the house of forgery are relations; and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or more enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, *promissory notes*." Chatterton took his revenge on Walpole, and expressed his resentment in some spirited lines, which have been published in a recent memoir. We select a few couplets as apropos to our remarks:

"Thou mayst call me cheat;  
Say didst thou never practice such deceit?  
Who wrote Otranto?—But I will not chide;  
Scorn I'll repay with scorn, and pride with pride;  
Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,  
And twaddling letters to some fair indite,  
Laud all above thee, fawn and cringe to those  
Who for thy fame were better friends than foes."

Although, perhaps, we are not called on to argue in these pages the broad question of morality involved in the Rowley forgeries, we cannot help making a slight reference to it in this place. A short time after Chatterton's death, it was not an uncommon thing to speak of him as a mere vulgar impostor. There were not wanting biographers, like Mr. Alexander Chalmers, who, in the words of Southey's celebrated article in the "Quarterly," related "the history of the Rowley Papers just as a pleader would have told it at

the Old Bailey if Chatterton had been upon trial for forging a bill of exchange." Posterity, however, has passed a more lenient judgment—a judgment which is thus admirably summed up by Thomas Campbell: "The Rowleian forgery," says this kind-hearted and excellent man, "must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius." The following remarks from the same source are eloquent and touching: "When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity." In a more exaggerated strain, Mr. William Howitt, in one of his recent works, exclaims, after noticing this charge of forgery and falsification: "O glorious thieves! glorious coiners! admirable impostors! would to God that a thousand other such would appear, again and again appear, to fill the hemisphere of England with fresh stars of renown!"

Having said so much respecting the circumstances of the forgery, it is time for us to make a few remarks on the poems themselves. The first in the collection is the "Bristowe tragedie, or, the dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin," which Jacob Bryant *naïvely* says "is written too much from the heart to be a forgery." It is a simple and touching ballad, which few who are fond of such productions will read without interest, and which records the fate of a zealous adherent of the house of Lancaster, who was executed at Bristol in the first year of the reign of Edward IV. Although it is stated by Milles, a zealous champion for the authenticity of Rowley, and president of the Royal Antiquarian Society, to contain a greater number of internal proofs of antiquity than any poem in the collection, it is so decidedly modern in style, tone, and sentiment, that we cannot help quoting a few stanzas divested of their antique orthography.

"Soon as the sledge drew nigh enough,  
That Edward he might hear,  
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,  
And thus his words declare:

"Thou see'st me, Edward, traitor vile!  
Exposed to infamy;

But be assured, disloyal man,  
I'm greater now than thee.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,  
Thou wearest now a crown;  
And hast appointed me to die,  
By power not thine own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;  
I have been dead till now,  
And soon shall live to wear a crown  
For aye upon my brow;

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,  
Shalt rule this fickle land,  
To let them know how wide the rule  
'Twixt king and tyrant hand.'

\* \* \* \*

"King Edward's soul rushed to his face;  
He turned his head away,  
And to his brother Gloucester  
He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so much dreaded death  
No ghastly terrors bring.  
Behold the man! he spake the truth,  
He's greater than a king!"

The tragical interlude of "Ælla" is the most celebrated of the Rowley poems, and the most thickly studded with poetical beauties. One of the sweetest lyrics in our language is the well-known "Mynstrelle's Song," or rather dirge, of which we transcribe one or two stanzas, in modern spelling, just to bring it to our readers' minds.

"Oh! sing unto my roundelay,  
Oh! drop the briny tear with me,  
Dance no more at holy day,  
Like a running river be;  
My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree.

\* \* \* \*

"See the white moon shines on high;  
Whiter is my true love's shroud;  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloud;  
My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow tree."

Although it is, perhaps, unnecessary to multiply examples, we cannot refrain from quoting, in the original orthography, another "mynstrelle's song" from the same interlude, which is as remarkable for its graceful and melodious versification, as for its dissimilarity to the style of our early poets.

"As Elynour bie the green lesselle\* was syt-  
tynge,  
As from the sone's hete she harried,†  
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen  
was knyttynge,  
'Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!'

"Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester  
boulde  
As ever clove pynne,‡ or the baskette,‡  
Does no cherysauncys§ from Elynour houlde,  
I have ytte as soon as I aske ytte.

"Whann I lyved wyth my fadre yn merrie Cloud-  
dell,  
Though 'twas at my liefell to mynde spyn-  
nyng,  
I still wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coule  
telle,  
Mie lorde fadre's barbde¶ haulle\*\* han ne  
wynnyng.††

"Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie may-  
dennes,  
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell,‡‡ somme  
bleachynge,  
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,§§  
Thann swythynne||| you fynde mee a teach-  
ynge.

"Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,  
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,  
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,  
In sothen¶¶ 'twoulde be wythoute redeynge.'\*\*\*

"Shee sayde, and Lorde Thomas came over the  
lea,  
As hee the fatte derkynnest††† was chacyng;  
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente  
shee:  
So wee leave them both kyndelie embracyng."

It is stated by Warton, that in Durfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," or some other book of pills for the same salutary purpose, he remembered an old Somersetshire ballad, which exhibited, as he believed, for the first time, the same structure of stanza.

"Go find out the Vicar of Taunton Dean,  
And he'll tell you the banns were askèd;  
A thumping fat capon he had for his pains,  
And I skewered her up in a basket."

Besides the interlude of Ælla, these celebrated forgeries comprise a fragment of "Goddwyn, a tragedie, by T. Rowlie;" an unfinished poem on the Battle of Hastings,

* Arbor.	† Hastened.
† Terms in archery.	§ Comforts.
‡ Choice.	¶ Hung round with armor.
** Hall.	†† Allurements.
‡‡ Curd.	§§ Assistance.
Immediately.	¶¶ Truth.
*** Wisdom, delibe- ration.	††† Young deer.



said to have been written by Turgot the monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by T. Rowley; "The Parliamente of Sprytes; a most merrie Entyrlude, bie T. Rowlie and J. Iscamme," and several shorter poems. This Thomas Rowley was said by Chatterton to have been a priest of Saint John's, at Bristol; and, as a *prose* specimen of the Bristol boy's inventive genius, we quote the following passage from Rowley's account of his friend and patron, William Canynge:

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more than I did think myself did deserve; for I can say in troth, I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I wente to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett myselfe diligently to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performed, and styled it the Battle of Hastings; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an Esquire of Ashley for another. Master William did praise it muckle greatly. . . . He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him. But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn, to speak by a figure, would have oversounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to get away in a safe skin."

Although the history of the Rowley controversy has now lost much of its interest, we cannot conclude this article without a brief reference to the most celebrated combatants and their prominent arguments. Of the authenticity of Rowley, the ablest and most successful champion was the learned Jacob Bryant. Some of his arguments, backed as they were by the authority of his potent name, appeared at the time unanswerable. For instance, of Chatterton's explanations of the obsolete words in Rowley, he thus speaks:

"The transcriber has given some notes in order to explain words of this nature. But he is often very unfortunate in his solutions. He mistakes the sense grossly; and the words have often far more force and significance than he is aware of. This could not have been the case if he had been the author." And he thus amusingly illustrates

his position: "I lay it down for a certainty, if a person in any such composition has, in transcribing, varied any of the terms through ignorance, and the true reading appears from the context, that he cannot have been the author. If, as the ancient vicar is said to have done in respect to a portion of the Gospel, he for *sumpsimus* reads uniformly *mumpsimus*, he never composed the treatise in which he is so grossly mistaken. If a person, in his notes upon a poem, mistakes *Liber*, Bacchus, for *liber*, a book; and, when he meets with *liber*, a book, he interprets it *liber*, free, he certainly did not compose the poem where these terms occur. In short, every writer must know his own meaning," &c.

A number of instances are then given in which Chatterton is said to have mistaken the sense of Rowley. Further, Mr. Bryant argues that the acknowledged poems of Chatterton furnished conclusive evidence that he *could not* have written the poems ascribed to Rowley. "It may appear," he says, "an invidious task, and it certainly is not a pleasing one, to decry the compositions of an unfortunate young man, and expose his mistakes to the world; but, as there are persons who rank his poems with those of Rowley, and think them equally excellent, we have no way to take this prejudice, but by showing in this manner their great inferiority. Though he was pleased to say of himself that he had read more than Magliabecchi, yet his reading was certainly scanty, and confined, in great measure, to novels and magazines, and the trash of a circulating library." Examples are then cited, and Mr. Bryant triumphantly concludes: "A person may write volumes in this style and taste, and never be a Rowley!"

On the other hand, Warton and Malone satisfactorily proved, from internal evidence, that the compositions were modern, and must have been forged by Chatterton or some one else. It was well observed by Warton, that "the lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style, belonging to those models which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses." The poems which he produced were too perfect and too polished to have proceeded from a priest of the 15th century. It was here, perhaps, that his prudence was at fault. "His aim," says Warton, "was to dazzle and surprise by producing such high-wrought pieces of ancient poetry as never before existed. But to secure our credulity he should have pleased us less. He has shown too much genius, and too little skill."

In looking back upon the opinions of Chatterton's contemporaries, we cannot help referring to those expressed by the literary giant of those days, Dr. Samuel Johnson. In his wholesome horror of precocious genius and juvenile prodigies, Johnson had ventured to declare his unmitigated contempt for the Bristol poet. "Don't talk to me of the powers of a vulgar, uneducated stripling," he said to Boswell; "no man can coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." Yet, when prevailed upon to look into the volume, he retracted his opinion in language equally characteristic: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

It is not our province to write a biography of Chatterton, or to linger on the "last scene of all, that ended that strange eventful history." It is enough to say that, having perished by his own hands, his corpse was

interred, with scanty honors, in the pauper burial-ground in Shoe-lane. Mr. Chalmers, in his notice of Chatterton, in the Biographical Dictionary, remarks, that "there could not be a more decisive proof of the little regard he attracted in London, than the secrecy and silence that accompanied his death. This event, although so extraordinary—for young suicides are surely not common—is not even mentioned in any shape in the Gentleman's Magazine, the Annual Register, the Saint James' or London Chronicle, nor in any of the respectable publications of the day." Notwithstanding the indifference of contemporary journalists, and the silence of the "respectable publications," the life and death of Thomas Chatterton, his career of misfortune, and death of ignominy, have since become world-celebrated, and the creator of Rowley is ranked with names that the world will not willingly let die.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE COVENANTERS' NIGHT-HYMN.

BY DELTA.

MAKING all allowances for the many over-colored pictures, nay, often one-sided statements of such apologetic chroniclers as Knox, Melville, Calderwood, and Row, it is yet difficult to divest the mind of a strong leaning towards the old Presbyterians and champions of the Covenant—probably because we believe them to have been sincere, and know them to have been persecuted and oppressed. Nevertheless, the liking is as often allied to sympathy as to approbation; for a sifting of motives exhibits, in but too many instances, a sad commixture of the chaff of selfishness with the grain of principle—an exhibition of the over and over again played game, by which the gullible many are made the tools of the crafty and designing few. Be it allowed that, both in their preachings from the pulpit and their teachings by example, the Covenanters frequently proceeded more in the spirit of fanaticism than of sober religious feeling; and that, in their antagonistic ardor, they did not hesitate to carry the persecutions of which they themselves so justly complained into the camp of the adversary—sacrificing in their mistaken zeal even the en-

nobling arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, as adjuncts of idol-worship—still it is to be remembered, that the aggression emanated not from them; and that the rights they contended for were the most sacred and invaluable that man can possess—the freedom of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. They sincerely believed that the principles which they maintained were right; and their adherence to these with unalterable constancy, through good report and through bad report; in the hour of privation and suffering, of danger and death; in the silence of the prison-cell, not less than in the excitement of the battle-field; by the blood-stained hearth, on the scaffold, and at the stake—forms a noble chapter in the history of the human mind—of man as an accountable creature.

Be it remembered, also, that these religious persecutions were not mere things of a day, but were continued through at least three entire generations. They extended from the accession of James VI. to the English throne, (*testibus* the rhymes of Sir David Lyndsay, and the classic prose of Buchanan,) down to



the Revolution of 1688—almost a century, during which many thousands tyrannically perished, without in the least degree loosening that tenacity of purpose, or subduing that *perfidum ingenium*, which, according to Thuanus, have been national characteristics.

As in almost all similar cases, the cause of the Covenanters, so strenuously and unflinchingly maintained, ultimately resulted in the victory of Protestantism—that victory, the fruits of which we have seemed of late years so readily inclined to throw away; and, in its rural districts more especially, of nothing are the people more justly proud than

——“the tales  
Of persecution and the Covenant,  
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.”

So says Wordsworth. These traditions have been emblazoned by the pens of Scott, McCrie, Galt, Hogg, Wilson, Grahame, and Pollok, and by the pencils of Wilkie, Harvey and Duncan, each regarding them with the eye of his peculiar genius.

In reference to the following stanzas, it should be remembered that, during the holding of their conventicles, which frequently, in the more troublous times, took place amid mountain solitudes, and during the night, a sentinel was stationed on some commanding height in the neighborhood, to give warning of the approach of danger.

## I.

Ho! plaided watcher of the hill,  
What of the night?—what of the night?  
The winds are low, the woods are still,  
The countless stars are sparkling bright;  
From out this heathery moorland glen,  
By the shy wild-fowl only trod,  
We raise our hymn, unheard of men,  
To Thee—an omnipresent God!

## II.

Jehovah! though no sign appear,  
Through earth our aimless path to lead,  
We know, we feel Thee ever near,  
A present help in time of need—  
Near, as when, pointing out the way,  
For ever in thy people's sight,  
A pillared wreath of smoke by day,  
Which turned to fiery flame at night!

## III.

Whence came the summons forth to go?—  
From Thee awoke the warning sound!  
“Out to your tents, O Israel! Lo!  
The heathen's warfare girds thee round.  
Sons of the faithful! up—away!  
The lamb must of the wolf beware;  
The falcon seeks the dove for prey;  
The fowler spreads his cunning snare!”

## IV.

Day set in gold; 'twas peace around—  
'Twas seeming peace by field and flood:  
We woke, and on our lintels found  
The cross of wrath—the mark of blood.  
Lord! in thy cause we mocked at fears,  
We scorned the ungodly's threatening words—  
Beat out our pruning-hooks to spears,  
And turned our ploughshares into swords!

## V.

Degenerate Scotland! days have been  
Thy soil when only freemen trod—  
When mountain-crag and valley green  
Poured forth the loud acclaim to God!—  
The fire which liberty imparts,  
Refulgent in each patriot eye,  
And, graven on a nation's hearts,  
The Word—for which we stand or die!

## VI.

Unholy change! The scorner's chair  
Is now the seat of those who rule;  
Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share  
Of all except the tyrant's tool.  
That faith in which our fathers breathed,  
And had their life, for which they died—  
That priceless heir-loom they bequeathed  
Their sons—our impious foes deride!

## VII.

So We have left our homes behind,  
And We have belted on the sword,  
And We in solemn league have joined,  
Yea! covenanted with the Lord,  
Never to seek those homes again,  
Never to give the sword its sheath,  
Until our rights of faith remain  
Unfettered as the air we breathe!

## VIII.

O Thou, who rulest above the sky,  
Begirt about with starry thrones,  
Cast from the heaven of heavens thine eye  
Down on our wives and little ones—  
From hallelujahs surging round,  
Oh! for a moment turn thine ear,  
The widow prostrate on the ground,  
The famished orphan's cries to hear!

## IX.

And Thou wilt hear! it cannot be,  
That Thou wilt list the raven's brood,  
When from their nest they scream to Thee,  
And in due season send them food;  
It cannot be that thou wilt weave  
The lily such superb array,  
And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave  
Thy children—as if less than they!

## X.

We have no hearth—the ashes lie  
In blackness where they brightly shone;

We have no homes—the desert sky  
 Our covering, earth our couch alone :  
 We have no heritage—deprived  
 Of these, we ask not such on earth :  
 Our hearts are sealed ; we seek in heaven,  
 For heritage, and home, and hearth !

## XI.

O Salem, city of the saint,  
 And holy men made perfect ! We  
 Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint  
 Thy glorious golden streets to see ;—  
 To mark the rapture that inspires  
 The ransomed, and redeemed by grace ;

To listen to the seraphs' lyres,  
 And meet the angels face to face !

## XII.

Father in heaven ! we turn not back,  
 Though briars and thorns choke up the path ;  
 Rather the torture of the rack,  
 Than tread the wine-press of Thy wrath.  
 Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,  
 Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea,  
 What is the turmoil of an hour,  
 To an eternal calm with Thee ?

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## MY OWN PLACE:

A RHYME FOR ALL GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," ETC.

WHOEVER I am, wherever my lot,  
 Whatever I happen to be,  
 Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot  
 That Providence orders for me ;  
 No covetous straining and striving to gain  
 One feverish step in advance—  
 I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain  
 To hazard a change and a chance !

I care for no riches that are not my right,  
 No honor that is not my due ;  
 But stand in my station, by day or by night,  
 The will of my Master to do :  
 He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,  
 And set me my business here,  
 And whether I live in His service, or die,  
 My heart shall be found in my sphere !

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King,  
 If poor, as the friend of my Lord,  
 If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring,  
 If stalwart, my pen or my sword ;  
 If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift,  
 If simpleness, bask in His love,  
 If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift,  
 If joy, I will throne it above !

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,  
 I gratefully gather and prize ;  
 The evil—it can be no evil, I know,  
 But only a good in disguise ;  
 And whether my station be lowly or great,  
 No duty can ever be mean,  
 The factory-cripple is fixed in his fate  
 As well as a King or a Queen !

For Duty's bright livery glorifies all  
 With brotherhood, equal and free,  
 Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,  
 That places us where we should be ;  
 A servant—the badge of my servitude shines  
 As a jewel invested by heaven ;  
 A monarch—remember that justice assigns  
 Much service, where so much is given !

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm,  
 Though "bettering" trips from your tongue ;  
 Away ! for your folly would scatter the charm  
 That round my proud poverty hung :  
 I felt that I stood like a man at my post,  
 Though peril and hardship was there,  
 And all that your wisdom would counsel me most  
 Is—"Leave it ;—do better elsewhere."

If "better" were better indeed, and not "worse,"  
 I might go ahead with the rest,  
 But many a gain and a joy is a curse,  
 And many a grief for the best :  
 No !—duties are all the "advantage" I use ;  
 I pine not for praise or for pelf,  
 And as to ambition, I care not to choose  
 My better or worse for myself !

I will not, I dare not, I cannot !—I stand  
 Where God has ordained me to be,  
 An honest mechanic—or lord in the land—  
 He fitted my calling for me :  
 Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,  
 With honor, or sweat, on my face,  
 This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,  
 I stand, like a star, in MY PLACE.



From Tait's Magazine.

## POEMS BY THOMAS AIRD.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

WE have rarely felt more at a loss than in criticising this volume of genuine and transcendent poetry; because, in the first place, almost all the enthusiastic minds of Scotland are long and intimately acquainted with a great part of its contents; and yet, in the second place, the general mind of the country knows little, and is disposed to believe less, of the merit, power, originality, and genius of the author. In such a case, it becomes somewhat difficult to adjust our phrases of commendation so as not to offend some party, either by what seems depreciation or by exaggeration.

Mr. Aird's most striking qualities are originality, truth to nature, richness of imagery, and power of language. He possesses an eye of his own, a forging mint of his own, a spirit and a style of his own. You never trace him in the track of any other author. He is no echo, but a native voice. He has been most minute in his observations of nature; and not Thomson in his "Seasons," nor Cowper in his "Task," has given more faithful, literal, yet ideal transcripts of scenery. His "Summer's Day," his "Winter's Day," and his "Mother's Blessing," remind you of first-rate daguerrotypes; every feature of the sly old dame's expressive countenance is caught, and caught with perfect ease and mastery. Mr. Aird, along with a poet's love, retains a boy's love for nature. He knows more birds' nests than any boy in Dumfries, and prizes the fascination which dwells in a bush of broom or furze, laden with its golden crop. Notwithstanding the slight snow which years have shed upon his head, his heart is all burning with boyhood; his tastes, enthusiasms, and joys, are all young. The scenery of Scotland has never had a more devoted worshipper, a keener observer, or a more faithful describer. There are passages, both in his Poems and in his "Old Bachelor," which rank with such descriptions as that in "Halloween" of the *burnie*, in perfect correctness, blended with ideal beauty, or with the finer pictures in the Waverley Novels.

Besides this power of minute, knotty, and picturesque description, Mr. Aird has a higher and rarer gift, that of imaginative combination. We find this creative quality best exhibited in his "Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck," his "Demoniac," and his "Nebuchadnezzar." Than the first of these, the English language possesses no more unique, sustained, and singular flight of imagination. So such critics as Wilson, Delta, De Quincey, and Samuel Brown, have agreed. We shall never forget the pleasure we had and gave, in introducing this marvellous poem, at different times, to the two last mentioned. "That man should write poetry," was De Quincey's emphatic comment. There are three lines in it, any one of which is enough to make the poem immortal. One is the picture of the sky of hell:

"Till, like a red bewildered map, the sky was scribbled o'er."

The second is:

"The silent magnanimity of Nature and her God."

The third:

"And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

A poet more popular than Mr. Aird, though far inferior in original genius, when pressed recently with the "Dream," if it was not a powerful poem, asked, "But where is 'Mount Aksbeck?' And where, Mr. A. is Coleridge's 'Silent Sea?' and where the 'Wood' of his Hermit? and where Bunyan's 'Mount Marvel?' Perhaps, too, you can tell us where 'Mount Prejudice' is?"

The "Demoniac" is another beautiful, in parts powerful, and, throughout, melting ballad. What can be finer than the following description of the entrance of the Demon into his victim?

"'The Fiend! the Fiend! hush,' Herman cried,  
'he left me here at noon,  
Hungry and sick among the brakes, and comes he  
then so soon?'"

Up from the shores of the Dead Sea came a dull  
booming sound;  
The leaves shook on the trees; thin winds went  
wailing all around.  
Then laughter shook the sullen air. To reach  
his mother's hand  
The young man grasped, but back was thrown  
convulsed upon the sand.  
No time was there for Miriam's love. He rose;  
a smothered gleam  
Was on his brow; with fierce motes rolled his  
eye's distempered beam.  
He smiled—'twas as the lightning of a hope  
about to die  
*For ever from the furrowed brows of Hell's eter-*  
*nity.*  
*Like sun-warmed snakes, rose on his head a storm*  
*of golden hair,*  
Tangled; and thus on Miriam fell hot breathings  
of despair—  
'Perish the breasts that gave me milk; yea, in  
thy mouldering heart  
Good-thrifty roots I'll plant, to stay, next time, my  
hunger's smart.  
Red-veined derived apples I shall eat with savage  
haste,  
And see thy life-blood blushing through, and glory  
in the taste.' "

Where can this amiable poet have overheard and retained, as he has here reproduced, the red Alphabet of Hell? Why the "Devil's Dream" has not been generally popular, can be easily explained. It is guarded and fenced from common apprehension and appreciation by the thick burs of beauty and grandeur which surround it. It is inscrutable as an elf-knot—mysterious as a meteoric stone. It bears for inscription—"to those whom it may concern." But why "Nebuchadnezzar" has not gained a wider acceptance we cannot understand. It has, besides its peculiar originality, all the externals of a popular poem. It is clear as crystal, and, as crystal, faultless. It has an interesting story, a burnished classical polish; and, since Byron's "Corsair," or "Lara," the heroic rhyme never was more gracefully handled, nor ever moved to more heroic sentiment. One sickens to absolute nausea at the thought of the popularity of "Silent Love"—of many of Mrs. Hemans' poems—of L. E. L.'s musical maudlin, while such manly and powerful strains as Dr. Croly's "Cataline," Browning's "Paracelsus," and Aird's "Nebuchadnezzar," are overgrown by the rank nettles of neglect.

Besides these, Mr. Aird has written certain poems—some longer and some shorter—of great merit. Among the former are, "The Captive of Foz," "Othuriel," the "Christian Bride;" and, among the latter, who has for-

gotten his "Belshazzar," or his "Mother's Grave?" No one can read this last without tears. Since Cowper's "Mother's Picture," nothing so pathetic has been written in rhyme.

Having mentioned Cowper, we may take this opportunity of apprising the public that an ardent admirer of his genius and Christian character is organizing a subscription for the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. We hail the motion with gladness. So long as he has no memorial there, it is a vital blank in that magnificent pile. No name nearly so great and good is there omitted. We call upon every reader of the "Task" to come forward in this cause. It is the cause of all his admirers; and who, except Charles Dickens, is not? We happen to know that the movement has attracted the peculiar interest, and is under the special patronage, of William Wordsworth. Mr. Adam White, of the British Museum, Bloomsbury, London, will supply all other information required.\*

To return to Mr. Aird—he has, in this present edition, ventured a tragedy entitled the "House of Wold." It is certainly a very bold, peculiar, and powerful effort. The characters and incidents are amazingly numerous and diversified; rich and poetical passages are not so much inserted as rained down from a profound source. Fate sits visibly holding all the reins of the funeral car; and, as if her silent presence were not enough, a singular being, named Afra, appears ever and anon, like a bird of night, singing of approaching doom, and gives a dark choral unity to the play. The canvas chosen is of the broadest, and the execution of the boldest. Mr. Aird has had in his eye the great tragedy of "Lear," where the wide stream of the passion sucks into itself a

\* We saw, when in London the other day, a letter of Mr. Dickens to the gentleman referred to, refusing to contribute to this object—1st, because there were many greater than Cowper to whom no monuments had been erected; and 2ndly, because he could countenance no such proposal as long as the public were not gratuitously admitted to the Abbey. Now, this is very contemptible, because, in the first place, the public are gratuitously admitted to the Poet's Corner, where, of course, the monument would be placed; and, secondly, who are the poets excluded greater than Cowper, except Coleridge and Byron? And we all know why Byron has no place. No matter. The "Task" will outlive the "Haunted Man." Dickens is but a "Cricket on the Hearth." Cowper was an Eagle of God, and his memory shall be cherished, and his poems read, after the "Pickwick Papers" are forgotten.



thousand tributary rills of anguish, and, in one wild swollen wave, hurries at last over the precipice. Nevertheless, we do not think that he has been altogether successful. First, the play is by far too long. It is nearly as long as are the events described. Secondly, the characters are too numerous. It is a Trongate he has set before us, with hundreds of common figures moving upon it—not a quiet Edinburgh street, with a few noble men and women pacing quietly along, and yet with their steps tuned to the music of Destiny. Thirdly, the incidents are too thick and bustling. It is a succession of petty tragedies, rather than a single great one. Fourthly, there is too much death. It is a bloody bustle. He swims his Trongate in blood. All stab, and everybody dies. Altogether, it is rather a glorious tumult of passion, warfare, force, and fate, than a great, stern, collected tragedy. In “Lear,” every vein and artery points to the bruised and broken heart which is the centre of the convulsed framework. In “Wold,” unity has evidently been sought for, but not so evidently attained. The author has indulged himself in superfluities of description, and luxuries of horror, which weaken the torrent of the tale, and blunt the axe of the tragedy, which falls, at last, dull and heavy.

In proof of the poetical power scattered throughout, we quote the following words of Afra, the night-raven of the story—a girl, by the way, who had been injured and orphaned by the house of Wold:

“Afra.—Yonder!

Lo! the old clouds on Wold; all's sunny elsewhere.

Well done, thou bellying blackness! Leap on it, Vengeance, with thy fierce feet; crush, tread it down,

Till it be dense; tread down the burdened gloom,  
Till it be solid black on the doomed towers  
And battlements. There let it rest. Now, now!  
Is the time come? Merlin, I'm here!  
There's a grim waiting in the heavens for something,

As if yon cloud (hush, now!) would burst asunder,

Riven by the flaming wedges of the thunder.

No;

'Tis passing off, heavy and slow, yet off.

The time's not yet—'twill come. Not in vain,  
Wold,

Have I gone round about thee, winding the curse  
Close round about thee.

I walk around thee, Wold,  
A seeming, simple thing; but serried spears  
Of ranged men, nor walls of brass, with towers  
Of blue-ribbed steel, could better hem thee in  
Than does the coil of these poor naked feet,  
Going around thee thus, and shutting thee  
Close up with the doom: not a child's innocent  
head

Of all Wold's house—not a mouse could get out.”

We are reluctant to part, after such a comparatively curt intercourse with one of the few really true, original, and great poets of our day—one who ranks with Bayly, Tennyson, Browning, and a few others, as a man of a cultured, yet independent vein—owing to nature much, to popularity little, to clique or coterie nothing at all. He has “cast his bread upon the waters, and will find it after many days.” This book of his may be long a hermit-stream, only known to those who have the hardihood to break through the embowering branches and thick brushwood which surround its waters, but must by-and-by, as its meek yet strong current flows forward, shine forth into the light of universal appreciation.

## PAUL JONES.

AN advertisement has appeared in the London papers for the heirs of the celebrated Paul Jones. He died in Paris in 1792; and the administrator of his estate in America, where Paul Jones was Commodore of the navy, now calls upon his heirs to transmit their claims for adjudication, that they may participate in a late decision of Congress, granting 50,000 dollars to the heirs of Paul Jones. The Chevalier, as he is called, left

no children, but in his will consigned (says the *Dumfries Standard*) all his property to his two sisters and their children. The widow of one of these sisters' sons now resides in America, and there are numerous descendants of the other sister, many of whom reside in this district. These are, no doubt, the legal heirs of Paul Jones, and we understand they have lodged their claims accordingly.

From the British Quarterly Review.

## T. B. MACAULAY—HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

1. *The History of England, from the Accession of James II.* BY T. B. MACAULAY. Vols. 1 and 2. London, 1848.
2. *Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review.* BY T. B. MACAULAY. 3 vols.

MACAULAY has a great name in contemporary literature. He has the rare privilege of a popularity which in no respect derogates from his dignity as a serious writer. Captivating young ladies, amusing stupid officers in a club-room, setting young critics on the hopeless task of imitating him, he preserves all the while the character of a dignified writer appealing to the most cultivated audience. He has made his reputation by reviews; and this reputation is as extensive as if he had been a popular novelist. Nor have these reviews owed their celebrity to the piquancy of politics, or to the fierce partisanship of polemics. Their value is not factitious. He has not lampooned the government; nor has he alarmed the church. Historical and biographical essays, treated purely as matters of literature, have won for him his spurs.

It becomes an interesting subject of inquiry to ascertain by what qualities this success has been achieved, and to assign, if possible, the positive value of these writings. If you examine closely, you will observe that this brilliant and fascinating writer has in a very small degree the qualities which usually distinguish great writers, although he undoubtedly possesses a rare combination of qualities. No one can say that he is endowed with a lofty imagination; with remarkable humor or wit; with dramatic power; with deep thought, or close and pressing logic. He is not a poet, nor a wit, nor a thinker. What is he, then? A rhetorician. The rhetoricians do not take the highest rank; but Macaulay takes the highest rank among rhetoricians. He has imagination enough, wit enough, and logic enough, to make a rare expositor of other men's thoughts—to paint striking pictures—to popularize a truth—and to leave a question clearer in every

mind. The clearness of his exposition and the charm of his style are unrivalled. But, after all, it is only exposition and style; it is not discovery, it is not addition to our knowledge that we are called upon to admire.

Let us hope that our endeavor to characterize his writings will not be misunderstood. Our object is critical, not polemical; we do not wish to depreciate, but to analyze. If the term rhetorician carries with it some contemptuous associations, we disclaim them here. We would employ another term, if another term would as well express our meaning. Our admiration for Macaulay is hearty and unfeigned; but, because we attempt to explain it, let no one say—

“C'est médire avec art,  
C'est avec respect enfoncer le poignard.”

A lark is admired for its own qualities, not for the predatory qualities of an eagle; to say that it cannot sweep the sky with untiring wing, gaze upon the sun, or carry off a lamb in its talons, is not to throw a slur on its capacities. Had Macaulay come before us in the character of a poet or a philosopher, there would have been contempt in styling him a rhetorician; but, making his appearance as an expositor, there can be no contempt in saying that the kind of exposition he adopts is the rhetorical kind.

Let us examine these writings. The first thing we remark is the absence of new ideas. Not only has he brought no addition to our stock, but he has not even revived old principles fallen into undeserved neglect, and which might still serve as guiding lights. In one word, there is nothing in these essays which marks out the writer as a *teacher*. Not a new fact, not a discovery, not even an intimation of where discoveries are to be made, will you detect in these brilliant pages. He



is an expositor, not a seeker. His learning is vast, incalculable; few men have read so much, and fewer remember so well what they have read. But the strength of his memory absorbs the vital powers of his brain: it is either the cause or the effect of his want of original power; the *cause*, if its activity keeps down the activity of other faculties; the *effect*, if the indolence of other faculties admits of its activity being uncontrolled. Explain it how you will, there can be no dispute as to the fact of his mind being occupied with arranging the materials gleaned from books, rather than with furnishing the materials of which books are made.

Connected with this is the deficiency of speculative power which we have next to notice. There is no trace here of a mind which has wrestled with doubt—of a mind which has striven with eagerness and sincerity to penetrate the mysterious problems which have from all time pressed themselves upon the attention of mankind. We do not blame him for not being a metaphysician, for not having published theological speculations, and added his erroneous system to the errors of thousands. Every writer is not bound to be a philosopher; even a thoughtful writer is not bound to propose a definite system. But no man can be a great writer who is not a thinker—who has not in his time profoundly meditated on those problems which are of all time. No man speaking to men can exercise any durable influence over them unless he has like them doubted, like them struggled, and like them believed.

Do we not all live encompassed by mysteries which we know we *cannot* penetrate, and which irresistibly call upon us to penetrate them? Do we not acknowledge the profound words of Göthe, that man is not born to solve the mystery of existence; but he must nevertheless attempt it, in order that he may learn how to keep within the limits of the knowable? These struggles leave their traces even on the serenest minds, and are reflected in the clearest style. Where shall we seek a better instance than Göthe, who certainly avoided anything like dogmatic exposition, but whose slightest writings give intimations of "a soul that speaketh from the everlasting deeps." No man who has thought, writes without suggesting thought. The style of a boy or of a woman who has had little experience of life is not more distinct from that of a man whom experience has modified, than is the style of ordinary men from those who have yielded up their souls to patient meditation.

Macaulay's mind seems constitutionally unfit for meditation. Mystery is to him mere darkness. All sense of the infinite is deficient in him. That which is finite, visible, and palpable he can understand and can occupy himself about; that, and that only. Abstract questions, when they do not excite his scorn, are at the best too remote from him to admit of his turning his mind in their direction. His mind is eminently concrete. Things group themselves before it into *pictures*, thoughts consolidate themselves into *axioms*. All that is wavering, indeterminate, and refuses to group itself in this distinct way, is to him as if it were not. Beyond the Pillars of Hercules his mental geography places chaos: the undiscovered, undiscoverable, consequently uninteresting, bourne.

This is so remarkable a trait in his mind that we were led to examine his earliest efforts, to see if in them no traces of youthful speculation could be found. His first articles appeared in 1824. Charles Knight established a magazine (Knight's Quarterly Magazine) to which Mackworth Praed, Moultrie, Barry St. Leger, M. D. Hill, and other young and able writers, contributed. Macaulay's contributions were his famous songs of the Huguenots and songs of the civil war, together with prose essays on Mitford's Greece, the Athenian Orators, Dante, Petrarch, and a Conversation between Milton and Cowley on the Civil War. The subjects, no less than their treatment, are indicative of the future historical essayist. Not a trace of the thinker is visible. Just free from college, forming his opinions at a time when the great questions would be most likely to vex his mind, at a time when the future statesman and the future merchant are troubled with misgivings which seldom revisit them in the turmoil of after-life, we see Macaulay as calm and untroubled—as comfortable in his immunity from doubt—as if he had already (to use the language of Sartor Resartus) passed through the everlasting Nay into the everlasting Yea.

Macaulay has *read* the writings of numerous philosophers—what has he not read?—but he has never *thought* them. A more signal proof of incapacity for scientific or philosophic speculation was never given by so able a man, than he gave in his brilliant article on Bacon. We do not allude to its looseness of reasoning—for all men reason loosely at times; nor to the particular mistakes—for the most accurate writers fall into strange errors;—we allude to the tone of the whole article, and its radical miscon-

ception of the nature and purpose of philosophy. To believe him, the ancients troubled themselves with philosophy out of sheer desire for intellectual amusement: it was a sort of mental chess, to stimulate their ingenuity. He never for an instant seems to suspect that these men had any sense of the mystery which encompassed them, and which solicited a solution. He seems to have overlooked the terrible questions forced upon man, of: *What am I? Whence came I? What do I here? Whither do I go?* He does not conceive that these men were obliged to speculate—that the very nature of their minds forced these inquiries upon them. He says in so many words that the only use of these inquiries was the intellectual activity which they fostered. “We have no doubt that the ancient controversies were of use in so far as they served to exercise the faculties of the disputants, for there is no controversy so idle that it may not be of use in this way. But when we look for something more—for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race, we are forced to own ourselves disappointed.” What profound misconception of human nature and of history is betrayed in that one sentence! That which alleviates the calamities of the human race is, doubtless, a priceless boon; but the calamities are not solely *physical*. If man *did* live by bread alone—if his comforts were the sole objects of his desire—then indeed railroads, good houses, warm clothing, wholesome food, and a sanitary commission, would be the grand objects of human ingenuity. There is, however, a suspicion vaguely floating about, that man has a soul. If this be so; if the soul of man be only worth as much attention as his body; if the widening of human intelligence be only as important as the clothing of human feet; what shall we think of the following argument? He quotes from Seneca the assertion that philosophy does not consist in manufacturing material comforts, but lies deeper than such drudgery. “It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands; the object of her lessons is to form the soul. We shall be told next that the first philosopher was a shoemaker.” This passage excites Macaulay’s risibility, and he remarks: “For our own part, if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker and the author of the three books ‘On Anger,’ we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet, and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being

angry.” This is humorously said; but as an argument against ancient philosophy it is frivolous. He mistakes the nature of civilization. Railroads, representative governments, old port, tender mutton, and Mackintosh capes, are excellent things, no doubt, and greatly conducive to comfort. But the thoughts of men are more potent still. Thought rules the world. Thought shapes civilization. And is thought only powerful when it applies itself to *use*—to practical material comforts? Is its potency lost as soon as it descends into the deepest regions, as soon as it aspires to the highest? No one has read history who can say so. Although the speculations of ancient philosophers may not have solved the problems, yet they were the best solutions which the wisdom of that age afforded. They constituted a vital element in the civilization from which our own is but a consequence and a development. Even on the low and vulgar ground of utility to which Macaulay brings the question, the utility of ancient philosophy is quite as demonstrable as that of Bacon. A reasonable acquaintance with the filiation of ideas through various generations would suffice to show that the very speculations which Macaulay ridicules were *necessary preparations* for those speculations he admires. If Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle had not lived, Bacon would have been a Pythagorean or a Platonist, exerting himself to solve insoluble problems, and might have incurred the satire of some conservative Aristophanes for absurd “air-galloping and questioning the sun.”

ἀέροβατῶν καὶ περιφρονῶ τον ἥλιον.

This deficiency of speculative or meditative power robs Macaulay’s writing of durable influence. It is a characteristic we were bound to exhibit at length, because it is of all the most important. Far be it from us to affix the epithet *shallow* to such a man. There is no epithet more recklessly thrown about. It is so easy to declare that those who have not puddled in our mud are “showy but shallow.” It gives us a cheap air of profundity, invests us with judicial gravity and consequence. It lends a sort of false lustre to our stupidity, and seems to transmute our leaden dullness into gold. How significant, that with us the epithet ‘showy’ is invariably contemptuous! It is imagined that a writer’s pretensions are forever settled if he be called ‘showy;’ his works *must* be tinsel or they would not glitter! Does it never occur to the critic that



gold has greater lustre and greater solidity than tinsel? Does he never ponder on the fact that the showiest writers in our language have been Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, and Burke; writers not usually classed among the shallowest?

We demur, therefore, to the epithet shallow applied to Macaulay, because it is an epithet of contempt; and contempt is not the tone to be adopted towards a writer of his pretensions. On the other hand, we cannot speak of his mind as deep. The truth appears to us to be this. It is not a meditative, not a creative mind; but it is a mind of considerable activity, gifted with fine faculties. It is a lambent fire perpetually playing about the surfaces of things, and beautifully illuminating them. It has more activity than force; and its activity is, so to speak, all on the surface. Perhaps we shall render our meaning intelligible if we take the analogy presented by a man of great *nervous sensibility* but no *depth of feeling*; the kind of man who will weep over a dead ass and neglect his dying mother; whose sympathy is easily excited by woes, imaginary and real; but whose benevolence ends with his tears. Such men are not rare. The sympathy they express is wrongly stigmatized as hypocrisy; the tears they shed are unfeigned; but they are tears excited by a quick sensibility, which goes no deeper than the surface. Their nerves are excitable, but their selfishness arrests all feeling at the surface, and contents itself with tears in lieu of acts. What these men are morally, Macaulay seems to be intellectually. His sense of beauty is keen, but not deep; his enthusiasm has no central fire; his convictions want depth, and, as a consequence, his eloquence, with all its apparent earnestness, wants force. The surface of his mind is large and active; but its regions below remain untroubled. The consequence is, that he has no *influence* on his age. He flatters the indolence of his readers; he does not stimulate their minds. He delights; he does not inspire. In reading him, we do not feel that his soul is speaking from its depths to the depths of ours.

Compare him with Carlyle. Two more opposite men cannot be named in the same breath. Macaulay, clear, definite, elegant, eloquent, methodical; crowding his pages with antitheses and illustrations; more solicitous about the fall of a period than about the accuracy of his assertion; grouping details into a picture; fond of paradox, yet never probing beneath the surface; expert

in polemics, yet seldom fighting for great truths; captivating by the grace, and dazzling by the gorgeousness, of his diction, and leaving upon the reader's mind no more durable impression than that which a splendid spectacle leaves upon the mind of a theatrical audience. Carlyle, rugged, mystical, abrupt, immethodical, unmusical, vehement, scornful, sarcastic, sardonic, and humorous; rich also in pictures; inordinately fond of paradox, but profoundly serious; striving at all times to see into the depths of things; disdainful of ordinary rules of composition, disdainful of all elegancies, graces, and *shams* of life and of literature; forever appealing to the *soul* of man, and bidding him remember that he is in the presence of the Infinite; sternly recalling those awful facts of life which frivolity endeavors to gloss over; fiercely preaching the imperative nature of duty and of earnestness; speaking in prophet tones to a heedless generation; mingling the quaintest imagery and wildest buffoonery with the saddest pathos and the dreariest gloom; a sceptic yet a prophet; amidst alternate laughter and alternate tears, alternate exhortation and alternate contempt, he does not dazzle, he provokes; he does not captivate, he inspires; and the impression he leaves upon the mind is various and abiding, as that left by a tragedy of Shakspeare. As specimens of *literature*, in the limited sense of the word, Macaulay's writings are immeasurably superior; but if literature be something more than the amusement of cultivated intellects, something more than an intellectual luxury, for the dissipation of leisure hours, Carlyle's superiority is unmistakable. Macaulay has delighted thousands. This is no slight thing, and we should be the last to undervalue it. But he has materially bettered no one. He has deepened no man's convictions, he has given fresh strength to no human soul. His influence on his generation has been null. Carlyle, though scorned by many for his offenses against literary taste, and though dreaded by others for his reckless treatment of great questions, has, nevertheless, produced a visible influence on the minds of his contemporaries; he has given a *direction* to their thoughts, and has *suggested* so much thought that he is rightfully regarded as a teacher. This fact there is no gainsaying. Think what we may of the influence, be it evil or be it good, it is there. We could name more than one distinguished ornament of the church whose rise has been rendered impossible because of the Carlyle "taint." We—

that is, the present writer—feel called upon here distinctly to declare that with scarcely any living author have we *less* agreement than with Carlyle; yet we are, nevertheless, sensible of great benefit derived from his writings. There is an indirect teaching not less valuable than the direct teaching. No serious thinker writes in vain. Carlyle has his affectations, his shams; but he has his realities. Had he not lived, some of the most active minds of our generation would have been *different*; they would assuredly have been active, it may be, wiser, but certainly different. Now it is impossible, we think, to say that any human being would have been otherwise had Macaulay never written. Some few might have written less picturesquely and less elegantly, but no human soul would have been poorer.

The distinction between Macaulay and Carlyle is curiously exhibited in their articles on Johnson. Both give graphic and delightful pictures of this remarkable man, whose monumental common sense almost amounted to genius; but Macaulay has painted the surface, Carlyle the soul. It is not that Carlyle reasons better than Macaulay, it is simply that he sees more. His intuitions are deeper, if not always truer. All the peculiarities of Johnson's person and manners are, by Macaulay, depicted with felicitous strokes; all the apparent contradictions of his mind are assembled and marshalled out, so as to produce a striking effect. But that is all. We *see* the man, we do not *understand* him. The mystery of his nature is exhibited to us, but it is not explained; a mystery it remains, as far as the biographer is concerned. We must quote one passage, which, in spite of its length, is both too amusing and too significant to be passed over.

"The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and accurate reasoner; a little too much inclined to scepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of facts. But if, while he was beating down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came

across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell, from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and its force, were now as much astonished at its strange narrowness and feebleness as the fisherman in the Arabian tale, when he saw the genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea-coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there, the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon.

"Johnson was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence for all stories which were merely odd. But when they were not only odd, but miraculous, his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where most credulous people begin to be sceptical. It is curious to observe, both in his writings and in his conversation, the contrast between the disdainful manner in which he rejects unauthenticated anecdotes, even when they are consistent with the general laws of nature, and the respectful manner in which he mentions the wildest stories relating to the invisible world. A man who told him of a waterspout or a meteoric stone, generally had the lie given him for his pains. A man who told him of a prediction or a dream wonderfully accomplished, was sure of a courteous hearing. 'Johnson,' observes Hogarth, 'like king David, says in his haste that all men are liars.' 'His incredulity,' says Mrs. Thrale, 'amounted almost to disease.' She tells us how he browbeat a gentleman, who gave him an account of a hurricane in the West Indies; and a poor Quaker, who related some strange circumstances about the red-hot balls fired at the siege of Gibraltar. 'It is not so. It cannot be true. Don't tell that story again. You cannot think how poor a figure you make in telling it.' He once said, half jestingly we suppose, that for six months he refused to credit the fact of the earthquake at Lisbon, and that he still believed the extent of the calamity to be greatly exaggerated. Yet he related, with a grave face, how old Mr. Cave, of St. John's gate, saw a ghost, and how this ghost was something of a shadowy being. He went himself on a ghost-hunt to Cock-lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance. He rejects the Celtic genealogies and poems without the least hesitation; yet he declares himself willing to believe the stories of the second sight. If he had examined the claims of the Highland seers with half the severity with which he sifted the evidence for the genuineness of Fingal, he would, we suspect, have come away from Scotland with a mind fully made up. In his 'Lives of the Poets' we find that he is unwilling to give credit to the accounts of Lord Roscommon's early proficiency in his studies; but he tells with great solemnity an absurd romance about some intelligence preternaturally impressed on the mind of that nobleman. He avows himself to be in great doubt about the truth of the story, and ends by warning his readers not wholly to slight such impressions.



"Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. He could discern clearly enough the folly and meanness of all bigotry except his own. When he spoke of the scruples of the Puritans, he spoke like a person who had really obtained an insight into the divine philosophy of the New Testament, and who considered Christianity as a noble scheme of government, tending to promote the happiness and to elevate the moral nature of man. The horror which the sectaries felt for cards, Christmas ale, plum-porridge, mince-pies, and dancing-bears, excited his contempt. To the arguments urged by some very worthy people against showy dress, he replied, with admirable sense and spirit, 'Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas, sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat, will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one!' Yet he was himself under the tyranny of scruples as unreasonable as those of Hudibras or Ralpho; and carried his zeal for ceremonies and for ecclesiastical dignities to lengths altogether inconsistent with reason or with Christian charity. He has gravely noted down in his diary, that he once committed the sin of drinking coffee on Good Friday. In Scotland, he thought it his duty to pass several months without joining in public worship, solely because the ministers of the kirk had not been ordained by bishops. His mode of estimating the piety of his neighbors was somewhat singular. 'Campbell,' said he, 'is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat; this shows he has good principles.'"

How different is Carlyle's treatment of the same topic! These contradictions he perceives to be only *apparent*, not *real* contradictions. He sees how the peculiarity of Johnson's intellect was not the *union* of great powers with low prejudices, but that these prejudices arose out of the very strength of reverence and of belief in things supernatural—out of the holy awe which filled his mind whenever he contemplated the mysterious relation of man to the Infinite. Where Macaulay delights to notice incongruity, Carlyle, looking deeper, sees congruity; where Macaulay is astonished at a keen intellect becoming credulous, Carlyle sees nothing but the very principle of faith which characterized that intellect—a faith which dared not suffer its sacred precincts to be invaded by sceptical reason. Without in any way applauding Johnson's prejudices, Carlyle understands the difficulty which puzzles Macaulay—understands it because he has looked into Johnson's soul. In a word, Macaulay contents himself with noting what lay on the

surface, Carlyle seeks to make you aware of what lay underneath the surface. Here is one brief passage from Carlyle's essay:

"More legibly is this influence of the loving heart to be traced in his intellectual character. What, indeed, is the beginning of intellect, the first inducement to the exercise thereof, but attraction towards somewhat—affection for it? Thus, too, who ever saw or will see, any true talent—not to speak of genius—the foundation of which is not goodness, love? From Johnson's strength of affection, we deduce many of his intellectual peculiarities; especially that threatening array of perversions, known under the name of 'Johnson's Prejudices.' Looking well into the root from which these sprang, we have long ceased to view them with hostility; can pardon, and reverently pity them. Consider with what force early imbibed opinions must have clung to a soul of this affection. Those evil-famed prejudices of his, that Jacobitism, Church-of-Englandism, hatred of the Scotch, belief in witches, and such like—what were they but the ordinary beliefs of well-doing, well-meaning provincial Englishmen in that day? First gathered by his father's hearth, round the kind 'country fires' of native Staffordshire; they grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; they were hallowed by fondest sacred recollections; to part with them was parting with his heart's blood. If the man who has no strength of affection, strength of belief, have no strength of prejudice, let him thank Heaven for it, but to himself take small thanks."

The power of Macaulay's writing is not the force of opinions, but the force of pictures. As we have said, he is not a teacher, but a rhetorician; not a discoverer, but an expositor. That he is the most estimable and brilliant example of his class now living may be ungrudgingly admitted. He has adorned our gallery with splendid productions, and enriched our literature with some masterly pages of eloquence. His vast and varied knowledge never betrays him into pedantry, but is always at command for apt illustration. Moreover, he has no petty prejudices, no unseemly affectations, no illiberal bigotry, no cramping narrowness. There is nothing offensive in him. The tone of his writings is uniformly liberal, manly, healthy, and straightforward. His sympathies are always with what is generous and noble in practical life; his admiration for one kind of excellence does not intercept his admiration for every other kind. A genial, pleasant, happy spirit animates his pages. His views are distinguished by an amiable good sense. He seems anxious to steer between extremes in politics, in religion, and in morals. He is

neither a bigoted Tory nor a bigoted Radical; neither Catholic nor Calvinist; neither Cavalier nor Puritan, but an amiable Whig. Sympathizing with the polished demeanor and the social graces of the Cavaliers, he condemns their frivolity and dissoluteness; applauding the seriousness and rectitude of the energetic Puritans, he laughs at their affectations of sanctity, at their illiberality, and nasal twang. He will take it as no disrespect if we liken him to the accomplished person, whom he has so felicitously portrayed in the calm, sceptical, and polished Halifax.

He is fond of moral reflections. One may say of them, that, though sometimes trite enough, they are generally very sensible, and being always happily expressed are always acceptable. They force your respect, and on the whole win your regard for the writer. They imply a generous and a healthy mind. Even when they have a satirical turn, the tone is pleasant, as in the following well-timed and well-turned admonition of public opinion:

"We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England, with the Parisian laxity. At length, our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and broken-hearted. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more."

Macaulay's style is of paramount importance in any estimate of his claims; for style is to a rhetorician what thought is to a teacher, *principium et fons*. Style is an art, and, like every other art, demands the conjunction of genius and labor: genius, to furnish the matter; labor, to give the form. With a blunt chisel the best sculptor will bungle; with a rude language, the greatest

thinker cannot write well; and all language is rude until labor, assisting the delicate sense of beauty, has fashioned it into harmonious shapes. In consequence of this duplex condition, it not unfrequently happens that some men attain a certain mastery over the form, who have very little matter of their own to fashion; just as there are men with very little poetic genius who nevertheless attain so much of the "accomplishment of verse," as to produce very readable verses. But no great prose writer, any more than a great poet, was ever made by labor alone. The style is the man. As the mind is will the style be: a great mind cannot altogether dwarf itself; a small mind cannot greatly exalt itself; natural grace will show itself, even in the awkwardness of incult speech, and the grace which is *acquired* will, after all, be only the grace of a dancing-master.

Macaulay's style is characteristic of his mind, in its excellencies and in its deficiencies. It is eminently a cultivated style, the writing of an accomplished, well-trained mind. It is perhaps the very best style ever written by one who was not an original thinker. Its main defect is the absence of a strong personality, of an unmistakable originality. By originality, we of course do not mean eccentricity; we mean that peculiar impress which is given to the style by every mind which thinks for itself, and writes as *it* thinks, not as *others* have thought. The parentage of Macaulay's style is easily traceable. The influence of Burke is so visible, that no one has ever failed to remark it; there is indeed some kinship in the minds of Burke and Macaulay, which makes the latter's imitation less of an imitation (so to speak) than it would otherwise have been. The influence of Sydney Smith upon Macaulay's style has not, that we are aware, been noticed. The very turn and trick of phrase, the easy winding of the sentences, and the peculiar diction which we remark in Macaulay, may be found in Sydney Smith whenever they are not in Burke. It would occupy too much space to show this fully; we will, however, give two examples. These examples are taken almost at random in opening the "Edinburgh Review," and are chosen from the *level* passages, because such passages better prove our case than happy sentences, antitheses, or witticisms, in which all styles more or less resemble each other. Here is one:

"We do not think it has any great value as a history; nor is it very admirable as a piece of



composition. It comprehends too short a period ; includes too few events to add much to our knowledge of facts ; and abounds too little with splendid passages to lay much hold on the imagination. The reflections which it contains, too, are generally more remarkable for their truth and simplicity, than for any great fineness or profundity of thinking."

Here is another from the opposite page :

"It can admit of no doubt, we suppose, that trade, which has made us rich, has made us still more luxurious ; and that the increased necessity of expense has in general outgone the means of supplying it. Almost every individual now finds it more difficult to live on a level with his equals than he did when all were poorer ; almost every man, therefore, is needy ; and he who is both needy and luxurious holds his independence on a very precarious tenure."

Every one acquainted with Macaulay's writings will recognize their tone in these examples. Indeed, when, some time ago, we were reading Sydney Smith's collected Essays, the well-known sentences of Macaulay were constantly ringing in our ears. Let us admit, however, that the imitation both of Burke and of Sydney Smith has never the disagreeable effect of mere servile imitation. Macaulay has light of his own to add to the light which he reflects. If the bow he bends be the great bow of Ulysses, he at any rate has the strength, so rare, to bend it with ease, and to use it with effect. Make every allowable deduction for imitation, and his style still remains an admirable example of the powers of writing. It has its tricks ; short, sharp sentences are splintered into the texture of periods whose length is unwieldy, but whose clearness is unrivalled ; and caprices of punctuation play amidst a prodigality of antitheses. These tricks find imitators, who imagine that the charm lies there. But Macaulay's effects are produced by more legitimate means, by richness of diction, picturesqueness of selection, wonderful power of illustration, and a sense of grace and harmony—all which qualities are not imitable. There is another reason why his imitators fail ; he writes in the language of the eighteenth century, so that the diction and the idioms he employs are not those in which his imitators think.

Any one page of Macaulay would, perhaps, but ill withstand close criticism ; but it is impossible to read any number of pages without delight, and the stupidest of his readers never yawned over his volumes. In this respect we may compare him with Lan-

dor, whose polished, stately style, better bears minute inspection than continuous reading. Macaulay has a tendency to be verbose and tautologous ; he overlays his sentences with words, much in the same way as he overlays his arguments with illustrations. His ease, also, sometimes relapses into negligence, and his sentences become weak and faltering. But he is never weak for two pages together. One peculiarity in his fluent narrative is worthy of remark, and deserves imitation ; it is the rarest of all peculiarities—graceful rapidity. There is no hurry, no abruptness ; all the transitions are gradual, and nevertheless it dwells with such minuteness upon every point, that it would be inexpressibly tedious were not the selected points so salient, and so well fitted to convey the whole of what was intended, that in a brief time you are carried over a large space, and thus the valuable conjunction of fullness with brevity is secured.

Much of the effect of Macaulay's style arises from picturesque grouping of details ; something also from his employment of names which in themselves are pictures. The reader of Milton well knows the magical power with which he employed long lists of sounding names, justly calculating on their double effect of music and association. It was a power he sometimes abused, and Macaulay, who has similar power, is open to a similar charge. He revels in geographical and historical wealth ; he scatters about high-sounding names of mighty rivers and remote provinces, of great heroes and distant empires, with a prodigality which often savors of barbaric pomp, but which always fills the mind with splendid images. If he wants an illustration, he draws it from some such place as the "Spice Islands in the Eastern Seas ;" if he speaks of English commoners, it is as "untitled men well known to be descended from knights who had broken the Saxon ranks at Hastings, and scaled the walls of Jerusalem." Is not that Miltonic ? A couple of examples will go further than a dozen pages of explanation, and we take them from his masterly article on Lord Clive :

"Such, or nearly such, was the change which passed on the Mogul empire during the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe. A series of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A series of ferocious invaders had descended through the western passes to prey on the defenseless wealth of Hindostan,

A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier; the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skillful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpoots threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilkund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread terror along the Jumnah. The high lands which border on the western sea-coast of India poured forth a yet more formidable race; a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which yielded only, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from the mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile viceroyalties were entirely subdued by them: Their dominions stretched across the Peninsula from sea to sea. Their captains reigned at Poonah, at Gaulior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore."

A few paragraphs further on we meet with this second example of poetical prose:

"Scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible, that a trading company, separated from India by fifteen thousand miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mohammedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having established a government far stronger than any ever known in those countries, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of the Hydaspes; dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassals on the throne of Candahar."

This may perhaps be thought a trick, an easy method of producing an effect which ordinary writers might employ. We advise them not to attempt it. Mr. Alison has done so, and his "History of Europe" is the best possible refutation of such an idea. The donkey in the fable did not less successfully imitate the caressing grace of the spaniel fawning on its master, than Mr. Alison has imitated the splendor of Macaulay's geographical prodigality. A spirit more

intensely prosaic than that which peers through the shabby finery of cast-off poetic diction in the pages of the "History of Europe" we have seldom noticed in an ambitious writer. Mr. Alison has the naiveté to suppose that by perpetually talking of courage "chaining victory to the standards," or of Napoleon's "carrying his standards from the Elbe to the Kremlin," he is eloquent and pictorial. A dictionary-maker might as well imagine he had rivalled Milton. In truth, poetic diction is a delicate thing, and will not bear handling by prosaic men. We say this, not for Mr. Alison's benefit—he is incorrigible—but for the benefit of young aspirants who may fancy they can produce an effect because they understand how the effect is produced; forgetting that art depends on other faculties than criticism.

We have not done yet with Macaulay's style; we have still to notice its unsurpassed clearness. No mortal ever for an instant paused over one of Macaulay's sentences, in doubt as to its meaning. The writer has no misgivings; he goes direct to the point, and his phrases fall naturally into their proper places. This is partly mastery over expression; but it is also partly owing to that absence of deep meditation and continuous thought, which we have already noticed as characteristic of his mind. Every clear thinker will of course write clearly; but depth of thought is not always compatible with transparency of expression. On the other hand, it is not every shallow stream which is clear; and no mistake is more general than that of men supposing their writings are profound when they are simply obscure.

Style is as a garment in which the mind robes itself; sometimes it is an antique panoply beneath whose weight the mind staggers, trying to be grand and dignified; sometimes it is a flowing robe which bends with every movement of the mind, betraying in every winding of its phrase all the mind's grace, all its abruptness, all its vigor, and all its hesitation. Now Macaulay never hesitates, and his style is unperplexed. He sees sharply enough all the surfaces presented to his view, and can accurately distinguish all their differences. But he has no misgivings as to the existence of anything beyond what he sees. His style is, therefore, never overpowered, never borne down by the weight of what it would express, never ruffled by the perplexity of his thoughts, never confused by the flashing of cross lights, never darkened by the shadow of mysteries unexplored. It



is clear, sunny, definite. But this very excellence is attained in some sort by the sacrifice of a higher excellence. Brilliant it is, and vivacious; but it wants the deep organ-tones of impassioned oratory, it wants the luminous repose of great convictions.

Nor must we omit to mention his unrivalled powers of illustration. Here his extraordinary erudition stands him in good stead. No matter what subject he is treating, he is sure to adorn it with some delightful illustration from ancient history or from fairy legend; poets, philosophers, ballads, old chronicles and novelists are made "to do his spiriting gently." Thus, to take a single example, he compares Bacon's mind to the tent which the Fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed; fold it, and it seemed a toy for a lady's hand; spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade. This power of illustration, which arises from a quick "perception of resemblances in things dissimilar," has been called wit. A distinction, however, suggests itself to us: although the power comes under the *definition* of wit, the illustrations themselves do not come under the *feeling* of wit. Respecting these illustrations we remark also, as significant of Macaulay's *accomplished* but not *observant* mind, that they are almost always drawn from books. Prodigal as he is of analogies drawn from literature, he is niggardly in those drawn from life; Memory, not Observation, furnishes him with his subjects. Of those taken from nature, perhaps the very best is the following, which is the "second edition, revised and corrected," of a passage previously given in his article on Dryden:

"The highest intellects, like the tops of mountains, are the first to catch and reflect the dawn. They are bright while the level below is in darkness. But soon the light which at first illuminated only the loftiest eminences, descends on the plain and penetrates to the deepest valley. First come hints; then fragments of systems, then complete and harmonious systems. The opinion held for a time by one bold speculator becomes the opinion of a small minority, of a strong minority, of a majority of mankind."

Richness of illustration, splendor of diction, and transparency of statement make Macaulay a fascinating writer; so fascinating, indeed, that the dazzled eye has barely power to detect faults until familiarity has accustomed it to the glitter. Then indeed we perceive defects. One of these defects is an excess of the excellent quality—"relief." Every sentence stands out as if sculptured.

Commonplaces are stated with a gravity and elaboration which other writers would bestow only on their important points. His level style is so emphatic, that to rise above it he is forced into exaggeration. Consequently the least critical reader is always conscious that Macaulay is writing for effect.

Exaggeration, indeed, may be called his standing literary sin. It has given rise to a suspicion that he is wholly insensible to truth. This is unjust. He is only too sensible of effect, and a little too solicitous to achieve it. He cannot blame men if they receive his judgments with suspicion, for his exaggeration sometimes precipitates him even into bathos. He describes a character with such extraordinary power, he vituperates with such amazing virulence, that he carries your hatred along with him until the moment when, by some unhappy blunder, he quits generalities and descends to particulars, and then it is that these particulars turn out to be so incommensurate with the language they are intended to warrant, that the bathos is inevitable. Look at his treatment of Nuncomar. With all his varied powers of illustration he elaborately depicts the immorality of this Bengalee, till you imagine him to be some moral monster, as far transcending in turpitude any British scoundrel of your acquaintance, as the dark-striped tiger of the jungle transcends the domestic cat which purrs upon your hearth-rug. "Of his moral character," we are told, "it is difficult to give a notion to those who are acquainted with human nature only as it appears in our island. What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, what the Bengalee is to the Hindoo, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalees." After such an exordium, and after being told at great length that "in Nuncomar the national character was strongly, and with exaggeration, personified," is it not ridiculous to proceed, as he does with perfect gravity, to inform us, by way of striking *samples* of this character, that "On one occasion he brought a false charge against another Hindoo, and tried to substantiate it by producing forged documents. On another occasion it was discovered, that while professing the strongest attachment to the English he was engaged in several conspiracies against them?" If, as Macaulay assures us, deceit is to the Bengalee what beauty is to a woman, what a sting is to the bee, what a horn is to the buffalo, why is Nuncomar pilloried in that extravagant contempt because he was deceitful? Surely perjury and treachery are not crimes

so unparalleled as to be inconceivable by those who only know human nature as it appears in our island? That Nuncomar was a gentleman whose acquaintance was desirable, may be doubted; one would rather not take him into the family circle. But that his accuser should only be able to bring home to him two charges of perjury and treachery, after having so elaborately excited our execration, reminds us of the bathos in that famous couplet:

Then came Dalhousie, *that great god of war*,  
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

To a similar sacrifice of justice to effect must we ascribe the unexampled contempt with which he speaks of Boswell. The case is clear. He wanted a paradox, and the nature of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" furnished one, viz: that one of the greatest fools ever known to mankind had written one of the best books ever published. Many writers had remarked that Boswell's abilities did not seem to warrant the excellence of his book. But this would not content Macaulay. He was resolved to put Boswell in the pillory. He did so; and did it with his usual power. We laugh, and allow laughter to overthrow judgment. But whoever seriously examines the matter, will perceive that the portrait drawn by Macaulay is an amusing caricature. So far from being the foolishness of men, Boswell, judged by the work in which he has shamelessly exhibited his weakness, his vanity, his sottishness, his curiosity, and his toadyism, will be found a scholar, a man of information, a respectable talker, and more than respectable writer. It was not an age abounding in genius; nor had he any claim to rank amongst the good writers of his age; but judged according to the standard of his contemporaries he was far from contemptible. Does any one suppose that Malone, Hawkins, Hawkesworth, or even Garrick, would have much surpassed Boswell in the literary portions of the "Life of Johnson?" We say literary portions, because we set aside the peculiar excellence of the work—its faithful record of Johnson's sayings. In taste, in knowledge, and in style, Boswell, though certainly a mediocre writer, was very far from being the contemptible dolt Macaulay has represented.

Macaulay's speculations, when they have any novelty, appear to us not only untenable, but such as a deeply meditative mind would not have seriously put forth. This we will say for him, that having once taken up his position he defends it in dashing style.

It would not be right to make such an assertion without adducing examples, and we will content ourselves with one literary and one historical example: that on the decline of poetry, and that on the policy of the Church of Rome.

In his article on Milton, and subsequently in that on Dryden, (not reprinted,) he propounded, and illustrated with his wonted vivacity, the theory "that as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines." The paradox is not altogether novel, but he pushed it further than any writer we remember. The question is wide and deep: it strikes down to the root of literature, and is worthy the attention of every serious mind. If it be true, as he says, that civilization, by cultivating the reason, and by enlarging the bounds of human intelligence, *necessarily destroys* the poetic faculty, the poet's office, once so potent, has now become a nonentity, or worse, a frivolity. But is it true? We think not. It has been often said that no age is poetic to itself, and thus have men ever looked backward to a golden age of poetry. The history of the world teaches us that whenever there has been an awakening to new convictions, whenever there has been a period fraught with a "new birth of society" there have arisen singers to give melodious utterance to those convictions. The poet has never been wanting to his age.

Macaulay says he cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception; "surely the uniformity of the phenomena indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause." But here is a statement which we venture to say is contradicted by all known facts. The earliest poets are *not* the best. With the single exceptions of Homer and the Niebelungen Lied, the argument has not a fact to stand on, unless the vague term, early, may include the highly civilized poets of Athens, Florence and England. Homer had contemporaries; where are their great poems? Chaucer is a great poet; but are Gower, Barbour, Oeceleve, and Lydgate superior to such civilized poets as Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Tennyson? Observe, the question, as Macaulay puts it, is not one of *individual genius*, it is one of *antiquity*; and the earliest poets are said to be generally the best, not because *they* have greater genius, but because *their age* was more poetical. The greatest poets of each nation are Homer and Sophocles, Lucretius and Virgil, Dante and



Ariosto, Lope de Vega and Calderon, Shakespeare and Milton, Göthe and Schiller; of these, how many flourished in periods when "reasoning," "analysis," and "criticism" did not also flourish?

But as Macaulay may dispute the cogency of the above objections, let us at once grapple with his principles. It will excite some astonishment in our readers to learn, that he believes a "certain unsoundness of mind" to be the necessary condition of poetry, and that no man can rightly enjoy poetry without this unsoundness. He says:

"Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence, of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding Hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps, she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

"In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones, but little poetry. Men will judge and compare; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could not recite Homer without almost falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

"Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And as the magic lantern

acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outline of certainty becomes more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which it calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception—the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction."

What does all this amount to? It amounts to saying that children and savages are more susceptible to imaginative impressions than natural and cultivated men. There needed no proof of that; and proving it, was not proving that the poetry which so affects children and savages is the greatest *kind* of poetry, nor that early poets are the best. Macaulay, we presume, is not prepared to maintain that the songs which transport the Mohawk are finer works of art than the Faust; or that Little Red Riding Hood is superior to Othello; though these are legitimate inferences from his position as to *effect*. He talks of our being unable to unite the incompatible advantages of *reality* and *deception*, as if the object of the poet were to produce deception! He must be aware that such never was the object of the poet, any more than it has been the object of the sculptor or the painter. Yet it is on this assumption of the object of poetry being to produce an *illusion* that the whole of his argument reposes. With that assumption it stands or falls. But it requires no more elaborate refutation than is given by a naked statement of the assumption.

He has proved that the imagination is more susceptible in children and savages than in matured and cultivated men; but to establish his theory on the necessary decline of poetry with the advance of civilization, he would have to prove—1. That in children and savages the imagination is not only more vivacious, but more capable of sustaining long flights. 2. That poetry is the unmixed product of imagination, and its excellence depends *solely* on the imaginative vivacity. 3. That poetry has for a test of its excellence the amount of *illusion* it produces. When these three positions are satisfactorily established, it will be time to give heed to his theory, and not till then.

Now for the second example. In his article on Ranke's Popes, he alarmed many timorous Protestants by the striking picture he presented of the polity of the Church of Rome—a polity which enabled it to recover from the blow struck by Protestantism, and

to regain much of its ancient territory. He says it is impossible to deny this polity to be the very master-piece of human wisdom. Not at all impossible. We deny it! We deny that it is a master-piece, and we deny that it is *peculiar* to the Church of Rome. To give him every advantage, and to place ourselves at the mercy of his singularly effective power of stating an argument, we quote *in extenso*:

"In England, it not unfrequently happens that a tinker or coal-heaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract, which alarms him about the state of his soul. If he be a man of excitable nerves and strong imagination, he thinks himself given over to the Evil Power. He doubts whether he has not committed the unpardonable sin. He imputes every wild fancy that springs up in his mind to the whisper of a fiend. His sleep is broken by dreams of the great judgment-seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. If, in order to escape from these vexing thoughts, he flies to amusement or to licentious indulgence, the delusive relief only makes his misery darker and more hopeless. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker. To borrow the fine imagery of one who had himself been thus tried, he emerges from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from the dark land of gins and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sunshine is on his path. He ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage. Then arises in his mind a natural, and surely not a censurable, desire to impart to others the thoughts of which his own heart is full—to warn the careless, to comfort those who are troubled in spirit. The impulse which urges him to devote his whole life to the teaching of religion, is a strong passion in the guise of a duty. He exhorts his neighbors; and if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. He pleads as if he were pleading for his life, with tears, and pathetic gestures, and burning words; and he soon finds with delight, not perhaps wholly unmixed with the alloy of human infirmity, that his rude eloquence rouses and melts hearers who sleep very composedly while the rector preaches on the apostolical succession. Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, pleasure in the exercise of his newly discovered powers, impel him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel with the establishment; no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted among its humblest ministers. But, admitted or rejected, his vocation is determined. His orders have come down to him, not through a long and doubtful series of Arian and Papist bishops, but direct from on high. His commission is the same that on the Mountain of Ascension was given to the Eleven. Nor will he, for lack of human credentials, spare to deliver the glorious message with which he is charged by the true Head of the Church. For a man thus minded,

there is within the pale of the establishment no place. He has been at no college; he cannot construe a Greek author, nor write a Latin theme; and he is told that, if he remains in the communion of the Church, he must do so as a hearer, and that, if he is resolved to be a teacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower Hill or in Smithfield. A congregation is formed. A license is obtained. A plain brick building, with a desk and benches, is run up, and named Ebenezer or Bethel. In a few weeks the Church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruple about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies.

"Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast, whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the learned and polite may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Catholic Church makes a champion. She bids him nurse his beard, covers him with a gown and hood of coarse dark stuff, ties a rope round his waist, and sends him forth to teach in her name. He costs her nothing. He takes not a ducat away from the revenues of her beneficed clergy. He lives by the alms of those who respect his spiritual character, and are grateful for his instructions. He preaches, not exactly in the style of Massillon, but in a way which moves the passions of uneducated hearers; and all his influence is employed to strengthen the church of which he is a minister. To that church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the cardinals, whose scarlet carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the Palace or the Quirinal. In this way the Church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of establishment and all the strength of dissent. With the utmost pomp of a dominant hierarchy above, she has all the energy of the voluntary system below. It would be easy to mention very recent instances in which the hearts of hundreds of thousands, estranged from her by the selfishness, sloth, and cowardice of the beneficed clergy, have been brought back by the zeal of the begging friars.

"Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities, and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is, that though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison, to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her own sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the Ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the Bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntingdon would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and first Superior of the Blessed Order of the Sisters of the Jails.

"Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome. He is certain to



be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honor of the Church. Place St. Theresa in London. Her restless enthusiasm ferments into madness, not untinged with craft. She becomes the prophetess, the mother of the faithful, holds disputations with the devil, issues sealed pardons to her adorers, and lies in of the Shiloh. Place Joanna Southcote at Rome. She founds an order of barefooted Carmelites, every one of whom is ready to suffer martyrdom for the church;—a solemn service is consecrated to her memory;—and her statue, placed over the holy water, strikes the eye of every stranger who enters St. Peter's. We have dwelt long on this subject, because we believe, that of the many causes to which the Church of Rome owed her safety and her triumph at the close of the sixteenth century, the chief was the profound policy with which she used the fanaticism of such persons as St. Ignatius and St. Theresa."

When the reader has fairly recovered from the blow thus struck at his conviction, let him calmly weigh the following objections. All that Macaulay has written above is undeniably true, and, if taken as a satire on the Church of England, is very trenchant. But, except as regards the Church of England, all he says is beside the question. The great struggle was, and is, a struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, not between the Church of England and Rome. Macaulay argues as if Protestantism began and ended with our Established Church. Rome, it is said, knows how to employ enthusiasm: it enlists all earnest men under its banners. Therein consists its masterpiece of polity. Surely a moment's reflection will convince every one that Protestantism *equally* enlists enthusiasm in its cause! The tinker and coal-heaver alluded to by Macaulay as examples of lost sheep are really nothing of the kind; they are refused admittance, indeed, within the precincts of that aristocratic and privileged body named the Church of England, but they are eagerly admitted into the wide Church of Protestantism, where their enthusiasm does its office not less effectually than it would have done in Rome. John Wesley wears no mitre; that may be a matter of grievance; it may also be a matter of indifference, if not of rejoicing. He is appointed to no wealthy see; but is he therefore lost to the Church? He becomes the founder of a sect, but that sect is a *Protestant* sect. The Church of England has made an enemy, but Protestantism has not lost a friend. The Wesleyans form an order which we may compare with any order of the Catholic Church—either Benedictines or Franciscans, Dominicans or Capuchins.

They are separated from the Church established by the State; and that is all. They are faithful to the flock; and although classed in a separate pen, they are still in the same fold.

Macaulay seems to have lost sight of the basis upon which Protestantism is founded—viz: the *liberty of private judgment*. Now, unless he take up arms against the very spirit of Protestantism, which he is not inclined to do, he must acknowledge that the very disunion he notices in our church arises from the strength and excellence of its principle. It is in the very nature of such liberty of private judgment to produce *sects*; and the minute subdivision of sects has greatly distressed some pious persons, more timorous than far-sighted. But remember, that if our church be split up into various sects, it is still *one cause* they have in common; however they may differ amongst themselves, they all unite in differing from Catholicism, the principle of which is an *unconditional surrender of private judgment* to the authority of the church.

This is the vital antagonism of the two churches; the one proclaims Liberty, the other Despotism; the domain of the one is divided into several kingdoms, which, as republics and limited monarchies, flourish and keep alive the spirit and advantages of Liberty; the domain of the other is one great empire, kept together by the subjugation of men's minds, but impoverishing the very sources of health and vigor, and which, founded on Despotism, will perish at the birth of Liberty. Macaulay himself has written the condemnation of that polity which he professes to admire, in a passage which we extract from his "History of England," though substantially the same as one occurring in the essay we are combating:—

"From the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government. But during the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been made in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of

a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what four hundred years ago they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation; the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman-catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman-catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman-catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman-catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman-catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise."

We may be excused if we look with suspicion upon a "polity" which has produced such results!

Is it true that the Church of Rome employs every species of enthusiasm in her cause, and that Protestantism is wanting in that polity? No, it is not true. The Catholic accepts dogmas unconditionally; he is not permitted to examine them. If he presume to doubt, he is treated as a heretic. Enthusiasm joined with freedom of inquiry is heretical, and is cast out. Not so Protestantism. It accepts and employs enthusiasm just as Rome employs it; difference of opinion except on *fundamental* points does not exclude the enthusiasts from the Church, it only creates a sect; and sectarianism is, as we have said, the necessary consequence of the first principles of Protestantism. Thus we see that the "polity" of Rome is in no way peculiar to it; but, on the whole is inferior to that of Protestantism; for, although Rome accepts every variety of enthusiasm, it will not, as its antagonist does, accept variety of *opinion* as well as of feeling.

Macaulay's argument is a curious example of the lively, one-sided view he takes of things. Observe, it is not a passing error; it is not the sort of rapid, imperfect glance which a man may cast upon the hedges which line the road he travels on; it is the main proposition of his essay, the conclusion to which historical investigation has led him. The reader will be tempted to suspect that we misrepresent the argument, and that Macaulay could not have made such a mistake as to identify Protestantism with the

Church of England; but we have his express words, no less than his line of argument, to bear us out. He says "the stronger our conviction that reason and scripture were *decidedly on the side of Protestantism*, the greater is the reluctant admiration with which we regard that system of tactics against which reason and scripture were in vain!" He alludes here to the "polity"—the only thing, in his opinion, which could have sustained such doctrines as those of Rome.

"The reluctant admiration" which this figment of his own extorts from him is quite amusing; he creates a "masterpiece," and then falls down in worship before it. The grandeur of Rome, and the extent of her dominion, rouse him to eloquence. "We see no sign," he says, "which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London-bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's!"

Before we quit this subject, let us briefly recapitulate that Catholicism, in no way superior to Protestantism as far as relates to the employment of *enthusiasm*, is distinguished by superior *unity*, and consequently by the wealth and power which such unity bestows. But the boasted unity results at once from the strength and weakness of its principles—viz: its *interdiction of all inquiry*. The strength and weakness of Protestantism (weakness as a proselytizing agent) lies also in its great principle—viz: liberty of thought. As for Macaulay's argument about "polity," and his prophecies respecting the dominion of Rome, we hold them equally cheap. When he can prove that the fate of Protestantism is bound up with that of the Church of England, and when he can prove that enthusiasm is not as fully employed by Protestantism as by Catholicism, then, and not till then, will we open our ears to his teaching.

We have attempted, in the foregoing pages, to characterize Macaulay's excellences



and defects, such as they appeared in the three volumes of Essays upon which his reputation was founded. We have said nothing of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," nor will our space permit us to supply the omission. The long-expected "History of England" lies before us, and demands all our attention.

The "History of England" is a splendid performance. We have earned our right to say so unequivocally, by the frankness of our previous strictures; and we use that right with greater pleasure, because we have observed, with regret, that in many quarters a depreciatory tone has been adopted, a tone which, although it cannot prevail, is so characteristic of an unwholesome tendency, that we are forced to advert to it. We allude not to the grumblers and snarlers who depreciate whatever others praise; we have no hopes of uprooting envy. But the evil to which we allude may be removed in every mind by a little reflection. It is this; directly a writer achieves a reputation by one kind of work, the wise public insists upon his continuing to produce that kind of work, or else forfeit its praise. A certain notion is formed of a man's powers, and he is not at liberty to disturb that notion by appearing in a new character. Poor Hood to the last complained that he could not get credit for his serious powers. When Göthe astonished Germany with his "Götz von Berlichingen," a bookseller came to him, and wished to give an "order" for half-a-dozen more "middle-age" plays! Göthe, instead of reproducing his Iron-handed hero, produced "Werther;" instead of reproducing "Werther," he wrote "Clavigo;" and so on throughout his strange career. Every new work he wrote disappointed a public which had formed certain expectations of his doing again what he had already done so well. This irrational tendency of restricting a writer to our confined notion of his power, has operated in Macaulay's case. He has written review articles; he has made a reputation by review articles; and everything else that he may write will be called a review article. Had he never written, or had his articles been dull enough to escape notice, (a success which some of his critics have adroitly achieved,) this History would have been welcomed as a great work, and his reputation would have been fixed as an historian. But now we are told "it is only an expanded review article;" as if its pretensions were settled by that phrase. To judge fairly, we must regard the essays in the Edinburgh Review as experiments in the art of historical

writing. He has been trying his wings before venturing on continuous flight. Instead, therefore, of bringing down his History to the level of an essay, we ought to regard it as the finished result, and the essays as mere experiments.

The same critics who sneeringly talk of review articles complete their objection by the traditional trash about the "dignity of history." They do not accuse the work of inaccuracy, of partiality, or of heaviness; they accuse it of being unconventional! If they could point out errors of fact, if they could expose any deficiency of proper information, or the absence of clear arrangement, we might listen; but to have the assurance to come forward with the foolish old cant about "dignity" and "classic models," merely for the miserable object of depreciating a fine work, deserves nothing but contempt.\*

It is a pity men know not how insignificant they look when they thus endeavor to exalt themselves above an author. The ignorance of such language is not less than its malevolence. If they knew any "classic models" except Gibbon and Robertson, they would know that Macaulay's History is the nearest approach to classic models that our language possesses, though it never imitates them servilely.

History is the story of the past narrated to the present. Every art by which the narrator can make his audience understand that story is legitimate, and the better he succeeds, the greater must be his art. No detail is trivial which makes the story clearer. It is not a question of dignity at all; it is a question of artistic painting. Upon principles of "dignity," it has been asserted that Shakspeare should not have made Othello his hero, because a hero should always be *white*; and Voltaire has objected to the picturesque use of the phrase "there's not a mouse stirring," because, although he admits it to be graphic, yet it is too "undignified for tragedy." But one may reasonably ask, what has dignity to do with the object of the dramatist or with that of the historian? He writes to explain and to depict; dignity must take its chance.

Some have thought—and Charles James Fox is of the number—that history should be a *mere narrative*, and that it could not

\* We class such criticism with the imbecility of Scioppius, who called down the vengeance of the church upon "*that De Thou—istum Thuanum*," because his history contained a reprobation of Borgia and—three solecisms in the Latin!

properly admit even of notes. But the word *ιστορία* does not mean narrative—it means knowledge, experience. Nor did the ancients confine themselves to mere narrative; they paused occasionally to refute errors, and to introduce discussions. It would be impossible, in many cases, to make a mere narrative intelligible; discussion and explanation are therefore imperative. But the great art is to dispense as much as possible with discussion, and to tell the story in the directest manner compatible with thorough clearing up of difficulties.

We venture to affirm that in the art of telling a story well, and of bringing vividly before the reader's eye the very "body of the time, its form and pressure," Macaulay's history has scarcely a rival. He does not, indeed, narrate a story with the poetic grace, *naïveté*, and pathos of Herodotus, some of whose episodes are masterpieces of *l'art de conter*; he does not deepen his style with the weighty thoughts and grave eloquence of Thucydides; he does not approach the almost Shakspearean power of Livy, nor the gloomy grandeur and terrible concision of Tacitus, the Rembrandt of history. But in the marshalling of facts, in the dextrous use of details, in the fullness of knowledge, and the art of communicating that knowledge so as to leave nothing unexplained, while preserving the continuity and interest of the story, we certainly remember no work which surpasses it. If to *understand* an epoch, and to *paint* it, be the primary requisites of an historian, Macaulay has produced a classic work. For those who love to shield their judgments under some classic authority, we will quote the well-weighed language in which Cicero lays down the requisites of a history—requisites which it is impossible to deny Macaulay's having successfully supplied:

"Vult etiam quoniam in rebus magnis memoriaque dignis consilia primum, deinde acta, postea eventus expectantur, et de consiliis significari quid scriptor probet, et in rebus gestis declarari non solum quid actum aut dictum sit, sed etiam quomodo; et cum de eventu dicatur, ut causæ explicentur omnes vel casus vel sapientiæ vel temeritatis: hominumque ipsorum non solum res gestæ, sed etiam qui fama ac nomine excellant de cujusque vita atque natura. Verborum autem ratio et genus orationis fusum atque tractum, et cum lenitate quadem æquabili profluens, sine hac judiciali asperitate et sine sententiarum forensium aculeis perséquendum est."

If we compare Macaulay with the histori-

ans of our own day, his precedence will be manifest. He has the learning and impartiality of Hallam, with a picturesque power incomparably greater; he is more graphic than Southey, without Southey's bigotry and partisanship; he has greater knowledge and mastery of historical material than Bulwer; greater art than Grote or Thirlwall; and is equally free from the astonishing inaccuracy, and from the unparalleled old-womanism of Alison.

As far as Macaulay himself is concerned, it matters little what opinions are formed respecting the merit or demerit of his historical method. Success is assured him. His name will make every cultivated reader take up this book; its fascinating contents will not permit it to be laid aside unread. Right or wrong, therefore, *his* aim is achieved. But for us, as critics, there is another consideration. We cannot regard as unimportant the opinion to be formed of so striking a work; for in that opinion is involved the question of historical art. If Macaulay is wrong, who is right? If he is wrong, *how* is he wrong? Those who are to write history, and those who are to sit in judgment on it, must make up their minds as to the *object* of the historian, and the *means* by which that object is to be attained. Now it seems to us, that the object is to represent the past; the means are those which best enable him to paint it accurately and vividly. If the means employed do actually achieve that object, any traditional stupidity about the "dignity of history" must be set aside. Macaulay has made up his mind to bear such accusations. "I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history," he says, "if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors." No one will dare to say that he has *not* succeeded; no one will dare to say that we have not here an incomparably more graphic delineation of the past than any English historian has given us. Exception may be taken to certain opinions; differences of view will of course be elicited; but, making every allowance for such individual exceptions, the sum total will be, as we said, that here is a splendid performance, such as no Englishman can read unmoved. It is a long and sumptuous historic gallery: the walls are lined with pictures, not of one kind, but of all kinds; here we see a battle-field, there a domestic interior; here a cabinet council, there a charming landscape; next the turbu-



lent insurrection of a maddened people, followed by a glimpse into a coffee-house; the interspaces of the walls are studded with portraits painted with a cunning hand; so that, as we walk along that gallery, the whole life of our ancestors is typically presented to us.

We do not imagine the work to be free from serious defects;

*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura  
Quæ legis: aliter non fit, Avite, liber.\**

We could occupy several pages with minute criticism, were we so disposed. Many statements occur which, in the brief and hasty form in which they are given, are not, in our judgment, accurate, and will be cited another day in support of views which are not those of the author. But we admire the general fairness of the narrative. The objections we feel called upon to make are objections to the treatment; and we speak of historical art more than of minute facts. The first of these objections is to what we fear must be called Macaulay's incurable sin of exaggeration. The main facts are correct enough, but his manner of presenting them is false. To cite the instances of Marlborough and James the Second will be sufficient: their portraits are beneath the "dignity" of history, because they swerve from that severe impartiality which we demand in a judge, and descend to the tone of an advocate. James, especially, is contemptible enough; his acts and motives are glaring enough to dispense with all virulence from his historian; yet Macaulay writes of him as if he were an intimate enemy. Another defect, and one more easily remedied, is the frequency of *repetition*. This looks like carelessness; yet carelessness is the last fault one would expect to find in so elaborate a work. Perhaps it arises from an over-anxiety to make points clear; an anxiety which is increased by the diffuseness characteristic of his writing. Yet we should imagine that the stupidest of mortals would not require the arguments used by churchmen to justify their departure from their dogma of non-resistance, to be recapitulated in the lengthy manner of the present work. As a general rule, the discussion and illustration is too wordy; and the recapitulations quite indefensible.

The work opens with a sketch of the history of England, from the earliest times to

the accession of James II. Those who love to find fault have objected to the length of this introduction; but few in reading it have wished it much shorter. He must be insensible indeed to the charms of elegant writing and clear exposition who does not regard it as a masterpiece. To splendor of diction and picturesqueness of grouping there is added a clear and important statement of the *constitutional* development of our history, which although not new, has the effect of novelty by the vividness of its presentation. For instance, the growth of law as concurrent with the decrease of violence—the greater necessity of strictly-defined principles of government as checks to the sovereign's caprice in proportion as society advances, and as the classification of labor gives rise to a standing army, with the consequent difference in the importance of revolutions now and formerly—were never more clearly and convincingly stated than in this passage:

"They (the people) might, indeed, safely tolerate a king in a few excesses; for they had in reserve a check which soon brought the fiercest and proudest king to reason, the check of physical force. It is difficult for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to image to himself the facility and rapidity with which, four hundred years ago, this check was applied. The people have long unlearned the use of arms. The art of war has been carried to a perfection unknown to our forefathers; and the knowledge of that art is confined to a particular class. A hundred thousand troops, well disciplined and commanded will keep down millions of ploughmen and artisans. A few regiments of household troops are sufficient to overawe all the discontented spirits of a large capital. In the mean time, the effect of the constant progress of wealth has been to make insurrection far more terrible to thinking men than mal-administration. Immense sums have been expended on works which, if a rebellion broke out, might perish in a few hours. The mass of moveable wealth collected in the shops and warehouses of London alone exceeds five hundred-fold that which the whole island contained in the days of the Plantagenets; and, if the government were subverted by physical force, all this moveable wealth would be exposed to imminent risk of spoliation and destruction. Still greater would be the risk to public credit, on which thousands of families directly depend for subsistence, and with which the credit of the whole commercial world is inseparably connected. It is no exaggeration to say that a civil war of a week on English ground would now produce disasters which would be felt from the Hoangho to the Missouri, and of which the traces would be discernible at the distance of a century. In such a state of society resistance must be regarded as a cure more desperate than almost any malady which can afflict the state. In the middle ages, on the contrary, re-

\* Martial.

sistance was an ordinary remedy for political distempers, a remedy which was always at hand, and which, though doubtless sharp at the moment, produced no deep or lasting ill effects. If a popular chief raised his standard in a popular cause, an irregular army could be assembled in a day. Regular army there was none. Every man had a slight tincture of soldiership; and scarcely any man more than a slight tincture. The national wealth consisted chiefly in flocks and in herds, in the harvest of the year, and in the simple buildings inhabited by the people. All the furniture, the stock of shops, the machinery, which could be found in the realm, was of less value than the property which some single parishes now contain. Manufactures were rude, credit almost unknown; society therefore recovered from the shock as soon as the actual conflict was over. The calamities of civil war were confined to the slaughter on the field of battle, and a few subsequent executions and confiscations. In a week the peasant was driving his team, and the esquire flying his hawks, over the field of Towton, or of Bosworth, as if no extraordinary event had interrupted the regular course of human life.

"A hundred and sixty years have now elapsed since the English people have by force subverted a government. During the hundred and sixty years which preceded the union of the Roses, nine kings reigned in England. Six of these nine kings were deposed. Five lost their lives, as well as their crowns. It is evident, therefore, that any comparison between our ancient and our modern polity must lead to most erroneous conclusions, unless large allowance be made for the effect of that restraint which resistance and the fear of resistance constantly imposed on the Plantagenets. As our ancestors had against tyranny a most important security, which we want, they might safely dispense with some securities to which we justly attach the highest importance. As we cannot, without the risk of evils from which the imagination recoils, employ physical force as a check on misgovernment, it is evidently our wisdom to keep all the constitutional checks on misgovernment in the highest state of efficiency, to watch with jealousy the first beginnings of encroachment, and never to suffer irregularities, even when harmless in themselves, to pass unchallenged, lest they acquire the force of precedents."

We could furnish other examples, but we must be chary of extracts from a work which will soon be in everybody's hands.

We cannot pass this Introduction without animadverting on a serious omission: an omission, indeed, which previous historians have also made, but which no original thinker of the present day, looking at history with his own eyes, instead of looking through the spectacles of others, would have made. We allude to the complete silence upon the most important fact in modern history, the development of the Industrial element. This element it is which has gradually destroyed

feudalism; given birth to the true democratic spirit; and changed the whole constitution of society. The historian who overlooks such an element, who does not recognize and depict its influence in every stage of our progress, has missed the peculiar significance of the story he relates. What is it that profoundly separates ancient from modern civilization? Two things: Christianity and the Industrial spirit. Whatever is peculiar to modern times owes its existence to one of those two agents.

Of course we do not deny that ancient society also had its industrial element; but the industrial element plays a part in modern Europe which has no counterpart in the ancient world. And here we do not refer to our mechanical superiority merely, to the obvious marvels of our industry. We refer to the *rise of the industrial classes into power*; to the *transformation* which they have effected in society, converting it from a state in which the *military* spirit was dominant, into a state in which the *industrial* spirit is dominant. Some traces of the ancient feeling still remain, and sneers of *trade* occasionally curl the lips of those who give themselves aristocratic airs. The notion of a gentleman is still essentially feudal: it is that of a man who does not labor, but for whom others labor. This feeling will not soon die out. Meanwhile, the fact of the whole spirit of society having ceased to be military is indisputable. Labor of head or hand has come to be the necessity of gentlemen as of villeins. The warlike spirit has yielded to the pacific spirit. The much-ridiculed "Peace Congress" is admitted, even by those who laugh at it, to be only somewhat *premature*: its object is desirable, though Europe may not be prepared to carry it out. But the existence of such a scheme is significant. Utopias even in their extravagance reveal the tendency of an age. Such a project as that of universal peace, which only excites a smile at its prematurity, would have seemed to our ancestors a buffoonery more extravagant than anything engendered by the combined genius of Pulci, Rabelais, and Swift.

The broad distinction between the military character of ancient society and the increasing preponderance of the industrial character in modern society is one of the first principles of historical science. Its application is unlimited. Its ramifications run throughout history. All the manifold results of standing armies are traceable to it. That standing armies owe their existence to the increase of the industrial spirit is easily demonstrable.



They first arose in Venice and Florence, the great industrial centres of the middle ages; and they arose from the increase of industry and its concurrent division of employments. Moreover, the industrial element is democratic. It brings the nation—the people—upon the stage, where, formerly, a few privileged individuals strutted and declaimed. It was the industrial element which first emancipated the masses from slavery and servage. It has now risen to such a height that, instead of suffering the nation to be ruled according to the whims of a few captains and chiefs, it has taken the government very much into its own hands. An army does not govern: it is the hired servant of the nation. Great warriors are not our leaders. Men who have led victorious armies, and extended our empire, have not more weight in the affairs of the nation than a Manchester manufacturer.

There is one great influence traceable to the extinction of the military spirit as the preponderating element of society, which it would take us some pages to exhibit in full force, and we can only therefore give a passing indication of it. The preponderance of the industrial spirit has powerfully accelerated our advance in civilization, by the development of our *social* tendencies, and by the subjugation of those more animal and instinctive tendencies which created and fostered the military spirit.

We must not be led into an essay, though the subject demands one. The observations already made will be sufficient for our present purpose, which is to point out a serious deficiency in Macaulay's history. Indeed, one may say, that what is called the philosophy of history has little troubled Macaulay; neither the temper of his mind, nor the direction of his studies have been such as to lead him to probe deep beneath the surface of events. History is to him a subject for an artist, not for a philosopher. Rightly considered, it is a subject for both, and the historian should possess the deep insight of the philosopher no less than the cunning hand of the artist. This is, perhaps, an ideal we shall not see realized. But thus much may confidently be asserted, that the story of a nation's life is incomplete if it omit any vital element; and the industrial element is not only vital, it is one of the most powerful of those which have created our history. Macaulay has not seen its significance, or seeing it, has omitted to proclaim it. He is only struck by the abolition of slavery, which he attributes to the Church.

"It is remarkable that the two greatest and most salutary social revolutions which have taken place in England, that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man, were silently and imperceptibly effected. They struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation nor by physical force. Moral causes noiselessly effaced, first the distinction between Norman and Saxon, and then the distinction between master and slave. None can venture to fix the precise moment at which either distinction ceased. Some faint traces of the old Norman feeling might, perhaps, have been found late in the fourteenth century. Some faint traces of the institution of villenage were detected by the curious so late as the days of the Stuarts; nor has that institution ever, to this hour, been abolished by statute.

"It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two great deliverances was religion; and it may, perhaps, be doubted, whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent. The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to distinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious, for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man as disqualified, by reason of his nation or of his family, for the priesthood. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, however erroneous they may be, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That superstition cannot be regarded as unmixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondman. To this day, in some countries where negro slavery exists, Popery appears in advantageous contrast to other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country, this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the middle ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the Continent were intruded by hundreds into lucrative benefices. Yet even these pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow Christians. The first protector whom the Eng-

lish found among the dominant caste, was Archbishop Anselm. At a time when the English name was a reproach, and when all the civil and military dignities of the kingdom were supposed to belong exclusively to the countrymen of the Conqueror, the despised race learned, with transports of delight, that one of themselves, Nicholas Breakspear, had been elevated to the papal throne, and held out his foot to be kissed by ambassadors sprung from the noblest houses of Normandy. It was a national as well as a religious feeling that drew great multitudes to the shrine of Becket, the first Englishman who, since the Conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants. A successor of Becket was foremost among those who obtained that charter which secured at once the privileges of the Norman barons and the Saxon yeomanry. How great a part the Catholic ecclesiastics subsequently had in the abolition of villenage we learn from the unexceptionable testimony of Sir Thomas Smith, one of the ablest Protestant councillors of Elizabeth. When the dying slaveholder asked for the last sacrament, his spiritual attendants regularly adjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ had died. So successfully had the church used her formidable machinery, that, before the Reformation came, she had enfranchised almost all the bondmen in the kingdom except her own, who, to do her justice, seem to have been very tenderly treated.

"There can be no doubt that, when these two great revolutions had been effected, our forefathers were by far the best governed people in Europe. During three hundred years the social system had been in a constant course of improvement. Under the first Plantagenets there had been barons able to bid defiance to the sovereign, and peasants degraded to the level of the swine and oxen which they tended. The exorbitant power of the baron had been gradually reduced. The condition of the peasant had been gradually elevated. Between the aristocracy and the working people had sprung up a middle class, agricultural and commercial. There was still, it may be, more inequality than is favorable to the happiness and virtue of our species; but no man was altogether above the restraints of law; and no man was altogether below its protection."

This passage is sufficient to convince us that the writer has not speculated much upon the under-currents of history, or he would scarcely have attributed to the Church the amount of influence he there speaks of. That the church was a powerful agent is incontestable; that her doctrines are opposed to slavery is no less so. But there is no fact more certain than that Christianity as a doctrine, or the Church as an establishment, could not, and did not abolish slavery in early times, nor has it succeeded in abolishing slavery even in our own times. It has done its part, and done it well, but it has been by means of that great agent, which

all the Greek philosophers would have pronounced impossible, and which the early Fathers would have pronounced indefinitely distant—namely, the industrial element.

We have no more objections to make to this history. We read it with exquisite pleasure, and have meditated on it with profit. Many new lights have been thrown upon old questions, and the whole story has become clearer. The impartiality of a Hallam must not be looked for; and yet one must say that, on the whole, impartiality has been well preserved. In ecclesiastical matters this is a peculiar merit, for theological questions have in all times been firebrands. He seems to us to have stated the case with great fairness towards all parties; it is quite evident that he has no partisanship. All parties will, we suppose, be irritated at this tolerance. Here is a striking picture of the composition of the Church of England—a picture for which he must expect some ill-will:

"As the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; an union was effected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England.

"To the peculiarities of this great institution, and to the strong passions which it has called forth in the minds both of friends and of enemies, are to be attributed many of the most important events which have, since the Reformation, taken place in our country; nor can the secular history of England be at all understood by us, unless we study it in constant connection with the history of her ecclesiastical polity. The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which at that time needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine, he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as a mediator. Saintry in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend; he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of Popery.

"To this day the constitution, the doctrines, and the services of the Church, retain the visible marks of the compromise from which she sprang. She occupies a middle position between the



churches of Rome and Geneva. Her doctrinal confessions and discourses composed by Protestants, set forth principles of theology in which Calvin or Knox would have found scarcely a word to disapprove. Her prayers and thanksgivings, derived from the ancient liturgies, are very generally such, that Bishop Fisher or Cardinal Pole might have heartily joined in them. A controversialist who puts an Arminian sense on her articles and homilies, will be pronounced by candid men to be as unreasonable as a controversialist who denies that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration can be discovered in her liturgy.

"The Church of Rome held that episcopacy was of divine institution, and that certain supernatural graces of a high order had been transmitted by the imposition of hands through fifty generations, from the eleven who received their commission on the Galilean mount, to the bishops who met at Trent. A large body of Protestants, on the other hand, regarded prelacy as positively unlawful, and persuaded themselves that they found a very different form of ecclesiastical government prescribed in Scripture. The founders of the Anglican Church took a middle course. They retained episcopacy; but they did not declare it to be an institution essential to the welfare of a Christian society, or to the efficacy of the sacraments. Cranmer, indeed, plainly avowed his conviction that, in the primitive times, there was no distinction between bishops and priests, and that the laying on of hands was altogether unnecessary.

"Among the Presbyterians, the conduct of public worship is, to a great extent, left to the minister. Their prayers, therefore, are not exactly the same in any two assemblies on the same day, or on any two days in the same assembly. In one parish they are fervent, eloquent, and full of meaning. In the next parish they may be languid or absurd. The priests of the Roman Catholic church, on the other hand, have, during many generations, daily chaunted the same ancient confessions, supplications, and thanksgivings, in India and Lithuania, in Ireland and Peru. The service, being in a dead language, is intelligible only to the learned; and the great majority of the congregation may be said to assist as spectators rather than auditors. Here, again, the Church of England took a middle course. She copied the Roman Catholic forms of prayer, but translated them into the vulgar tongue, and invited the illiterate multitude to join its voice to that of the minister.

"In every part of her system the same policy may be traced. Utterly rejecting the doctrine of transubstantiation, and condemning as idolatrous all adoration paid to the Sacramental bread and wine, she yet, to the disgust of the Puritan, required her children to receive the memorials of divine love, meekly kneeling upon their knees. Discarding many rich vestments which surrounded the altars of the ancient faith, she yet retained,

to the horror of weak minds, the robe of white linen, which typified the purity which belonged to her as the mystical spouse of Christ. Discarding a crowd of pantomimic gestures which, in the Roman Catholic worship, are substituted for intelligible words, she yet shocked many rigid Protestants by marking the infant just sprinkled from the font with the sign of the cross. The Roman Catholic addressed his prayers to a multitude of saints, among whom were numbered many men of doubtful, and some of hateful, character. The Puritan refused the addition of saint even to the apostle of the Gentiles, and to the disciple whom Jesus loved. The Church of England, though she asked for the intercession of no created being, still set apart days for the commemoration of some who had done and suffered great things for the faith. She retained confirmation and ordination as edifying rites, but she degraded them from the rank of sacraments. Thrift was no part of her system. Yet she gently invited the dying penitent to confess his sins to a divine, and empowered her ministers to soothe the departing soul by an absolution, which breathes the very spirit of the old religion. In general, it may be said, that she appeals more to the understanding, and less to the senses and the imagination, than the Church of Rome—and that she appeals less to the understanding, and more to the senses and imagination, than the Protestant churches of Scotland, France, and Switzerland."

In closing our notice of this work, let us not omit to mention the decided position its author takes up against the grumblers who laud the days that are gone, and see only degeneracy and misery in the present. These grumblers are not unhappily confined to the twaddlers who provoked the scorn of Horatius Flaccus. When such men as Carlyle denounce the present as the age of cant, as a miserable time, in which all sense of truth, of morality, and of spiritual supremacy is extinct, and "flunkeyism," "egotism," and "shams" fill men's souls, it is worth while to rise up against the old dogma, and to test it by an examination of the past. Macaulay's volumes form an ample refutation; and he has in three or four places admirably vindicated the character of the present. We would especially direct attention to pages 424, 425, and 426, of the first volume; indeed, to the whole of that chapter.

And having applauded him for the spirit of his work, we have only to declare our conviction, that with all its faults it will become an English classic, and to express a desire for the speedy publication of the remainder.

From the North British Review.

## MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

*The History of England, from the Accession of James II.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. In 2 vols. London, 1849. 1300 pp.

WE have never perused a work of literature or science, or even one of fiction, with such an intense interest as that with which we have devoured the two remarkable volumes now before us. We have cheated our mind of its usual food, and our body of its usual rest, in order to grasp, by one mental effort, the great truths which they teach, and imbibe the noble lessons which they convey. Were we among the personal friends of Mr. Macaulay, or did we adopt the latitudinarian views of religious truth which he has presented to us in all the fascination of language and of sentiment, we might have suspected that our judgment was partial, and our admiration extravagant; but, though our Presbyterian feelings have been often offended, and our most venerated martyrs but slightly honored, and our national creed not unfrequently reviled, yet these penumbral spots disappear, while we study in his bright and eloquent pages the vindication of our country's liberties,—the character and the fate of the sages who asserted them,—and the righteous but terrible doom of the Princes from whom they were wrung.

There is no period of the history of England in which the events are so closely related to those of the present day as the few years of oppression and judicial murder which constitute the reign of James II. In watching at present the revival of Popery, and in resisting its insidious approach, we must study its spirit and its power previous to the Revolution; and in contemplating our domestic disturbances, and the political convulsions which are now shaking the civilized world, we may discover their cause and their cure by a careful study of Mr. Macaulay's volumes. In the arbitrary rule of the House of Stuart—in the perfidy and immorality of its princes—in the bigotry and licentiousness of its priests—in the venality of its statesmen—

and in the bloodthirstiness of its captains—we see the germ of that revolutionary tempest which swept into one irresistible tide the otherwise conflicting elements of society. The Giant of Reaction, in his most grim and savage form, summoned a patient and oppressed people to revolt, and with its scorpion lash hurried one sovereign to the scaffold, and another into exile.

But while we shudder over the recitals in which these crimes are emblazoned, and through which our liberties were secured, the mind searches for some powerful principle of action to which they can be referred. Why was the prince perfidious, the judge sanguinary, and the priest corrupt? It was because an idolatrous superstition reigned in Christendom—irritated at the progress of *Protestant* truth—inculcating the heresy of passive obedience to kings—exercising an authority over the souls and bodies of men—usurping the sceptre, and assuming the ermine of the Church's Head—sealing the ark of divine truth, and closing or poisoning the fountains of education and knowledge. In the lap of this superstition even Protestant England slumbered. Truth, secular and divine, had indeed begun to throw its mingled radiance among the ignorant and immoral masses of English life. It had long before gilded and braced the Scottish mind, and raised the Scottish heart to a sense of its duties and its wrongs. The noble doctrines of the school of Calvin, which Scripture taught and philosophy confirmed, had been accepted as the creed of Presbytery, and formed the basis of its simple discipline and worship. Through the unity and power of her faith, and the indomitable courage of her people, the Church of our fathers would have maintained her ground against all the power of the Papacy, if wielded only by her domestic princes; but the Union of the Crown



of Scotland with that of England, which in happier times has been the source of her glory and her strength, threw her back a century in the race of civilization and knowledge.

A despicable king, in carrying off its Crown, forgot his duty to the land which gave him birth, striving to overturn its blood-cemented Church, and launching against its priesthood and its people the formidable power of his double sovereignty. Her humble temple fell beneath the sword of the tyrant, but only to rise again with a nobler pediment and a loftier peristyle. The same godless princes who had desecrated our altars and slain our martyrs lifted their blood-stained hand against the Sister Church; but they lifted it in vain, for their dynasty perished in the wreck of the superstition which they upheld. Under a Protestant race of kings, and a Protestant constitution, the sceptres of England and Scotland have been welded into one. Their Churches have flourished and grown together—the one rich and powerful—the other humble and contented. Their literature and science—their trade and their commerce—their arts and their arms—have achieved throughout the civilized world a glorious and imperishable name. We have now nothing to fear from perfidious and criminal sovereigns, from unprincipled statesmen, from venal judges, or from sanguinary chiefs. We have nothing to fear from political turbulence. The progressive reform of our institutions, and their gradual accommodation to the ever-varying necessities of man, and the ever-changing phases of social life, can always be secured by the moral energy of an educated and religious people. We have still less to fear from foreign invasion. The diffusion of knowledge, and the local approximation and mutual interests of nations, have exorcised the spirit of war; and should it reappear, with its iron vizor and its bloody drapery, we have bulwarks of steel and of oak that may defy the hostile levies of the world. But we have much to fear from that gigantic superstition which has so often erected the stake and the scaffold in our land, and which is again girding itself for the recovery of its power. Crowds of its devotees have been long stationing themselves in our towns and villages. Idolatrous altars are rising thick around us. The Upas seeds of Papal error, long concealed in the rubrics and liturgies of a neighboring Church, have already begun to germinate—now hiding their blanched vegetation from the eye of day—now rising

up in rank luxuriance—now budding under the surplice—now bearing fruit under the mitre. The breath of a bigoted minister, or the fiat of an unprincipled monarch, is alone wanting to plant the poison-tree in our land, and renew the battle of faith which was waged and won by our fathers.

It is not probable that such a direct agency will be employed, but there are crooked lines of policy by which treason finds an easier and a quicker path to its crimes. There may be a minister, and there may be a parliament, so blind to religious truth, so ignorant of the lessons which history has read to them, and so reckless of the temporal and spiritual interests which they control, as to supply with the munitions of war the enemies of our faith, and thus arm a Catholic priesthood against a Protestant shrine, and marshal a wild population against the peace and liberties of the empire. Had we at the helm of State some modern Orpheus, who could charm with his lyre of gold the denizens of the moral wilderness, or some Indian sage who could cajole the poison-tooth from the snake in the grass, we might expect by a stipendiary bribe to loose the Jesuit from his vows, or the priest from his allegiance; but history proclaims to us, by a handwriting on the wall, what the experience of the nation confirms, that every concession which truth makes to error is but a new buttress to support it, and that every shackle which toleration strikes from fanaticism, adds but to its virulence and power. To our Roman Catholic brethren we would cheerfully extend every right and privilege which we ourselves enjoy—to every civil and military office we would admit them—with every honorable distinction we would adorn them. Whatever, indeed, be his creed, we would welcome the wise man to our board, and we would clasp the good man to our bosom—some modern Augustine if he exists—some living Pascal if he is to be found—but we would never consent, even under the torture-boot of James II., to pay out of the hard earnings of Protestant toil the stipend of a Catholic priest, or build his superstitious altar, or purchase the relics of his idolatry.

We have no desire to support these views by any arguments of our own. We are content to refer our readers to the truth-speaking and heart-stirring pages of Mr. Macaulay. In his history of James II., every fact has but one meaning, every event but one tongue, and every mystery but one interpretation. We here learn that with civil liberty Popery cannot co-exist.—With Scripture truth it is

utterly irreconcilable.—With the faith of science it is at variance.—To the spread of education and knowledge it is bitterly opposed.—From the sage equally as from the novice it demands the secrets of the life and the heart; and over the domestic sanctuary, the seat of the purest and holiest of our affections, it has exercised, and insists upon exercising, the control of a parent, and it has wielded, and insists upon wielding, the sceptre of a god.

Gathering these truths from the work before us, and entertaining the opinion which we do of its transcendent merits, we cannot but record our satisfaction at the rapid and extensive circulation which it has already obtained, and express the wish that it may adorn every library and enlighten every family in the kingdom. And notwithstanding the imperfections which in our eyes it bears, and the errors of opinion which to us it occasionally exhibits, and the hard judgments which it sometimes pronounces against truths which we accept and revere, we would yet wish to see it in an abridged form, diffusing through middle life its great truths and lessons, and we should not object to have it read in our schools, and studied in our universities, as the best history of our Revolution, and the safest expositor of our civil and religious liberties.

As Mr. Macaulay's History of England is to be brought "down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," it will no doubt include the chronicle of the Great Revolution, which, at the close of the last century, subverted European dynasties, and which, after being itself subverted, has reappeared with redoubled energy, threatening the extinction, or heralding the improvement, of every political institution. The path of the historian will therefore lie among thorns and quicksands, exposing him to the assaults of vindictive factions—of men rushing headlong to change, or checking the march of that great civilization which the highest oracles have taught us to anticipate. The manner in which Mr. Macaulay has traced his course through the intricacies of our own revolutionary period is the best earnest of his future success; and though we sometimes start at what is perhaps only the shadow of secular leanings, when he refers to conflicting creeds, and treats of ecclesiastical strife, we yet look forward with confidence, and even with delight to his future labors. It is difficult for a statesman embroiled in the politics of his own day, and committed often to party opinions which he

does not himself hold, to descant freely and consistently on the events of other times, and to protect those stern decisions which he pronounces for posterity, from the taint of passing interests and contemporary feeling. Mr. Macaulay has, in our judgment, stood clear of this Scylla and Charybdis of history, and we feel assured that even his political adversaries will not venture to assert that he has chronicled the reign of James II. with the temper of a partisan, or sought to magnify his own political opinions by distorting the facts or suppressing the truths of history.

The first volume of the work, which we shall now proceed to analyze, is divided into five chapters. In the *first*, Mr. Macaulay gives a condensed and elegant sketch of English history from the earliest times to the Revolution in 1660. In the *second* chapter, he details the leading events in the reign of Charles II. In the *third*, he describes the state of England at the accession of James II., treating of its statistics, its literature and science, its arts, its agriculture, manufactures and commerce, the state of its towns and villages, and the condition of its population; and in the remaining *two* chapters, he gives the history of the last of the Stuarts, which is continued and concluded in the *five* chapters of the second volume.

The great event of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity is justly regarded by Mr. Macaulay as the "first of a long series of salutary revolutions" which laid the foundation of that noble constitution by which England has been distinguished from other nations. The predominance of the sacerdotal over the civil power, which marked this early period of our history, and which was continued for a great length of time, he conceives to have been a real blessing to "a society sunk in ignorance, and ruled by mere physical force." Viewing the power of priestcraft as *mental*, and "that which naturally and properly belongs to intellectual superiority," he pronounces it to be "nobler and better than that which consists merely in corporeal strength; and as the priests were by far the wisest portion of society, he decides "that it was on the whole good that they should be respected and obeyed, and that their dominion in the Dark Ages had been, in spite of many abuses, a legitimate and a salutary guardianship." Even "the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the Pope in the Dark Ages is held to have been productive of far more good than evil;" and Mr. Macaulay reaches the climax of his admiration when he expresses his doubt *whether a purer*



*religion might not have been found a less efficient agent* in accomplishing "that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man."

Although we regard these laudations of sacerdotal and papal supremacy, and of the pilgrimages, and sanctuaries, and crusades, and monastic institutions of the Middle Ages, as an oblation to the political liberalism of the hour, and as a stumbling-block at the very threshold of Mr. Macaulay's labors, we yet feel some difficulty in reducing such general assertions into a proposition which can be fairly analyzed. That the ascendancy of *mental power* as a principle of government is superior to "that which consists merely in corporeal strength," or, as elsewhere expressed, to that which governs "by vigor of muscle and by audacity of spirit," is a truth too palpable to be denied. But when we express it in another form, and aver that the government of Popery, as exercised in the Middle Ages, was better than that of a purer faith, and better, too, than that of the muscular and audacious baren, who, in the same age, led his hereditary bondsmen to battle, there is not a Protestant versed in history that will not give it an indignant denial.

The mental power to which we do homage in the statesman and lawgiver is essentially different from the mental power of the priest. The one is the efflatus of a god embodied in the sage to bless and elevate his species; the other the spirit of Belial displayed in fraud and imposture—in false legends and in lying miracles. Under the priestly sway, knowledge was placed in bond for the purpose of deception. The vicegerent of Heaven encouraged crime by absolving the criminal, and the moral and mental power which he thus wielded descended unimpaired to his successors, and is potently exercised at this moment over every kingdom in Christian Europe. A purer religion than this—the faith of Luther, or even the faith of Pascal and Arnaud, would doubtless have been a more efficient agent in the civilization of mankind. But even the audacious autocrat exercised a sway more humane and improving than that of the priests. He laid no embargo upon knowledge—he put forth no claim to divine power, and he transmitted none to his race. If he fell in battle, a son or a chieftain less warlike than himself was not prevented by his caste from acquiring and diffusing a taste for the arts of peace, and from exercising a

milder sway over his serfs. If he returned from conquest, he might import some new ideas from his enemies, or bring back some refined or intellectual captive, or introduce into his fastnesses some instrument or process of civilization.

But if the audacious prince was a less humane and enlightened ruler than the priest—if the prelate St. Dunstan was a nobler character than the warrior Penda, whence arose the formidable contrast? The priest himself was the cause. He it was that intercepted the rays of civilization and science, which Heaven was gradually shedding over our race. He it was that selfishly converged them into the gloomy crypt of his sanctuary, and dispensed them at an usurious interest in magic and in jugglery, to deceive and enslave mankind. There was indeed a species of learning which emanated from the hierarchy duty free. They not only tolerated but taught the botany of the holy thorn, the osteology of saintly vertebræ, the odontology of the Virgin, and the physiology of St. Januarius' blood; and every monastery and temple had its museum of crowns and vestments, of ropes and chains, of crucifixes and crosses, of teeth and toes, labelled in duplicates and triplicates to establish their mendacious legends. It was thus that knowledge nestled in the monasteries, and thus that science was contraband in the baronial hall.

Did our narrow space permit us to continue the discussion of this subject, we would present it to our readers under another phase. We would direct their attention to the Chronicles of Arabia, and the noble institutions which, during the Dark Ages, sprang up under the religion of the Crescent. When a corrupt superstition, as Mr. Macaulay allows it to be, was blighting with its sirocco currents the green buds of secular knowledge, and imprisoning within their fruit-vessel the long ripened seeds of sacred truth, the Caliphs of the East, the depositaries of physical force, and the heroes of many battles, were introducing among the ferocious Saracens the elements of art and science, and establishing schools and academies for the instruction of the children of the Prophet. A Christian physician, unfettered by Mohamedan tests, presided over the academy of Khorasan, composed of men of all countries and creeds. The orthodox Mussulmans indeed murmured at the liberality of their princes, but the Arabian youth resorted to the gymnasium, and neither his academies nor his colleges were denounced as godless. Such were the labors of Almamon. With a

"vigor of muscle, and an audacity of spirit" not inferior to that of any of the captains of his age, he drew his sword against his enemies, but he returned it to its scabbard, more eager than before for the instruction and civilization of his subjects.

As if conscious of the weakness of his position, Mr. Macaulay re-states his heresy with modifying expressions, and contents himself with the affirmation, "that that superstition (namely, the Catholic) cannot be regarded as *"unmixedly noxious"* which creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondsman." To the proposition in this form we willingly assent. There is no superstition unmixedly noxious—no institution, either social or political, in which something innocuous may not be found. Even in slavery, the climax of institutional baseness, we may contrast the African in chains, braving the horrors of the middle passage, with the slave spending the rest of his life under the roof of a kind and even a Christian master.

Among the causes by which England was, at an early period, advantageously distinguished from most of the neighboring countries, Mr. Macaulay, in a very interesting passage, mentions the relation in which the nobility stood to the commonalty:—

"There was," he says, "a strong hereditary aristocracy, but it was of all hereditary aristocracies the least insolent and exclusive. It had none of the invidious character of a caste. It was constantly receiving members from the people, and constantly sending down members to mingle with the people. Any gentleman might become a peer. The younger son of a peer was but a gentleman. Grandsons of peers yielded precedence to newly made knights. The dignity of knighthood was not beyond the reach of any man who could by diligence and thrift realize a good estate, or who could attract notice by his valor in a battle or a siege. It was regarded as no disparagement for the daughter of a duke, nay, of a royal duke, to espouse a distinguished commoner. \* \* \* Good blood, indeed, was held in high respect; but between good blood and the privileges of the peerage, there was most fortunately for our country no necessary connexion. Pedigrees as long, and scutcheons as old, were to be found out of the House of Lords as in it. There were new men who bore the highest titles. There were untitled men well known to have been descended from knights who had broken the Saxon ranks at Hastings, and scaled the walls of Jerusalem. \* \* \* There was, therefore, here no line like that which in some other countries divided the patrician from the plebeian. The yeoman was not inclined to murmur at dignities to which his own children might rise. The grandee was not inclined to in-

sult a class into which his own children must descend. \* \* \* The constitution of the House of Commons tended greatly to promote the salutary intermixture of classes. The knight of the shire was the connecting link between the baron and the shopkeeper. On the same benches on which sat the goldsmiths, the drapers, and grocers who had been returned to Parliament by the commercial towns, sat also members who, in any other country, would have been called noblemen, hereditary lords of manors, entitled to hold courts, and to bear coat armor, and able to trace back an honorable descent through many generations. Some of them were younger sons and brothers of great lords. Others could boast even of royal blood. At length the eldest son of an Earl of Bedford, called, in courtesy, by the second title of his father, offered himself as candidate for a seat in the House of Commons, and his example was followed by others. Seated in that House, the heirs of the *grandees* of the realm naturally became as zealous for its privileges as any of the humble burgesses with whom they were mingled. Thus our democracy was, from an early period, the most aristocratic, and our aristocracy the most democratic in the world; a peculiarity which has lasted down to the present day, and which has produced many important moral and political effects."—Vol. i, pp. 38-40.

After briefly referring to the government of the Plantagenets and Tudors, Mr. Macaulay treats of the Reformation and its consequences. He finds it difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation, and yet he admits that, "for political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom have brought in their train, *she is chiefly indebted to the great rebellions of the Laity against the Priesthood.*" The origin and peculiar character of the English Church, and the relation in which it stood to the State, next passes under review. He points out the advantages which the Crown derived from an establishment which inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience, and describes the indignation of the Puritans when they saw "an institution younger by many years than themselves, and which had under their own eyes gradually received its form from the passions and interests of a Court, begin to mimic the lofty style of Rome."

"Since these men," (the Puritans,) says Mr. Macaulay, "could not be convinced, it was determined that they should be persecuted. Persecution produced its natural effects upon them. It found them a sect; it made them a faction. To their hatred of the Church was now added hatred of the Crown. The two sentiments were intermingled, and each embittered the other. The opinions of the Puritan concerning the relation of



ruler and subject were widely different from those that were inculcated in the homilies. His favorite divines had both by precept and example encouraged resistance to tyrants and persecutors. His fellow Calvinists in France, in Holland, and in Scotland, were in arms against idolatrous and cruel princes. His notions, too, respecting the government of the State, took a tinge from his notions regarding the government of the Church. Some of the sarcasms which were popularly thrown on Episcopacy, might without much difficulty be turned against royalty; and many of the arguments which were used to prove that spiritual power was best lodged in a synod, seemed to lead to the conclusion that temporal power was best lodged in a parliament. Thus, as the priest of the Established Church was from interest, from principle, and from passion, zealous for the royal prerogatives, the Puritan was from interest, from principle, and from passion, hostile to them."—Vol. i, pp. 60, 61.

On the death of Elizabeth in 1603, the crowns of Scotland and England were united in the person of James I, a mean and pusillanimous prince, a presumptuous pedant, and a stickler for the divine right of kings. His son, Charles I, while he surpassed his father in understanding, surpassed him also in bigotry. Adopting the political theories of his sire, he strove to carry them into practice; and in attempting to convert the government of England into a despotism, and to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, he lost at once his life and his crown.

"It would be unjust," says Mr. Macaulay, "to deny that Charles had some of the qualities of a good, and even of a great prince. He wrote and spake, not like his father, with the exactness of a professor, but after the fashion of intelligent and well-educated gentlemen. His taste in literature and art was excellent, his manner dignified though not gracious, his domestic life without blemish. Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was, in truth, impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways. It may seem strange that his conscience, which on occasions of little moment was sufficiently sensitive, should never have reproached him with this great vice. But there is reason to believe that he was perfidious, not only from constitution and from habit, but from principle. He seems to have learned from the theologians whom he most esteemed, that between him and his subjects there could be nothing of the nature of a mutual contact; that he could not, even if he would, divest himself of his despotic authority; and that in every promise which he made there was an implied reservation that such promise might be broken in case of necessity, and that of the necessity he was the sole judge."—Vol. i, pp. 83, 84.

With a counsellor like the Earl of Strafford, cruel and imperious in his nature, and

a spiritual guide like Archbishop Laud, fanatical and malignant, and the unrelenting persecutor of non-conforming piety, it was no wonder that the Sovereign was hated by his people. Tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, prevailed. Obsequious judges sacrificed law and equity at the will of their monarch, and the Star Chamber and the High Commission, "guided chiefly by the violent spirit of the Primate, and freed from the control of Parliament, (which had not been convoked for eleven years,) displayed a rapacity, a violence, a malignant energy, which had been unknown to any former age." By such agencies the opponents of the Government were imprisoned, pilloried, and mutilated. The whole nation was agitated and incensed. The persons and liberties of Englishmen were imperilled; and such was the general despair, that men who feared God, and would have obeyed a righteous king, quitted the country which they loved, and sought and found an asylum in the trans-atlantic wilds. Amid forests which the hand of man had neither planted nor reared—under the shelter of the oak and the pine, whose pedigree stretched back into primeval times—within the reach of the Indian's tomahawk, and in the jungle ringing with the cries of the beasts of prey, did the aristocracy of England's faith lay the foundation of the cities of the West, and give birth to a race of freemen, to avenge on a future generation of their oppressors the wrongs of their fathers.

At this emergency the insane bigotry of the King and the Primate took the fatal step which led to their ruin. In the "mere wantonness of tyranny, and with a criminal contempt of public feeling, they resolved to force upon Scotland a liturgy more popish than that of England, and to this rash attempt," as Mr. Macaulay justly observes, "our country owes her freedom." A riot took place at the first exhibition of the hated ceremonial. The nation rose to arms. The Scots marched into Yorkshire. The English troops "were ready to tear the hated Strafford to pieces," and the hapless King was compelled to abandon his arbitrary purpose, and to call to his aid the wisdom of Parliament. The Star Chamber and the High Commission were abolished; the dungeons and prisons were thrown open; the wicked counsellors of the wicked King were impeached. Strafford was imprisoned, and afterwards executed; Laud was sent to the Tower, tried by the Lords, and executed;\*

\*Mr. Macaulay has omitted to mention the trial and execution of Laud.

and the Lord Keeper Finch saved himself by flight.

In order to pacify our justly indignant countrymen, Charles visited Scotland in 1641, and put his sign-manual to an act declaring episcopacy to be contrary to the Word of God! The enemies of prelacy were thus encouraged to oppose it; and when the Parliament re-assembled in October 1641, it was split into two formidable parties, the Cavaliers and Roundheads—the faction of the King and of the people. In the one were marshalled the Roman Catholics—the frivolous votaries of pleasure, “who affected gallantry, splendor of dress, and a taste in the lighter arts”—together with the poets, the painters, and the stage-players, “down to the rope-dancer and the Merry-Andrew.” In the other were combined the members of the English Church who were still Calvinistic, the Protestant non-conformists, the municipal corporations, with their merchants and shopkeepers, the small rural freeholders, headed by a “formidable minority of the aristocracy, including the rich and powerful Earls of Northumberland, Bedford, Warwick, Stamford, and Essex.” The rebellion of the Roman Catholics in Ulster gave strength to the popular party. The remonstrance of the Commons against the royal policy, the base impeachment of the five leaders of the House, and the attempt of Charles in person to seize them by armed force, within the walls of Parliament, inflamed the zeal of the Whigs, brought down upon the perfidious King the execration of his people, and forced him to fly from his stormy capital, to return only to a harsh and terrible doom.

The story of the civil war, and the Protectorate of Cromwell—of the trial and execution of Charles I. as “a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy”—of the march of General Monk and the army to London—of the restoration of Charles II., and of his triumphal return to the throne of his fathers, is briefly and eloquently told by Mr. Macaulay.

The reign of the restored monarch had an auspicious commencement. Recalled by the consent of opposing factions, and regarded with a romantic interest from his personal sufferings and adventures, an opportunity was afforded for exhibiting the noblest virtues of a king, and embalming a righteous prerogative in the affections and liberties of his people. But it was otherwise decreed. Charles had neither the head nor the heart of a prince. Without the ambition of fame,

he thought as little of making England great, as he did of making its people free. Without the guidance of faith, he cared little about religion; and without the restraints of conscience, he cared less about morality.

“He had,” says Mr. Macaulay, “received from nature excellent parts and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. He had passed through all the varieties of fortune, and had seen both sides of human nature. He had, while very young, been driven forth from a palace to a life of exile, penury, and danger. He had, at the age when the mind and the body are in their highest perfection, and when the first effervescence of boyish passions should have subsided, been recalled from his wanderings to wear a crown. He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie hid under the obsequious demeanor of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. When wealth was offered to any who would betray him; when death was denounced against all who should shelter him, cottagers and serving men had kept his secret truly, and had kissed his hand under his mean disguises with as much reverence as if he had been seated on his ancestral throne. From such a school it might have been expected that a young man who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities, would have come forth a great and good king. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation. Addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence; fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion; without faith in human virtue, or in human attachment; without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him, every person was to be bought. \* \* \* Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. Honor and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but seems, when viewed in connection with the rest of his character, to deserve no commendation. It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.

“It is creditable to Charles’s temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in man but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them. Nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings or to hear their complaints. \* \* \* The facility of Charles was such as has perhaps never been found in any man of equal sense. He was a slave without being a dupe. Worthless men and women, to the very bottom of whose hearts he saw, and whom he knew to be destitute of affection for him, and undeserving of his confidence, could easily wheedle



him out of titles, places, domains, state secrets, and pardons. He bestowed much, yet he neither enjoyed the pleasure nor acquired the fame of beneficence. He never gave spontaneously; but it was painful to him to refuse. The consequence was, that his bounty generally went, not to those who deserved it best, nor even to those whom he liked the best, but to the most shameless and importunate suitor who could obtain an audience.—Vol. i, pp. 167-170.

In his political character Charles had no resemblance either to his father or his brother. The doctrines of divine right and passive obedience made no appeal to his prejudices. Unfit for business, he detested and shunned it in every form; and such was his ignorance of affairs, that the very clerk of council often sneered at his silly remarks and his childish impatience. In his religious character he stood aloof, not perplexed, but indifferent, between the two bundles of hay—Infidelity and Popery. In his social and moral character he is not easily described. He was as little impressed by kindnesses as he was annoyed by injuries, and hence gratitude was not numbered among his virtues, nor revenge among his faults. His master-passion was to enjoy a life of undisturbed repose, and to riot among the pleasures that make life a paradise, and eternity a torment.

That the reign of such a prince would be turbulent and disastrous might have been readily anticipated. That it would be disgraceful to the honor of the King and the nation could scarcely have been foreseen. To curb the ambition of the French king and support the Protestant cause in Europe, England had entered into the Triple Alliance with the States General and Sweden. The English Parliament and both sections of the people had loudly applauded this salutary union of Protestant States, but the king viewed it as but a temporary concession to popular opinion. Anxious to be emancipated from constitutional control, he looked to the power and riches of France for the accomplishment of his views; and, with the approbation of the Duke of York, the heir to the throne, he opened a negotiation with the French king. Through his sister, the beautiful Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, he offered to declare himself a Roman Catholic, to dissolve the Triple Alliance, and to unite in making war against Holland, provided Louis gave him such aid as to make him independent of his Parliament. These welcome propositions were accepted by France, and formed the secret treaty signed at Dover in 1670; and, in order to maintain his ascend-

ency at the English court, Louis sent the beautiful Louisa Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, to direct and control the royal will.

Although this treaty was signed with the concurrence of the *Cabal Ministry*,\* yet Charles himself suggested the most degrading of its articles, and concealed most of them from the majority of a cabinet whose unprincipled compliance he might readily have obtained. Mr. Macaulay has well described these political miscreants. Clifford, the most respectable of them, was "a man of fiery and impetuous temper," with "a strong though a lamentably perverted sense of duty." Arlington, from his vagrant life abroad, was attached to despotism and Popery. Buckingham, a faithless voluptuary and a traitor, "was eager to win the royal favor by services" from which others "would have recoiled with horror." Ashley, full of levity and selfishness, "had served and betrayed a succession of governments." "Lauderdale, loud and coarse both in mirth and anger, was perhaps, under the outward show of boisterous frankness, the most dishonest in the Cabal. He had been conspicuous among the Scotch insurgents of 1638, and zealous for the Covenant. \* \* \* He often talked with noisy jocularly of the days when he was a canter and a rebel. He was now the chief instrument employed by the Court in forcing Episcopacy on his reluctant countrymen, nor did he in that cause shrink from the unsparing use of the sword, the halter, and the boot. Yet those who knew him, knew that thirty years had made no change in his real sentiments—that he still hated the memory of Charles I, and that he still preferred the Presbyterian form of church government to any other." Men of such a character were the fit servants of such a king. They made his Majesty fraudulently profess great zeal for the Triple Alliance. They obtained money from the House of Commons and the Goldsmiths of London on false and flagitious pretenses, and cowering under the wing of the French monarch, they issued the declaration of indulgence, abrogating by royal authority all the penal laws against the Catholics, including also those against Protestant Dissenters. This nefarious measure was, in terms of the secret treaty, followed by the declaration of war against the Dutch.

\* The Ministry, in 1671, consisted of Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, the first letters of whose names made the word CABAL.

At this critical juncture there appeared on the stage of European politics a remarkable individual, who was destined, as Mr. Macaulay observes, "to save the United Provinces from slavery, to curb the power of France, and to establish the English constitution on a lasting foundation." William Henry, the posthumous child of William II, Prince of Orange, and Mary, the daughter of Charles I, was the possessor of a splendid fortune, a sovereign prince of Germany, and a prince of the blood-royal of England. The invasion of Holland, the result of the base treaty of Dover, subverted the existing Government. The Grand Pensionary John de Witt was torn in pieces by the rabble, and the Prince of Orange became the head of the State.

"Young as he was," says Mr. Macaulay, "his ardent and unconquerable spirit, though disguised by a cold and sullen manner, soon roused the courage of his dismayed countrymen. It was in vain that both his uncle and the French king attempted by splendid offers to seduce him from the cause of the Republic. To the States-General he spoke a high and inspiring language. He even ventured to suggest a scheme which has an aspect of antique heroism, and which, if it had been accomplished, would have been the noblest subject for epic song that is to be found in the whole compass of modern history. He told the Deputies that, even if their natal soil and the marvels with which human industry had covered it, were buried under the ocean, all was not lost. The Hollanders might survive Holland. Liberty and pure religion, driven by tyrants and bigots from Europe, might take refuge in the farthest isles of Asia. The shipping in the ports of the Republic would suffice to carry two hundred thousand emigrants to the Indian Archipelago. There the Dutch Commonwealth might commence a new and more glorious existence, and might rear, under the southern cross, amidst the sugar-canes and nutmeg tress, the exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam, and the schools of a more learned Leyden. The national spirit swelled and rose high. The terms offered by the Allies were firmly rejected. The dykes were opened. The whole country was one great lake, from which the cities, with their ramparts and steeples, rose like islands. The invaders were forced to save themselves from destruction by a precipitate retreat. Louis, who, though he sometimes thought it necessary to appear at the head of his troops, greatly preferred a palace to a camp, had already returned to enjoy the adulation of poets and the smiles of ladies in the newly planted alleys of Versailles."—Vol. i, pp. 218, 219.

Thus baffled in his designs, Louis could not supply the means of coercing the English press. Parliament assembled in the spring of 1673, after a recess of two years. The country party attacked with consum-

mate skill the policy of the Cabal, and in a short time the declaration of indulgence was cancelled. The test act, excluding Papists from civil and military office was re-enacted, the Cabal was broken up by intestine quarrels and the treachery of Shaftesbury, and the King was compelled to conclude a peace with the United Provinces, and induced to consent to the marriage of his niece, the Princess Mary, with the Prince of Orange.

The peace of Nimeguen, which in 1678 terminated the seven years' war, was speedily followed by a political crisis in England. The passion for civil liberty was rendered more intense by a prevailing sense of national humiliation. The imbecility of her councils, and the thirst of her sovereign for foreign gold, had brought England into just contempt. The introduction of a foreign army was dreaded. A feeling prevailed that a blow was to be struck at the Protestant faith, and that the cruelties of Bloody Mary would again afflict the land. Under the excitement of these feelings, Titus Oates put in circulation his wild romance of a Papist plot to burn London, and to murder the King, his ministers and the Protestant clergy. The nation was convulsed. The murder of Sir E. Godfrey gave probability to the rumor, and every precaution was taken against the dreaded calamity. Informers and spies added to the general belief, by swearing away the lives of Roman Catholics. The judges, and even statesmen, encouraged the delusion, and the apostasy of the Duke of York induced even the Episcopal clergy to join in the outcry against the Catholics. In this emergency the King called to his counsels Sir W. Temple, who proposed a Privy Council of thirty individuals as the royal adviser; and among the statesmen who were called to carry this new system into effect, were Viscount Halifax and the Earl of Sunderland, whose characters are finely drawn by Mr. Macaulay.

"Among the statesmen of that age," says he, "Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, and capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence, set off by the silver tones of his voice, was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy and wit. His political tracts well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among the English classics. To the weight derived from talents so great and various, he united all the influence which belongs to rank and ample possessions. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages. Indeed, those intellectual peculiarities which make his writings



valuable, frequently impeded him in the contests of active life. For he always saw passing events, not in the point of view in which they commonly appear to one who bears a part in them, but in the point of view in which, after the lapse of many years, they appear to the philosophic historian. With such a turn of mind he could not long continue to act cordially with any body of men. All the prejudices, all the exaggerations of both the great parties in the State, moved his scorn. He despised the mean arts and unreasonable clamors of demagogues. He despised still more the Tory doctrines of divine right and passive obedience. He sneered impartially at the bigotry of the Churchman and at the bigotry of the Puritans. He was equally unable to comprehend how any man should object to saints' days and surplices, and how any man should persecute any other man for objecting to them. In temper he was what, in our time, is called a Conservative. In theory he was a Republican. Even when his dread of anarchy and his disdain for vulgar delusions led him to side for a time with the defenders of arbitrary power, his intellect was always with Locke and Milton. Indeed, his jests upon hereditary monarchy were sometimes such as would have better become a member of the Calf's Head Club than a Privy Councillor of the Stuarts. In religion he was so far from being a zealot, that he was called by the uncharitable an Atheist; but this imputation he vehemently repelled; and, in truth, though he sometimes gave scandal by the way in which he exerted his rare powers both of argumentation and of ridicule on serious subjects, he seems to have been by no means unsusceptible of religious impressions. \* \*

"His understanding was keen, sceptical, inexhaustibly fertile in distinctions and objections; his taste refined; his sense of the ludicrous exquisite; his temper placid and forgiving, but fastidious, and by no means prone either to malevolence or to enthusiastic admiration. \* \* \* Such a man could not long be constant to any band of political allies. His place was between the hostile divisions of the community, and he never wandered far beyond the frontier of either." —Vol. i, pp. 242, 243.

Sunderland did not, like Halifax, belong to the class of politicians called *Trimmers*.<sup>\*</sup> He was a base intriguer, an accomplished flatterer, and the most servile instrument of arbitrary power. "In this man," says Mr. Macaulay, "the political immorality of his age was personified in the most lively manner. Nature had given him a keen understanding, a restless and mischievous temper, a cold heart, and an abject spirit. His mind had undergone a training by which all his vices had been nursed up to the rankest maturity." He had been envoy to the Court

of Louis, and from that bad school he came out "cunning, supple, shameless, free from all prejudices, and destitute of all principle."

The changes introduced by Sir W. Temple had calmed for a while the storm of political agitation, but it soon resumed its violence. The Exclusion Bill, by which the Duke of York, an avowed Papist, was excluded from the succession, was the great object at which the Opposition grasped; but the King frustrated their designs by proroguing the Parliament without the advice of his Council, or even their knowledge that he intended to prorogue it. The day on which this unconstitutional act was perpetrated—the 26th May, 1679, was a day glorious for England. On that day the Habeas Corpus Act received the royal assent, and while the King disowned the House of Parliament he emancipated the press. A dissolution and a general election soon followed the prorogation.

These violent measures gave a new impulse to the Opposition. The Exclusion Bill was demanded in a louder voice; and for the first time the rights of Mary and Anne were assailed. When the King was resident at the Hague, Lucy Walters, a beautiful Welsh girl, had become his mistress, and had borne to him a son. James Crofts, the name of the youth, fortunate in having been assigned to a prince, was received at Whitehall with paternal fondness. Honors shared only by princes were heaped upon him. He was married to Miss Scott, the heiress of Buccleuch, and was created Duke of Monmouth in England, and Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland. Distinguished by his personal beauty and affable manners, and celebrated for his gallantry as a soldier, his return to England was hailed with universal acclamation. It had been rumored in well-informed circles that Charles had married Lucy Walters, and that Monmouth was the lawful heir to the Crown. The Protestant party naturally gave credit to a rumor which excluded their enemy from the throne, and the condescension and popular manners of Monmouth ingratiated him with the people. In this posture of affairs the Privy Council of Sir W. Temple ceased to exist, and Laurence Hyde and Sidney Godolphin became the advisers of the Crown—the one a rancorous partisan, a violent champion of Church and Crown, and the virulent enemy of Republicans and Dissenters—the other a flexible courtier, hating change either for good or evil, and one who, as Charles expressed it, "was never in the way nor out of the way."

\* Halifax gloried in this nickname, and assumed it as a title of honor, on the principle that every thing good *trims* between extremes.

The year which followed the prorogation in 1679 was pregnant with portentous events. The nation was split into angry factions, and counties, towns, families, and even schools, were similarly agitated. The cry on the one side was to exclude a Papist king—the cry on the other was to support the prerogative. The Pope was burned in effigy. The Covenanters in Scotland, driven mad by persecution, had murdered Archbishop Sharpe, and risen against the Government; and the French king, bribing and flattering both the Court and the Opposition, “exhorted Charles to be firm, and James to raise a civil war in Scotland, while he exhorted the Whigs not to flinch, and to rely with confidence on the protection of France.”

In the new Parliament, which met in October, 1680, the Exclusion Bill, opposed by Hyde, and defended by Godolphin, was, without difficulty, passed; but though supported by Shaftesbury, Essex, and Sunderland in the House of Lords, it was, with the aid of the Bishops, rejected by a great majority, chiefly through the commanding eloquence of Halifax. This defeat of the Opposition was followed by the trial and execution of a Roman Catholic peer, Viscount Strafford, who had been accused as a party in the Popish Plot, and found guilty of treason, on the testimony of Titus Oates and of two other false witnesses.

When Parliament assembled at Oxford in March, 1681, a reaction was distinctly visible. A majority of the influential classes began to rally round the throne, and the Whigs were doomed to every species of persecution. The Acts against non-conformists, hitherto dormant, were rigorously enforced. Shaftesbury was tried for high treason, but acquitted. The Earl of Argyle was condemned as a traitor, because he refused to take the test; but he fortunately escaped from prison, and found an asylum in Holland. Pilkington, Colt, and Oates were fined £100,000 for speaking disrespectfully of the Duke of York, and Barnardiston £10,000 for having expressed, in a private letter, sentiments that were considered improper, while Sir R. Wood, who was once Lord Mayor of London, was tried for perjury, and condemned to the pillory, simply because he had given evidence in favor of Pilkington. The Whigs, however, were still powerful and bold. Schemes of resistance, and even of rebellion were projected, and two plots were secretly hatched. The object of the one, to which Monmouth, Russell, and Sidney were parties, was to rouse the nation against an arbitrary

Government. The other, which was carefully concealed from them, was the Rye-house plot—the scheme of a few desperate spirits, to assassinate the King and his brother.\* The two plots were discovered, and considered as one, and the whole Whig party were involved in the indignation which one of them so justly excited. Shaftesbury had fled to Holland, and died. Monmouth went into voluntary exile. Russell and Sidney, guiltless of the crime for which they suffered, perished on the scaffold—the one with the fortitude of a Christian, the other with the philosophy of a Stoic; and other acts, equally cruel and unconstitutional, everywhere marked the temper and conduct of the Government. The marriage of the Lady Anne to the Prince of Denmark—a man of Protestant principles—raised the hopes of the English Church, and led them to new acts of aggression. The pulpits resounded with harangues against rebellion. The doctrine of Divine Right was the text of many a godless homily, and on the day on which Russell became a martyr to liberty, the fanatical University of Oxford decreed by a public act, that the great doctrines of liberty were impious, seditious, and heretical, and ordered the political works of Buchanan, Milton, and Baxter to be burned in the court of the schools.

At this memorable juncture there was a student at Christ's Church, Oxford, whose genius and virtue were destined to adorn his country and his age, while they were the means of bringing into disgrace the University which dishonored and disowned him. John Locke—a name which will survive that of the tyrant and the bishop that oppressed him—was intimately acquainted with Lord Shaftesbury, and was unjustly suspected to have been the author of a pamphlet offensive to the Government. At the command of the King, Sunderland informs Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, that there is “one Locke, who belonged to the late Earl of Shaftesbury,” and who “has behaved very factiously and undutifully to the Government,” and wishes “to know the method of removing him from being a student.” The Bishop replies, that he “has had an eye upon him for divers years,” but can confidently affirm, after strict

\* Mr. Fox is of opinion that some of those engaged in this plot had merely a notion of assassinating the King, but doubts whether it ever ripened into a design, or was evinced by such an overt act as was necessary for conviction.—*Hist. James II.* p. 46.



inquiries, that those most familiar with him have never heard him *speak a word either against or concerning the Government*. Doctors and graduates, as the Bishop unblushingly confesses, had, in public and private, introduced conversations "to the disparagement of his master, the Earl of Shaftesbury, his party and designs," but could never discover in the student *a word or a look* as if he took any concern in the matter. His immediate expulsion was demanded, and the Dean and Chapter made haste to obey.\* "In this instance," says Mr. Fox, "one would almost imagine there was some instinctive sagacity in the Government of that time which pointed out to them, even before he had made himself known to the world, the man who was destined to be the most successful adversary of superstition and tyranny."

While the factions who were struggling for power were each promised in their turn the support of the Sovereign, an event occurred which produced a mighty change on the political condition of England. The health of Charles had begun to give way, and at the close of 1684, a slight attack of gout was the prelude to a severe illness which had a fatal termination. The circumstances under which this took place, and the event itself, are beautifully related by Mr. Macaulay:

"The palace had seldom presented a gayer or more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the 1st of February, 1685. \* \* \* The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The King sat there, chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which, twenty years before, overcame the hearts of all men. There, too, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the Court where her uncle was supreme. His power, and her own attractions, had drawn a crowd of illustrious visitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting

to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, and fled from her husband—had abandoned her vast wealth, and after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favorite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill-humor. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of State in her company. Barillon and St. Evremont found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh. While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table, on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then, the King complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken, but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early. \* \* \* \*

"Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed, when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their Sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style; but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesbury. A physician who had charge of the royal retorts and crucibles, happened to be present. He had no lancet, but he opened a vein with a penknife. The blood flowed freely, but the king was still insensible. He was laid in his bed, where during a short time the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given. The Queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room. The favorite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments."—Vol. i. pp. 429-432.

Physicians, Whig as well as Catholic, were admitted to the dying king. After a copious bleeding, hot iron was applied to the head, and "a loathsome volatile salt extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth;" and when he recovered his senses, "he complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him." His medical attendants were replaced by his spiritual advisers. The Archbishop of Canterbury and

\*The history of this tyrannical act, fully given by Mr. Fox, with all the documents, took place on the 15th November, 1684. It is, we suppose by mistake, placed by Mr. Macaulay in the reign of James II, and without any date.

the Bishop of Bath and Wells offered him the last rites of their Church, but he would not declare that he died in her communion, and he refused the Eucharist from their hands. At the instigation of the Duchess of Portsmouth, through the French Ambassador Barillon, the Queen asked the King if she should bring a Catholic priest. "For God's sake do," replied the dying man, "and lose no time." Father Huddleston was introduced to the death-chamber by a private stair, and administered extreme unction and the Lord's Supper to the King, who thus declared by the last act of his life, that he died a Roman Catholic. On the morning of Friday the 6th of February, he apologized to his attendants for the trouble he had caused. "He had been," he said, "a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped that they would excuse it." "This was the last glimpse," says Mr. Macaulay, "of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation." His speech soon after failed him, and he died at seven without a struggle.

Before commencing the history of James II., Mr. Macaulay introduces a Chapter of 150 pages on the state of England at the death of Charles II. This chapter evinces great research, and will be perused with a high degree of interest by many classes of readers. But however much we have been gratified with its brilliant pictures and its instructive details, we are of opinion, that a dissertation of this kind is an unnecessary appendage to a work of history, and, if deemed essential by the author, that it should have formed an introductory chapter. In our progress through Mr. Macaulay's fascinating narrative, we have found it an obstruction in our path; and have felt somewhat as a lover of the picturesque would feel were he taken into a penitentiary and a cotton-mill, in order that he might understand why the peasantry were moral and the villages populous. The object of the chapter is "to correct some false notions which would render the subsequent narrative unintelligible or uninteresting;" but we felt no want of the information which it contains, while we perused the chapters which precede it, and have obtained no advantage from it in perusing those which follow. To describe the condition of England as it ought to be described, in all its interesting relations, would require a range of knowledge which the historian cannot be supposed to possess; and we can expect only that department of it to be well executed which is most intimately connected

with the author's studies and opportunities of observation. In his lively sketch of the state of Literature and the Fine Arts, Mr. Macaulay has been singularly successful, but he has as singularly failed in his account of the Sciences and Useful Arts. Misapprehending, as all literary men do, the precise value of the labors of Bacon, he has formed a most erroneous estimate of their influence on the progress of the Physical Sciences. His praise of Sir Isaac Newton is exaggerated, indiscriminating, and incorrect. We have striven in vain to understand what Mr. Macaulay means by *the New Philosophy*; and we are equally at a loss to fathom his allusion to "the long series of glorious and salutary reforms" which the Royal Society was destined to effect.

In contrasting the present with the past condition of England, Mr. Macaulay might have spared a passing eulogy to those illustrious philosophers and inventors, to whom alone she owes her present gigantic attitude of civilization and power. It was not to statesmen and orators, and still less to historians, and poets, and painters, that we owe the mighty change which Mr. Macaulay has described—it was to the Watts, and Arkwrights, and Brindleys—to the Bradleys and Herschels—to the Cavendishes, and Davys, and Wollastons, and Youngs, those lofty columns which compose the portico of the British Temple of Science, and whose proud names are imperishably united with the glory and greatness of their country. Had Mr. Macaulay thus appreciated the services of his countrymen, he would doubtless have viewed with sympathy that large and distinguished class of intellectual laborers, who, without national encouragement or support, are striving, as he once strove, to advance the literature and science of England; and having in his eye the constitution of that Royal Society which is sustained by the annual charity of philosophers themselves, he would have called the attention of the government, to which he belongs, to those noble academical associations, patronized by continental powers, in which all the genius of the nation is generously marshalled for its intellectual service, and to that just appreciation of mental glory under which the savans even of despotic governments are permitted to share in the honors and offices of the State. But on these subjects the voice of eloquence is dumb. Raised to a high niche in the Elysium of the State, Mr. Macaulay looks down from his azure canopy upon the chill and troubled regions, where genius and



learning are allowed to vegetate, to wither, and to die.

Notwithstanding our gentle criticism on Mr. Macaulay's statistical chapter, we are sorry that we cannot indulge our readers with some specimens of its excellence. His portraits of the swearing and drinking old country squire, of the domestic chaplain, of the parochial clergy, and of the mounted highwayman of the time, are finely drawn and full of interest. We shall make room for his description of the least and most worthy of these public characters.

"The mounted highwayman, a marauder known to our generation only from books, was to be found on every main road. \* \* \* The Cambridge scholars trembled when they approached Epping-forest even in broad day-light. Seamen who had been just paid off at Chatham, were often compelled to deliver their purses on Gadshill, celebrated near a hundred years earlier, by the greatest of poets as the scenes of the depredations of Poins and Falstaff. \* \* \* It was necessary to the success, and even to the safety of the highwayman, that he should be a bold and skillful rider, and that his manners and appearance should be such as suited the master of a fine horse. He therefore held an aristocratical position in the community of thieves, appeared at fashionable coffee-houses and gaming-houses, and betted with men of quality on the race-ground. Sometimes, indeed, he was a man of good family and education. A romantic interest therefore attached, and perhaps still attaches, to the names of freebooters of this class. The vulgar eagerly drank in tales of their ferocity and audacity—of their occasional acts of generosity and good nature—of their amours—of their miraculous escapes—of their desperate struggles—and of their manly bearing at the bar, and in the cart. Thus it was related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and in return not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves; that he demanded purses in the most courteous manner—that he gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich—that his life was once spared by the royal clemency, but that he again tempted his fate, and at length died, in 1685, on the gallows of York. It was related how Claude Duval, the French page of the Duke of Richmond, took to the road, became captain of a formidable gang, and had the honor to be named first in a royal proclamation against notorious offenders—how at the head of his troops he stopped a lady's coach in which there was a booty of £400—how he took only £100, and suffered the fair owner to ransom the rest by dancing a coranto with him on the heath—how his vivacious gallantry stole away the hearts of all women—how his dexterity at sword and pistol made him a terror to all men—how at length, in 1670, he was seized when overcome by wine—how dames of high rank visited him in prison, and with tears interceded for his life—how the King

would have granted a pardon, but for the interference of Judge Morton, the terror of highwaymen, who threatened to resign his office unless the law were carried into full effect—and how, after the execution, the corpse lay in state, with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax lights, black hangings, and mutes, till the same cruel judge, who had intercepted the mercy of the crown, sent officers to disturb the obsequies."—Vol. i. pp. 381–384.

Although the domestic chaplain was treated with urbanity and kindness in the houses of men of liberal education, it was otherwise under the roof of ordinary country gentlemen:

"The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast from a great part of which he had been excluded."—Vol. i. p. 327.

When the chaplain was promoted to a living it was expected that he should take a wife. A waiting-woman in his patron's service was considered as a suitable match; and the chaplain was fortunate if the services of his helpmate had not been of an equivocal character. Nor was his position much improved by the change.

"Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage, and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his Concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible; for the ad-

vowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves."—Vol. i. p. 330.

When James II. quitted the bedside of the departed monarch, he commenced his reign by a speech to his Privy Councillors, then assembled in Whitehall. He expressed his resolution to maintain the established government in Church and State, to defend the Church of England, and support the just liberties of the people. How soon and how completely these pledges were broken, the events of his reign will show. Rochester became premier; and the other ministers of the late King were retained in office, more for the purpose of insulting than of honoring them. Though the Great Seal was left with Guildford, he was dishonored by having associated with him, in the administration, the notorious Sir George Jeffreys, a man whose depravity has become proverbial.

"He was," says Mr. Macaulay, "a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out and exercised his powers so effectually, that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary, could hardly have been rivalled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. But these natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sate upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment-day. \* \* \* There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits, dilating, with luxuriant amplification, on all the

details of what they were to suffer. Thus when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventuress to be whipped at the cart's tail,—*"Hangman,"* he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man. Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas—a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" \* \* \*

"Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful. But in general his reason was overclouded and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good-humored. He was constantly surrounded on such occasions by buffoons, selected, for the most part, from among the vilest pettifoggers who practiced before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of drunken fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment-seat, having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes staring like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way; for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity; and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favor."—Vol. i. pp. 449-453.

A peerage, and a seat in the cabinet, was the retaining fee by which the King of England secured the services of the basest of his subjects. The advice to break the spirit and the letter of the law, by levying the customs for his own use, was the compensation which James received for the dignities of office. It had become necessary to summon Parliament, but James knew that the King of France had employed both bribes and



threats to prevent Charles from assembling the Houses, and was ready to become, like him, the hireling and the vassal of Louis. He therefore resisted the advice of his Council, but when his dread of the consequences had compelled him to yield, he thus addressed himself privately to the French ambassador: "Assure your master of my gratitude and attachment; without his protection I can do nothing. If the Houses meddle with foreign affairs, I will send them about their business. He has a right to be consulted, and I wish to consult him about everything, but in this case a week's delay might have produced serious consequences." Next morning Rochester repeated these excuses to Barillon, and even asked for money. "It will be well laid out," he said, "your master cannot employ his revenues better." "The King of England should not be dependent upon his own people, but the friendship of France alone!" Thirty-five thousand five hundred pounds were remitted to Whitehall." The King received it with tears of joy, and the venal minister embraced the ambassador. The return for this bag of gold was the permission to annex Brabant and Hainault to France, and an ambassador extraordinary was selected to assure Louis of the gratitude and affection of the King. To discharge this duty, John Churchill, the germ of the infamous but illustrious Marlborough, was selected.

"Soon after the Restoration," says Mr. Macaulay, "James, young and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, had been attracted by Arabella Churchill, one of the maids of honor who waited on his first wife. The young lady was not beautiful; but the taste of James was not nice; and she became his avowed mistress. She was the daughter of a poor Cavalier baronet, who haunted Whitehall, and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs. The necessities of the Churchills were pressing; their loyalty was ardent; and their only feeling about Arabella's seduction seems to have been joyful surprise that so plain a girl should have attained such high preferment.

"Her interest was indeed of great use to her relations: but none of them was so fortunate as her eldest brother John, a fine youth, who carried a pair of colors in the Foot Guards. He rose fast in the court and in the army, and was early distinguished as a man of fashion and of pleasure. His stature was commanding, his face handsome, his address singularly winning, yet of such dignity, that the most impertinent fops never ventured to take any liberty with him; his temper, even in the most vexatious and irritating circumstances, always under perfect command. His education had been so much neglected, that he could not spell the most common words of his own lan-

guage; but his acute and vigorous understanding amply supplied the place of book learning. He was not loquacious; but, when he was forced to speak in public, his natural eloquence moved the envy of practised rhetoricians. His courage was singularly cool and imperturbable. During many years of anxiety and peril, he never in any emergency lost, even for a moment, the perfect use of his admirable judgment.

"In his twenty-third year he was sent with his regiment to join the French forces, then engaged in operations against Holland. His serene intrepidity distinguished him among thousands of brave soldiers. His professional skill commanded the respect of veteran officers. He was publicly thanked at the head of the army, and received many marks of esteem and confidence from Turanne, who was then at the height of military glory.

"Unhappily the splendid qualities of John Churchill were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind. Some propensities, which in youth are singularly ungraceful, began very early to show themselves in him. He was thrifty in his vices, and levied ample contributions on ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers. He was during a short time the object of the violent but fickle fondness of the Duchess of Cleveland. On one occasion he was caught with her by the King, and was forced to leap out of the window. She rewarded this hazardous feat of gallantry with a present of five thousand pounds. With this sum the prudent young hero instantly bought an annuity of four hundred a-year, well secured on landed property. Already his private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces, which, fifty years later, when he was a duke, a prince of the empire, and the richest subject in Europe, remained untouched.

"After the close of the war he was attached to the household of the Duke of York, accompanied his patron to the Low Countries and to Edinburgh, and was rewarded for his services with a Scotch peerage, and with the command of the only regiment of dragoons which was then on the English establishment. His wife had a post in the family of James's younger daughter, the Princess of Denmark."—Vol. i. pp. 459-461.

After the ambassador had been a few weeks at Versailles, Barillon received £112,000, with instructions to furnish £30,000 to the Government, for the purpose of corrupting the members of the new House of Commons, and to "keep the rest in reserve for some extraordinary emergency, such as a dissolution or an insurrection!"

Thus faithless to the State, James soon became faithless to the Church. Roman Catholic rites were performed at Westminster, with regal splendor, and Protestant ceremonies were studiously omitted at his coronation. Blind to their master's character, the Tories were enthusiastic in his praise. Corporations and companies offered their

adulation, and Oxford and Cambridge paraded their offensive loyalty. The electors, too, were so loyal that James did not require to put the French gold in circulation, and thus blessed with an obsequious Parliament, he began to gloat over the pleasures of revenge. Oates\* and Dangerfield were the first of the just objects of his wrath, and as if he had wished to shew to future ages how his avenging spirit could bestride the gulf which separates the extreme of vice from the extreme of virtue, he summoned Richard Baxter, the celebrated Non-conformist divine, to the court of King's Bench, on the same day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard.

"He belonged," says Mr. Macaulay, "to the mildest and most temperate section of the Puritan body. He was a young man when the Civil War broke out. He thought that the right was on the side of the Houses; and he had no scruple about acting as chaplain to a regiment in the Parliamentary army; but his clear and somewhat sceptical understanding, and his strong sense of justice, preserved him from all excesses. He exerted himself to check the fanatical violence of the soldiery. He condemned the proceedings of the High Court of Justice. In the days of the Commonwealth he had the boldness to express, on many occasions, and once even in Cromwell's presence, love and reverence for the ancient institutions of the country. While the royal family was in exile, Baxter's life was chiefly passed at Kidderminster, in the assiduous discharge of parochial duties. He heartily concurred in the Restoration, and was sincerely desirous to bring about a union between Episcopalians and Presbyterians. For, with a liberality rare in his time, he considered questions of ecclesiastical polity as of small account when compared with the great principles of Christianity, and had never, even when prelacy was most odious to the ruling powers, joined in the outcry against bishops. The attempt to reconcile the contending factions failed. Baxter cast in his lot with his proscribed friends, refused the mitre of Hereford, quitted the parsonage of Kidderminster, and gave himself up almost wholly to study. His theological writings, though too moderate to be pleasing to the bigots of any party, had an immense reputation. Zealous churchmen called him a Roundhead; and many Non-conformists accused him of Erastianism and Arminianism. But the integrity of his heart, the purity of his life, the vigor of his faculties, and the extent of his attainments, were acknowledged by the best and wisest men of every persuasion."—Vol. i. pp. 491, 492.

Lestrange, the oracle of the clergy, raised

\* Mr. Macaulay's description of the punishment and sufferings of Oates is so powerful and horrible, that we dare not transfer it to our pages. It may be read with safety after an inhalation of chloroform.

the note of war against Baxter. An information was filed against him, and the illustrious chief of the Puritans, oppressed by age and infirmities, came to Westminster Hall to request time to prepare for his defence.

"Jeffreys burst into a storm of rage. 'Not a minute,' he cried, 'to save his life. I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on one side of the pillory; and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together.' When the trial came on at Guildhall, Pollexfen and Wallop appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth: 'Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long sounded cant without book,' and then his Lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying. 'Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people.' Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. 'And what ailed the old blockhead then,' cried Jeffreys, 'that he did not take it?' His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city \* \* \* \* Wallop sat down; and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word. \* \* \* \* 'My Lord,' said the old man, 'I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops.'—'Baxter for bishops!' cried the judge, 'that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops, rascals like yourselves, Kidderminster bishops, factious snivelling Presbyterians!' Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys belowed, 'Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the Court? Richard thou art an old knave! Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And then,' he continued, fixing his savage eyes on Baxter, 'there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all!'—Vol. i. pp. 492, 493.

A fine of £500, with imprisonment till paid,\* was the lenient punishment which the other three judges are supposed to have wrung from their savage chief, who is said to have proposed that the good man should be whipped through London at the cart's tail.

\* See Nelson's *Puritan Divines*, Life of Baxter, p. xxiii., Lond. 1846, for a full account of this interesting trial.



Baxter went to prison, and remained there two years.

While these things were transacting in England, the infamous Claverhouse, with his bloodthirsty dragoons, was oppressing and murdering the Scottish Covenanters.

"The story ran," says Mr. Macanlay, "that these wretched men (the dragoons) used in their revels to play at the torments of hell, and to call each other by the names of devils and damned souls. The chief of this Tophet on earth, a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task. A few instances must suffice, and all these instances must be taken from the history of a single fortnight."—Vol. i. p. 498.

After giving an affecting and eloquent account of the sufferings of some of our noble martyrs to civil and religious liberty, Mr. Macaulay indignantly adds :

"Thus was Scotland governed by that prince, whom ignorant men have represented as a friend of religious liberty, whose misfortune it was to be too wise and too good for the age in which he lived ! \* \* \* While his officers were committing the murders which have just been related, he was urging the Scottish Parliament to pass a new Act, compared with which all former Acts might be called merciful."—Vol. i. p. 502.

The affection of the King for William Penn, and his treatment of the Quakers form a remarkable contrast with his conduct to Dissenters. Mr. Macaulay has given a very interesting account of the singular transactions which took place between Penn and the King, and candidly confesses that it requires some courage to speak the whole truth regarding this "mythical" personage. The Society of Friends, who worship him as an apostle, must either weep over his equivocal character, or fulminate their anathemas against the discriminating, and yet, perhaps, the too flattering delineation of him by Mr. Macaulay.\*

The last chapter of Mr. Macaulay's first volume is occupied with the history of the rebellion in which the Earl of Argyle and the

Duke of Monmouth fell a sacrifice to ill-judged, ill-concerted, and ill-executed schemes. Among the men whom the oppression of the Stuarts had driven from their native land, the Earl of Argyle and the Duke of Monmouth, who met the other refugees in Holland, were the most active and influential. Actuated by different motives, but impelled by the same hatred of their tyrant King, these bold men resolved to unfurl the standard of rebellion. Argyle was entrusted with the command in Scotland, subject however to the control of a committee, of which Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane were the leaders. Argyle's force of 1800 men assembled in the isthmus of Tarbet ; but the Government, who had received early intelligence of his intention, had collected the clans that were hostile to him, and sent ships of war to cruise in the Frith of Clyde. The committee thwarted him in all his plans. The provisions were insufficient for the wants of the troops. The Highlanders deserted in hundreds, and Argyle, in place of taking a position among his native mountains, was compelled, by the rash counsel of his friends, to carry the war into the Lowlands. Disaster followed disaster, till his troops and their leaders were obliged to seek for safety in flight. Argyle himself was made captive in the disguise of a peasant, and was ordered for execution, not on account of his share in the rebellion, but under the sentence which had been previously pronounced against him for refusing to sign the Test Act.

This noble victim of arbitrary power exhibited, in his hour of suffering, that courage and peace of mind which faith and hope could alone inspire. His cause, he said was that of God, and must be triumphant. "I do not," he added, "take upon myself to be a prophet, but I have a strong impression on my spirit *that deliverance will come very suddenly.*" After his last meal, which he had taken with appetite, he lay down as he was wont to do, in order that he might be in full vigor to mount the scaffold.

"At this time, one of the Lords of the Council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the Castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the Earl. It was answered, that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the *renegade* smote

\* If our author wishes to retain the favor of our good friends, we would recommend him to "mend his Penn" for another edition of his work.

him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. 'No, no,' he said, 'that will do me no good.' She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed him. 'I have been,' he said, 'in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me, —' When Argyle was brought to the Council-house, he was allowed pen and ink to write thus to his wife:— 'Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu.' When mounted on the scaffold, one of the Episcopal clergymen in attendance called out loudly—My Lord dies a Protestant.' 'Yes,' added, the Earl, stepping forward, 'and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, of Prelacy, and of all superstition.' Having embraced his friends, he knelt down, laid his head on the block of the *Maiden*, and gave the signal to the executioner."—Vol. i. pp. 563, 565.

Before the termination of this unfortunate rebellion, Monmouth, with a stronger force, landed in the port of Lynn in 1680, having escaped the vessels of the enemy that were lying in wait for him, as well as the disasters that threatened him at sea. No sooner had he landed than he issued a manifesto full of falsehood and violence, denouncing James as a murderer and usurper, and declaring that he himself was legitimate, and King of England by right of blood. Recruits flocked to his standard, and after some skirmishes with the Royal troops under the Duke of Albemarle, he entered Taunton, where he foolishly allowed himself to be proclaimed king, on the 20th of June. On the 5th of July the Royal army pitched their tents on the plain of Sedgemoor, about three miles from Bridgewater. After surveying their position from the lofty steeple of Bridgewater Church, Monmouth resolved upon a night attack, but upon bringing his forces up to their position, he was startled at the discovery that a deep trench lay between him and the camp which he expected to surprise. He halted, and fired on the Royal infantry on the opposite bank. The battle raged for three quarters of an hour, but the other divisions of the Royal army having come up, the cavalry of the insurgents under Grey were panic-struck, and the advantage which darkness and surprise had given to the assailants was soon lost, and

Monmouth himself retreated and rode from the field, leaving more than a thousand of his men lying dead on the moor. The loss of the King's army was only 300 in killed and wounded. Monmouth was taken prisoner in the New Forest, and was conveyed to Ringwood under a strong guard.

Though brave in the field, the courage of Monmouth failed him in the solitude of a prison. He begged his life from the King, with a craven spirit unworthy of his name and his lineage. He implored, and obtained an interview with the King. He crawled to his uncle's feet, embraced his knees with his pinioned arms, and with tears in his eyes he confessed his crime, and endeavored to find some apology for it by throwing the blame on the noble Argyle. He would have renounced his religion for his life, but James was inexorable, and the day of his execution was fixed. The Duchess of Monmouth, with her children, visited him in prison, but he received them and parted with them without emotion. His heart had strayed from its first love, and had squandered its deepest affections upon Lady Wentworth, by means of whose wealth he had been enabled to fit out his hapless expedition. The circumstances connected with his execution are too painful to be minutely detailed. The fatal axe placed in a faltering hand refused to do its work, and Monmouth perished with difficulty amid the suppressed sympathies of thousands, and the deepest execrations of the mob against the unskillful executioner. The head and body, placed in a coffin, were buried privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower. Beneath the same pavement, and beside Monmouth's remains, were laid within four years the remains of Jeffreys.

"In truth," says Mr. Macaulay, "there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is not there consecrated as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration, and with imperishable renown, not as in our humblest churches and church-yards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts. Thither was borne before the



window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the Realm, reposes there beside the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, Royal favor and popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens, who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled."—Vol. i. pp. 628, 629.

The week which followed the battle of Sedgemoor was marked in the annals of the West with cruelties that disgrace the reign and the age in which they were committed. A ferocious colonel, of the name of Kirke, butchered an hundred captives, without even the form of trial. The rich purchased their lives for thirty or forty pounds, while the poor captives were executed amid the mockery and carousals of a brutal soldiery. The sign-post of the White Hart Inn of Taunton, served for a gallows, and on the spot where the bodies were quartered, "the executioner stood ankle deep in blood." Military execution was speedily followed by civil murder, wearing the mask of law. A ferocious judge, more brutal still than the brutal soldier, stimulated by a King as brutal as himself, stalked in ermine through the West with the stake and the gallows in his train, to complete the desolation of an already desolate land. Jeffreys presided at the bloody assize, and reaped his harvest of seventy-four lives in Dorsetshire, and two hundred and thirty-three in Somersetshire. The history and fate of the most interesting of the unhappy victims has been beautifully related by Mr. Macaulay. We can only notice the story of Lady Alice Lisle, the widow of John Lisle, who had been raised to the peerage by Cromwell, and who was assassinated by three Irish ruffians at Lausanne. She had given food and a resting-place to two outlaws, John Hickes, a non-conformist divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer, who had been concerned in the Rye-house Plot. By brow-

beating the witnesses, and threatening the jury, the judicial hyæna obtained a verdict against female humanity, that noble quality which even uncivilized woman has a prescriptive right to exercise. Her sentence, to be burnt alive on the same day, was commuted to beheading, and she met her fate heroically in the market-place of Winchester.

But neither the Hyæna Judge, nor his congener the Royal Tiger, were satisfied with blood. Even the carnivorous appetite delights in a change of food. The goblet of red wine may derive some zest even from the cup of fetid water; and when the axe is too sharp to give pain, and the hempen coil too quick to kill, torture may be prolonged by the scourge, and agony made ductile by imprisonment and exile. In these varieties of revenge the bloodthirsty Court wantonly indulged. Several of the rebels were sentenced to scourging not less terrible than that which Oates had undergone, and women who had merely spoken some idle words, were condemned to be whipped through all the market-towns in Dorsetshire. A youth, named Tulchen, was condemned to be imprisoned for seven years, and to be flogged every year through every town in the country. Upwards of 840 prisoners were ordered to be transported as slaves for ten years to some West India Islands. One-fifth of these wretched exiles perished on the voyage, and so narrow was the space in which the living were confined, that there was not space for them to lie down. The men who survived these calamities were reduced by starvation to the state of skeletons, and the persons to whom they were consigned were obliged to fatten them previous to their sale. In many cases life was spared not from mercy but from avarice. Jeffreys accumulated a fortune from the ransom money for which he bartered the lives of the higher class of Whigs;\* and the parasites who assisted him were allowed to appropriate to themselves the price of pardons. Nor was this variety of life insurance confined to Jeffreys and his minions. The name of the Queen, of Mary of Modena, however honored it may be by fortitude in adversity, has received a stain which no stoical virtues can efface. The ladies of her household, encouraged not only by her approbation but by her example, did not scruple to wring money out of the parents of the young women who had walked in the procession which presented

\* Edmund Prideaux paid the Chief Justice £15,000 for his liberation.

the standard to Monmouth at Taunton. When Sir F. Warre refused to assist in this ignoble extortion, William Penn accepted and executed the commission! The Queen had never saved or tried to save the life of a single victim of her husband's cruelty. "The only request," says Mr. Macaulay, "which she is known to have preferred, touching the rebels, was that 100 of those who were sentenced to transportation might be given to her! The profit which she cleared on the cargo, after making large allowance for those who died of hunger and fever during the passage, cannot be estimated at less than a thousand guineas."

When Jeffreys returned from his Western campaign, as the King styled it, leaving the country strewn with the heads and limbs of the rebels, a Peerage and the Great Seal of England were his rewards. Another campaign in the city of London was arranged and carried out. The rich Whig merchants proved a noble quarry for the Royal Sportsman and his Gamekeeper. To them the gold in their purse was of more value than the flesh on their bones, and it was possible, too, that the double prey might be secured. The aggressions against the wealthy traders, however, were not equal in atrocity to the execution of Elizabeth Gaunt, an old Anabaptist lady, who was distinguished by her acts of benevolence to the needy of all denominations. A wretch of the name of Burton, one of the Rye-house plotters, had received money and assistance from this lady, to enable him to save his life by escaping to Holland. He returned with Monmouth, and fought at Sedgemoor, and when pursued by the Government, who had offered £100 for his apprehension, he obtained shelter in the house of one John Fernley, a barber. This honest man, though besieged by creditors, was faithful to the stranger under his roof. Burton, however, surrendered himself, and saved his life by giving information, and appearing as the principal witness, against his two benefactors. They were both tried and both convicted. Fernley perished by the gallows, and Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn. At her dying hour she forgave her enemies, leaving them "to the judgment of the King of kings." During this, the foulest of judicial murders, an awful tempest broke forth, destroying ships and dwellings, as if Heaven were lifting its voice and its arm against the workers of iniquity.\*

\* "Since that terrible day," says Mr. Macaulay, "no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence."

Towards the close of 1685, James had reached the climax of his prosperity and power, that giddy height to which Providence raises tyrants in order to magnify their fall. It is when the meteor shoots from the zenith that we can best contrast the brightness of its flash with the rapidity of its descent, and the extinction of its splendor. The Whigs were shorn of their power. The clergy were the King's worshippers—the corporations his creatures, and the judges his tools. He meditated the repeal of the Habeas Corpus and Test Acts, and the formation of a standing army; and forgetting that he had been the pensioner and vassal of Louis, he was willing to place himself at the head of a confederacy which should limit the too formidable power of France. In all these schemes James was doomed to disappointment. The Habeas Corpus Act was as dear to the Tories as to the Whigs who passed it. A standing army, associated with the events of the Protectorship, and incompatible with the militia force, which was officered by the gentry, was highly unpopular, and the admission of Catholics to civil and military office was equally adverse to the feelings and the principles of the whole Protestant community. Roman Catholic divines had argued in their writings in favor of equivocation, mental reservation, perjury, and even assassination; and Catholics of acknowledged piety did not scruple to defend the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Gunpowder Plot. Popery was therefore justly dreaded by every friend of Protestantism. Nor was this dread confined to the populace and to the intolerant among the clergy. Tillotson warned the House of Commons "against the propagation of a religion more mischievous than irreligion itself;" and declared that the idolatrous Pagans were better members of civil society than men who had imbibed the principles of the Popish casuists; while Locke contended that the Church which taught that faith should not be kept with heretics, had no claim to toleration. In place of removing these feelings by moderate and constitutional proceedings, James gave them a new and irresistible force by the most illegal exertions of his power. In opposition to law, many Roman Catholics held commissions in the army, and he was determined to increase their number. Halifax, though unsupported by his colleagues, was bold enough to express in the Cabinet his disgust and alarm; and the King, after trying in vain to corrupt him, dismissed him from his service. A section of the Tories was animated with the same feel-



ings as the Whigs. Even the Bishops expressed the sentiment, that there were principles higher than loyalty; and the very chiefs of the army gave utterance to their dissatisfaction. The obsequious Churchill ventured to insinuate that the King was going too far, and the bloodthirsty Kirke, who had pledged his word to the Emperor of Morocco, that if he changed his religion at all he would become a Mussulman, swore that he would stand by the Protestant faith.

These feelings were greatly strengthened by the persecution of the Huguenots in France, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Massacres and executions had preceded this act, and cruelties unheard of followed in its train. Fifty thousand of the best French families quitted the kingdom for ever, carrying with them to foreign lands their skill in science and literature, in arts, and in arms. These events, which became known immediately before the meeting of Parliament in November, 1685, foreshadowed to the English mind the consequences of a standing army officered by Roman Catholics. James applied to the Commons for a large supply to increase the regular army; and he intimated to them his resolution not to part with the Roman Catholic officers whom he had illegally employed. The House voted the supply for making the militia more efficient, which was equivalent to a declaration against a standing army; and they agreed to an Address reminding the King that he could not legally employ officers who had not taken the statutory test. To this Address the King returned a cold and sullen reprimand; and when it was proposed that his Majesty's answer should be taken into consideration by the House, John Coke, in seconding the motion, said, "I hope that we are all Englishmen, and shall not be frightened by a few high words." The words were taken down, and Coke was sent to the Tower. The spirit of opposition spread to the Lords, and even to the Episcopal bench. The Earl of Devonshire and Viscount Halifax boldly took the lead, and Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, a prelate of noble blood, declared in the name of his brethren, that the Constitution of the realm, civil and ecclesiastical, was in danger. An early day was fixed for considering the King's speech, but James dreading the result, came down the next morning and prorogued the Parliament, dismissing from office all who had voted against the Court.

These violent proceedings created alarm even in the minds of his Ministers. They had seen how highly the gentry of England val-

ued the Established religion, and were anxious that discreet and moderate counsels should prevail. A knot of Roman Catholics, of broken fortune and licentious character, however, headed by the Earls of Castlemaine and Tyrconnel, opposed themselves to the Protestant policy of England, and were impatient to fill the highest offices of the State. The Court was thus divided into two hostile factions—the Protestant Ministers supported by the most respectable Catholic nobles and gentlemen, the ambassadors of Spain, Austria, and the States General, and even by the Pontiff himself; and the violent Catholics, supported by the French King and the whole influence of the mighty order of Jesus.

Mr. Macaulay has drawn a powerful picture of the virtues and vices of the Jesuits. We enumerate their merits when we mention their eloquence in the pulpit, their genius in science, their acquirements in literature, and their powers of instruction. We enumerate their virtues when we admit their heroism in deeds of mercy, and their self-devotion in missionary labor. Their vices are thus embalmed in Mr. Macaulay's eloquence.\*

"But with the admirable energy, disinterestedness, and self-devotion, which were characteristic of the society, great vices were mingled. It was alleged, and not without foundation, that the ardent public spirit which made the Jesuit regardless of his ease, of his liberty, and of his life, made him also regardless of truth and of mercy; that no means which could promote the interest of his religion seemed to him unlawful; and that by the interest of his religion he too often meant the interest of his society. It was alleged that, in the most atrocious plots recorded in history, his agency could be distinctly traced; that, constant only in attachment to the fraternity to which he belonged, he was in some countries the most dangerous enemy of freedom, and in others the most dangerous enemy of order. The mighty victories which he boasted that he had achieved in the cause of the Church were, in the judgment of many illustrious members of that Church, rather apparent than real. He had, indeed, labored with a wonderful show of success to reduce the world under her laws; but he had done so by relaxing her laws to suit the temper of the world. Instead of toiling to elevate human nature to the noble standard fixed by divine precept and example, he had lowered the standard till it was beneath the average level of human nature. He gloried in multitudes of converts who had been baptized in the remote regions of the East; but it was reported that from some of those converts the facts on which the whole theology of the Gospel depends had been cunningly concealed, and that others were permitted to

\* See our review of Pascal's Writings, vol. i. pp. 313-316, for an earlier account of the Jesuits, by a Roman Catholic.

avoid persecution, by bowing down before the images of false gods, while internally repeating *Paters* and *Aves*. Nor was it only in heathen countries that such arts were said to be practised. It was not strange that people of all ranks, and especially of the highest ranks, crowded to the Confessionals in the Jesuit temples; for from those Confessionals none went discontented away. There the priest was all things to all men. He showed just so much rigor as might not drive those who knelt at his spiritual tribunal to the Dominican or the Franciscan Church. If he had to deal with a mind truly devout, he spoke in the saintly tones of the primitive fathers; but with that very large part of mankind who have religion enough to make them uneasy when they do wrong, he followed a very different system. Since he could not reclaim them from guilt, it was his business to save them from remorse. He had at his command an immense dispensary of anodynes for wounded consciences. In the books of casuistry which had been written by his brethren, and printed with the approbation of his superiors, were to be found doctrines consolatory to transgressors of every class. There the bankrupt was taught how he might, without sin, secrete his goods from his creditors. The servant was taught how he might, without sin, run off with his master's plate. The pander was assured that a Christian man might innocently earn his living by carrying letters and messages between married women and their gallants. The high-spirited and punctilious gentlemen of France were gratified by a decision in favor of duelling. The Italians, accustomed to darker and baser modes of vengeance, were glad to learn that they might, without any crime, shoot at their enemies from behind hedges. To deceit was given a license sufficient to destroy the whole value of human contracts and of human testimony. In truth, if society continued to hold together, if life and property enjoyed any security, it was because common sense and common humanity restrained man from doing what the society of Jesus assured them that they might with a safe conscience do."—Vol. ii. pp. 56-58.

That James would yield to the counsels of the Jesuitical cabal must have been foreseen even by their enemies. He labored under two delusions, the one that he should make no concessions, because his father who made concessions was beheaded; and the other, that the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance should be the practice, because it was the theory of the Anglican Church and its lay supporters. The Protestant members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Sunderland, who had been converted to Popery, and joined the Jesuits, made the dangerous attempt to govern James by means of a concubine. The lady who was supposed to possess so potent an influence over the King, and whom he created Duchess of Dorset, was Catharine Sedley; but though she exercised a complete

control over the royal will, she failed in the object which she was expected to accomplish.

The King had now determined upon a line of policy which he knew would be opposed by his Parliament. He resolved to have his dispensing power conjoined with his ecclesiastical supremacy, that he might by the one admit Catholics to civil, military, and even spiritual offices, and by the other make the English clergy the instruments for destroying their own religion. The Court of King's Bench decided in favor of the dispensing power, and four Roman Catholics were speedily sworn of the Privy Council. Protestant clergymen, who had become Catholics, were allowed to retain their livings, and a Papist was made Dean of Christchurch College, Oxford, within whose walls mass was daily celebrated. Not content with these violations of law, the King placed the whole government of the Church in the hands of six commissioners, viz: three prelates and three laymen, and having the same seal as the Old High Commission. Convents sprung up in the city; cowls appeared in the streets; and in order to keep down the general discontent, and overawe the metropolis, a camp of 13,000 was formed on Hounslow Heath.

Similar attempts were made in Scotland in favor of the Roman Catholics, but after a noble struggle, the Lords of Articles, the tools of the King, were contented with the proposal that Roman Catholics should not incur any penalty by worshipping God in private houses, and this the Scottish Estates would only pass with great restrictions and modifications. Ireland was governed on the same tyrannical principles. Roman Catholics were admitted to office, and the object of the King, and of his infamous deputy Tyrconnel, was to destroy or drive from the island the whole English population. These violent measures were crowned by the dismissal of the two Hydes, the brothers-in-law of the King, his steady adherents in adversity, and his obsequious servants in power. Their sole crime was their religion. "The cry now was," says Mr. Macaulay, "that a general proscription was at hand, and that every public functionary must make up his mind to lose his soul or to lose his place." Men looked round for help, and a deliverer was at hand. William Henry, Prince of Orange, was destined to vindicate the liberties and wield the sceptre of England. The merit of this great man has never been appreciated as it ought by the people whom he delivered. It has



fallen to the lot of Mr. Macaulay to do justice to his memory, by a minute and powerful delineation of his character. Occupying very many pages, and incapable of abridgment, we must refer our readers to the work itself, and content ourselves with the following fragment :

"He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities ; but the strength of his conviction was not suspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief. But those who knew him well, and saw him near, were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself. But when he was really enraged, the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged, as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies, trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William, whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings. He was kind, candid, open, even convivial and jocular, would sit at table many hours, and would bear his full share in festive conversation."—Vol. ii. p. 170.

In his political character William was neither a Whig nor a Tory. "He wanted," says Mr. Macaulay, "that which is the common groundwork of both characters ; for he never became an Englishman. He saved England, it is true, but he never loved her, and he never obtained her love. To him she was always a land of exile, visited with reluctance, and quitted with delight." It was not for her welfare that he fought. Whatever patriotic feeling he possessed was for Holland, and the moving spring of all his actions was his attachment to the Protestant faith, and the deepest hostility to France and her ambitious and persecuting king. Under the influence of these views, William was the prime, though concealed mover in those arrangements for mutual defense,

which were embodied in the treaty of Augsburg.\* The power of England was alone wanting to give energy to this powerful confederacy ; and to obtain her concurrence, he placed himself at the head of the Protestant opposition, which, after the fall of the Hydes, had increased in numbers and in strength. At this time apostasy was the road to power. The Earls of Peterborough and Salisbury were converted to Popery, and John Dryden, the poet, who "had led a life of mendicancy and adulation," bartered his conscience for a pension of £100 a year, and prostituted his already licentious pen in defending, both in prose and in verse, the new faith which he embraced. Mr. Macaulay notices the remarkable fact, that in Dryden's political poem of the *Hind and Panther*, the Church of England, at first mentioned with respect, is exhorted to ally itself with the Papists against the Puritans, but at the close of the poem, and in the preface, written after the poem was finished, the Protestant dissenters are invited to make common cause with the Papists against the Church of England. This was the foreshadow of James's policy. His enmity to the Puritans disappeared in his hatred of the English Church, and on the 4th April, 1687, appeared the unconstitutional Declaration of Indulgence, which gave entire liberty of conscience to all his subjects. He abrogated a long series of oppressive statutes, and authorized Roman Catholics and Protestant dissenters to celebrate their religious rites in public. The hitherto persecuted Puritan could not but rejoice in the repeal of acts under which he had been so long oppressed, while the Anglican Church stood petrified with terror. "Her chastisement was just, she reaped that which she had sown." She had ever urged the Stuarts against the Presbyterians. In her distress she now sought their friendship, and thus did the Protestant dissenters hold the balance of power between the King and the Church, who were bidding eagerly for their favor. James declared that he had persecuted the Dissenters in order to please the Church, and the Church retorted that they had aided in the persecution in order to please the King. Those who were lately schismatics and fanatics, were now "dear fellow Protestants," and it was even held out to them by Churchmen, that they might sit on the Episcopal bench.

\* Signed in July, 1686, by the Princes of the Empire, and the Kings of Spain and Sweden.

At this singular crisis, "The Letter of a Dissenter," a masterly tract, believed to be written by Halifax, was circulated in thousands throughout the kingdom. It urged the Non-conformists to prefer an alliance with the Church to an alliance with the King; and such was its force of argument, that the great body of Dissenters, including Baxter, and Howe, and Bunyan, declared themselves hostile to the dispensing power, and took part with the Established Church. William of Orange and the Princess Mary entertained the same views, and conveyed them respectfully to the King. Under such a leader the opposition waxed daily in power. Dykevelt, the Dutch ambassador in name, was in reality an envoy to the opposition. The Earls of Danby and Nottingham, and Halifax, the chief of the Trimmers, were in constant communication with Dykevelt. Through Bishop Compton he looked for the support of the clergy, through Admiral Herbert for that of the navy, and Churchill, foreseeing that nobody would be safe who would not become a Roman Catholic, was the instrument by which the army was to be secured. This aid was in another respect most desirable. It was important that the Princess Anne should act in union with her sister, and this could only be brought about by the agency of Churchill's wife, who absolutely governed her, and who, as the Duchess of Marlborough, played such an important part in the future history of Europe.

"The name of this celebrated favorite was Sarah Jennings. Her elder sister, Frances, had been distinguished by beauty and levity even among the crowd of beautiful faces and light characters which adorned and disgraced Whitehall during the wild carnival of the Restoration. On one occasion, Frances dressed herself like an orange girl, and cried fruit about the streets. Sober people predicted that a girl of so little discretion and delicacy would not easily find a husband. She was however twice married, and was now the wife of Tyrconnel. Sarah, less regularly beautiful, was perhaps more attractive. Her face was expressive; her form wanted no feminine charm; and the profusion of her fine hair, not yet disguised by powder according to that barbarous fashion which she lived to see introduced, was the delight of numerous admirers. Among the gallants who sued for her favor, Colonel Churchill, young, handsome, graceful, insinuating, eloquent and brave, obtained the preference. He must have been enamored indeed. For he had little property except the annuity which he had bought with the infamous wages bestowed on him by the Duchess of Cleveland; he was insatiable of riches. Sarah was poor; and a plain girl with a large fortune was pro-

posed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avarice; marriage only strengthened his passion; and, to the last hour of his life, Sarah enjoyed the pleasure and distinction of being the one human being who was able to mislead that far-sighted and sure-footed judgment; who was fervently loved by that cold heart, and who was servilely feared by that intrepid spirit.

"In a worldly sense the fidelity of Churchill's love was amply rewarded. His bride, though slenderly portioned, brought with her a dowry which, judiciously employed, made him at length a duke of England, a sovereign prince of the empire, the captain-general of a great coalition, the arbiter between mighty princes, and, what he valued more, the wealthiest subject in Europe. She had been brought up from childhood with the Princess Anne; and a close friendship had arisen between the girls. In character they resembled each other very little. Anne was slow and taciturn. To those whom she loved she was meek. The form which her anger assumed was sullenness. She had a strong sense of religion, and was attached even with bigotry to the rights and government of the Church of England. Sarah was lively and voluble, domineered over those whom she regarded with most kindness, and when she was offended, vented her rage in tears and tempestuous reproaches. To sanctity she made no pretence, and, indeed, narrowly escaped the imputation of irreligion. She was not yet what she became when one class of vices had been fully developed in her by prosperity, and another by adversity, when her brain had been turned by success and flattery, when her heart had been ulcerated by disasters and mortifications. She lived to be that most odious and miserable of human beings, an ancient crone at war with her whole kind, at war with her own children and grandchildren, great, indeed, and rich, but valuing greatness and riches chiefly because they enabled her to brave public opinion and to indulge without restraint her hatred to the living and the dead. In the reign of James she was regarded as nothing worse than a fine high-spirited young woman, who could now and then be cross and arbitrary, but whose flaws of temper might well be pardoned in consideration of her charms."—Vol. ii. pp. 256-258.

Notwithstanding these differences in disposition and temper, Lady Churchill was loved and even worshipped by Anne, who could not live apart from the object of her affection. If filial duty had disposed the Princess to take part with her father, her regard for the Protestant faith, and the influence of the Churchills, could not fail to decide the question, and she accordingly joined the party which was destined to drive her father from his throne.

Early in the year 1687, the infatuation of the King was singularly displayed in his mad attempt to insult and plunder the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge—corporations



which had ever been distinguished by their loyalty as well as by their liberality to the Crown. In February, 1687, the King sent a royal letter to Cambridge, directing the University to admit to the degree of Master of Arts an ignorant Benedictine monk of the name of Alban Francis. This degree had been conferred as an *honorary* one on ambassadors of foreign princes, and even on the secretary of the ambassador from Morocco, but never on persons in the situation of Francis. It was offered, however, to Francis provided he took the necessary oaths, but he refused; and having carried his complaint to Whitehall, the vice-chancellor and the Senate were summoned before the new High Commission. The vice-chancellor, Dr. John Peachell, accompanied by Sir Isaac Newton and seven other deputies, appeared before the Commission. Though the case was clear, it was ill pleaded by the weak and timid vice-chancellor, and when any of the deputies, perhaps Newton himself, attempted to supply the defect of their chief, Jeffreys, who occupied the chair, ordered them to hold their peace, and "thrust them out of the Court without a hearing." Upon being called in again, Jeffreys announced that Peachell was deprived of his vice-chancellorship, and suspended from all his emoluments as Master of a College. "As to you," said Jeffreys to Sir Isaac Newton and the other delegates, "most of you are divines. I will therefore send you home with a text of Scripture—'Go your way, and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall you.'" The University chose another vice-chancellor, who pledged himself that neither religion nor the rights of the body should suffer by his means; and the King, awed no doubt by this pledge, was obliged to abandon his designs.

The attack upon the privileges of Oxford was more serious still. The stubborn tyrant had resolved to transfer to Papists the wealthiest and noblest foundations, and he began with the presidency of Magdalen College, which had just become vacant. A royal letter was dispatched, recommending one Anthony Farmer, once a dissenter, now a papist—a wretch whose scandalous and profligate life unfitted him for any situation, and whose youth, had he been spotless, disqualified him for the charge of a college. Hoping that the King would be moved by the remonstrances addressed to him, the College delayed the election till the very latest hour. When the day arrived, the electors took the sacrament, and elected John Hough, chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, then Chan-

cellor of the University, and a man of eminent virtue and prudence. The Commission, headed by Jeffreys, summoned the refractory Fellows to Whitehall, loaded them with abuse, and pronounced Hough's election void. Another royal letter arrived, recommending Parker, Bishop of Oxford, who was not a papist. The College refused to comply, and peace for a while reigned within its walls.

In the autumn of 1687, James set out upon a long progress to the south and west of his kingdom. When he reached Oxford, he summoned the Fellows of Magdalen to his presence. They tendered a petition on their knees. He refused to look at it, exclaiming, "Get you gone. I am King. I will be obeyed. Go to your chapel this instant, and admit the Bishop of Oxford." Mortified by their refusal, he tried the agency of Penn, the ever ready tool of the tyrant; but the Quaker failed in his attempts to intimidate or cajole them. A visitatorial Commission was then appointed, headed by Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, and flanked by three troops of dragoons with drawn swords. They entered the hall of Magdalen, ejected Hough, inducted Parker, and expelled the recreant Fellows, pronouncing them incapable of holding church preferment, or of receiving holy orders. Thus did this noble institution become a Popish seminary, presided over by a Roman Catholic bishop, after Parker's death, and harboring a brood of Roman Catholic Fellows in its sacred cloisters, and among its verdant bowers.

A scheme was about this time in agitation to set aside the Princess Mary as successor to the Crown, and prefer the Princess Anne, provided she turned Catholic; and James had even begun to listen to suggestions for excluding both from the succession. An event, however, occurred, which put an end to these speculations. The Queen was reported to be with child. The Virgin of Loretto was supposed to have granted this boon to the supplications of the Duchess of Modena, and St. Winifred to James himself, when he implored it during his visit to the Holy Well. The Popish zealots predicted that the unborn child would be a boy, and one fanatic foresaw a couple of them, one of whom was to be King of England, and the other Pope of Rome! One party rejoiced, and the other sneered. The poets hailed the new marvel in rhymes, and the country squires with roars of laughter. A suitable thanksgiving was offered from the pulpit, but the people were not thankful, and

the congregations made no reverential responses.

Determined to obtain for his contemplated measures the sanction of Parliament, James proceeded with energy and method to obtain one to his mind. The Lords Lieutenants of counties were ordered to their posts to take steps for influencing the elections; but half of them refused, and were dismissed from their office, and among these were the Earls of Oxford, of Shrewsbury, and of Dorset. Mr. Macaulay has drawn with a fine pencil the characters of these three noblemen. We cannot resist the temptation to give that of Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset:

"In his youth he had been one of the most notorious libertines of the wild time which followed the Restoration. He had been the terror of the city watch, had passed many nights in the round-house, and had at least once occupied a cell in Newgate. His passion for Betty Morrice and for Nell Gwynn, who always called him her Charles the First, had given no small amusement and scandal to the town. Yet, in the midst of follies and vices, his courageous spirit, his fine understanding, and his natural goodness of heart, had been conspicuous. Men said that the excesses in which he indulged were common between him and the whole race of gay, young Cavaliers, but that his sympathy with human suffering and the generosity with which he made reparation to those whom his freaks had injured were all his own. His associates were astonished by the distinction which the public made between him and them. 'He may do what he chooses,' said Wilmot; 'he is never in the wrong.' The judgment of the world became still more favorable to Dorset when he had been sobered by time and marriage. His graceful manners, his brilliant conversation, his soft heart, his open hand, were universally praised. No day passed, it was said, in which some distressed family had not reason to bless his name. And yet, with all his good-nature, such was the keenness of his wit, that scoffers, whose sarcasms all the town feared, stood in craven fear of the sarcasm of Dorset. All political parties esteemed and caressed him; but politics were not much to his taste. Had he been driven by necessity to exert himself, he would probably have risen to the highest posts in the state: but he was born to rank so high and wealth so ample that many of the motives which impel men to engage in public life were wanting to him. He took just so much part in parliamentary and diplomatic business as to suffice to show that he wanted nothing but inclination to rival Danby and Sunderland, and turned away to pursuits which pleased him better. Like many other men who, with great natural abilities, are constitutionally and habitually indolent, he became an intellectual voluptuary, and a master of all those pleasing branches of knowledge that can be acquired without severe application. He was allowed to be the best judge of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of acting,

that the Court could show. On questions of polite learning his decisions were regarded at all the coffee-houses as without appeal. More than one clever play which had failed on the first representation was supported by his single authority against the whole clamor of the pit, and came forth successful from the second trial. The delicacy of his taste in French composition was extolled by St. Evremond and La Fontaine. Such a patron of letters England had never seen. His bounty was bestowed with equal judgment and liberality, and was confined to no sect or faction. Men of genius, estranged from each other by literary jealousy or by difference of political opinion, joined in acknowledging his impartial kindness. Dryden owned that he was saved from ruin by Dorset's princely generosity. 'Yet Montague and Prior, who had keenly satirized Dryden, were introduced by Dorset into public life; and the best comedy of Dryden's mortal enemy, Shadwell, was written at Dorset's country-seat. The munificent earl might, if such had been his wish, have been the rival of those of whom he was content to be the benefactor. \* \* \* In the small volume of his works may be found songs which have the easy vigor of Suckling, and little satires which sparkle with wit as splendid as that of Butler.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

The Royal plan of obtaining submissive Parliaments was a signal failure. The obsequious Lord Lieutenants returned from their counties with the most mortifying refusals, and even the Roman Catholic Sheriffs refused to give false returns. The Corporations, too, were refractory, and when the King could not intimidate them into compliance by the dismissal of aldermen, he resolved to revoke their charters, when the right to do it belonged to him, and to obtain the rest either by a voluntary surrender, or a decision of the King's Bench. The great majority of the burghs, however, refused to abandon their privileges, and the King was driven to new measures of coercion. A second declaration of indulgence was issued on the 27th April, 1688, and on the 4th May it was ordered in Council that the declaration was to be read in all the churches. Before the mind of the Anglican Church could be known, the Protestant Dissenters, with Baxter, Bates, and Howe at their head, resolved to take part with the members of the Church in supporting the Constitution, and at a meeting of the Primate and several of the bishops, it was resolved that the declaration ought not to be read. In order to carry these views into effect, a meeting of prelates and deans, headed by Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Patrick, and Sherlock, agreed to a petition, in which they pronounced the declaration to be illegal, and declared that they could not be parties to its solemn publication in the



house of God. This paper, written in the Archbishop's own hand, was signed on Friday evening by himself and six of his suffragans. As the Primate had been long ago forbidden the Court, the six bishops set off for Whitehall, and Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, placed the petition in the hands of the King.

"James read the petition," says Mr. Macaulay, "he folded it up, and his countenance grew dark. 'This,' he said, 'is a great surprise to me. I did not expect this from your Church, especially from some of you. This is a standard of rebellion.' The bishops broke out into passionate professions of loyalty; but the King, as usual, repeated the same words over and over. 'I tell you this is a standard of rebellion.' 'Rebellion!' cried Trelawney, falling on his knees, 'For God's sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the Crown. Remember how I served your Majesty when Monmouth was in the West.' 'We put down the last rebellion,' said Lake, 'we shall not raise another.' 'We rebel!' exclaimed Turner; 'we are ready to die at your Majesty's feet.' 'Sir,' said Ken, in a more manly tone, 'I hope that you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind.' Still James went on. 'This is rebellion. This is a standard of rebellion. Did ever a good Churchman question the dispensing power before? Have not some of you preached for it and written for it? It is a standard of rebellion. I will have my declaration published.' 'We have two duties to perform,' answered Ken, 'our duty to God and our duty to your Majesty. We honor you; but we fear God.' 'Have I deserved this?' said the King, more and more angry; 'I who have been such a friend to your Church! I did not expect this from some of you. I will be obeyed. My declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you do here? Go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part with it. I will remember you that have signed it. 'God's will be done,' said Ken. 'God has given me the dispensing power,' said the King, 'and I will maintain it. I tell you that there are still seven thousand of your Church who have not bowed the knee to Baal.' The bishops respectfully retired."—Vol. ii. p. 352.

By means which have not been discovered, the petition was printed that very night, and circulated in thousands, and a short letter, believed to be by Halifax, and sent to every clergyman, warned him in eloquent language of the danger of submission. The declaration was read only in four out of one hundred places of worship in London, and the Church, as if with one heart, refused to obey the despotic mandate. The Dissenting body applauded the bishops and the clergy, and

the people joined in the triumph of faith over power.

James stood awe-struck amid the storm which he had evoked. The seven prelates were summoned before the King and Council, and armed with the best legal advice, they repaired to the palace on the 8th of June. The tyrant browbeat them with his usual coarseness, and the Chancellor called upon them to enter into recognizances to appear to take their trial for libel. The bishops refused, and were ordered to the Tower. No sooner had the holy men come forth under a guard, to be conveyed by water to their prison, than the feelings of the people burst forth in one simultaneous expression of admiration. Thousands prayed aloud for them, and blessed them, and dashing into the stream, asked their blessing. The sentinels at the Traitor's Gate asked the prisoners to bless them. The soldiery drank the healths of the bishops, and a deputation of ten non-conformist divines visited them in the Tower.

On the morning of Sunday the 10th of June, two days after the imprisonment of the bishops, the Queen bore a son, "the most unfortunate of princes, destined to 77 years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honors more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick." The nation believed that the young prince was a supposititious child; and though the suspicion is now considered unjust, yet it naturally arose from the absence at his birth of every person who had the smallest interest in detecting the fraud.

After remaining a week in custody the bishops were brought before the Court of King's Bench, pleaded *not guilty*, and were allowed to be at large upon their own recognizances. The trial took place on the 29th June in Westminster Hall. The contest between the Crown lawyers and the counsel for the bishops was long and fierce, and from the sudden changes that took place in the hopes and fears of the parties, the trial excited the most dramatic interest. The judges were divided on the question of libel; but the jury, with the exception of the brewer to the palace, who at last gave way, were unanimous, and no sooner had the foreman pronounced the bishops *not guilty*, than Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. "At that signal," says Mr. Macaulay, "benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack, and in another moment the

innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar." The note of triumph passed along the river, and along the streets and highways, with electric speed. Tears were mingled with acclamations. The acquitted prelates took shelter in a chapel from the tumultuous gratulations of thousands, and the jury, as they retired, received the blessings of the people. Bonfires, rockets, illuminations, and the burning of the Pope, everywhere expressed the popular joy. Whitehall was the only locality where no thrill of gladness was felt, and James, who received the dread news when in his camp at Hounslow, had their impression deepened on his guilty heart by the shouts and cheers of his soldiers.

It was now time that Liberty endangered, and Faith oppressed, should put forth their avenging arm. The flower of the English nobility determined on resistance, and William of Orange, appreciating the magnitude of the crisis, resolved to obey the call. Difficulties, however, of no ordinary kind beset his path. He could not trust to a general rising of the people. An armed force was required, and that force must consist of foreign mercenaries, even if he could obtain it. The state of parties in Holland might prevent him from receiving military aid, and as the object of his expedition was to establish a Protestant government in England, how could he enlist in his cause princes attached to the Church of Rome? All these difficulties were gradually overruled by the folly of his enemies and the wisdom of his friends. James threatened to punish for disobedience the whole body of the priesthood, but even the High Commission quailed, and it received its death-blow by the resignation of Bishop Sprat. A royal mandate was dispatched to Oxford, requiring the University to choose Jeffreys as their chancellor, but they had previously elected the young Duke of Ormond. Discontent reigned among all classes, and the clergy, the gentry, and the army, were ready to welcome their noble deliverer.

Animated by these favorable incidents, William was preparing ships and troops for his expedition. Louis withdrew his army from Flanders into Germany, and the United Provinces being thus free from alarm, gave its formal sanction to the expedition of their chief. On the 17th October, 1688, the armament set sail from Helvoetsluys, and the manifesto of William was dispatched to England. Driven back by a storm, the fleet again sailed on the 1st, and the army was

landed in Torbay on the 5th November. Under the command of Count Schomberg, it marched into the interior. William reached Exeter on the 9th, and on the 11th, Burnet preached before him in the cathedral. Men of all ranks flocked to the Protestant standard. William's quarters had the aspect of a court, and at a public reception of the nobility and gentry, he said to them, "Gentlemen, friends, and fellow Protestants, we bid you and all your followers most heartily welcome to our court and camp."

James had gone to Salisbury on the 17th. He had been impatient for a battle, but now desired a retreat. On the following day Churchill and Grafton fled to the Prince's quarters. Kirke refused to obey the royal commands. The camp at Salisbury broke up. Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Drumlanrig, deserted to the Prince, and with the aid of Lady Churchill, the Princess Anna made her escape from Whitehall, and took refuge in the country-house of the noble-minded Duke of Dorset, in Epping Forest.

After receiving intelligence of these events, James summoned the Lords spiritual and temporal to the palace. He yielded to their advice to call a Parliament. He sent Halifax and other commissioners to Hungerford to negotiate with the Prince of Orange, who generously agreed to propositions which were acceptable to the partisans of the King. The negotiation, however, was on James's part a feint. His object was to gain time. The Queen and the Prince of Wales, whom the King entrusted to the charge of M. Lauzun, a French nobleman, made their escape to France. James assured the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who had been summoned to his presence, that though he had sent his wife and his child out of England, he would himself remain at his post, and with this "unkingly and unmanly" falsehood on his lips, he had resolved in his heart to fly, and he fled at daybreak on the 11th December, 1688, tossing the Great Seal into the Thames as he crossed it in a wherry, and taking the road to Sheerness.

The news of this event spread like wildfire through the city. At the advice of Rochester, the Earl of Northumberland, with his guards, declared for the Prince of Orange, and strove to prevent any breach of the peace. The attempt, however, was to a certain extent fruitless. The cry of No Popery rung through the city. Convents and Catholic churches were demolished. Piles of Popish trumpery, images and crucifixes,



were carried about in triumph. The house and library of the Spanish ambassador was consigned to the flames, and it was only by the aid of the military that the hotel of the French ambassador was saved.

While the city was thus heaving beneath this moral earthquake, there was one fiend whose guilty soul quailed under every shock, and started at every sound. With the instinct of carnivorous life, the Judicial Tiger rushed into the thicket; but an unsuspected Eye detected him in his lair, and, saved with difficulty from the whips and halters of his pursuers, he was conducted to his cage in the Tower. That fiend was Jeffreys—and that Eye was the Eye of an insulted litigant, on whose visual memory the hideous physiognomy had been indelibly impressed. Our readers will doubtless partake in the vindictive pleasure with which Oldmixon viewed, and with which Mr. Macaulay has painted this remarkable scene.

"A scrivener, who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the sea-faring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lost a sum on bottomry. The debtor applied to equity for relief against his own bond, and the case came before Jeffreys. The counsel for the borrower, having little else to say, said that the lender was a Trimmer. The Chancellor instantly fired. 'A Trimmer! where is he? Let me see him. I have heard of that kind of monster—what is it made like?' The unfortunate creditor was forced to stand forth. The Chancellor glared fiercely on him, stormed at him, and sent him away half-dead with fright. 'While I live,' the poor man said, as he tottered out of the court, 'I shall never forget that terrible countenance.' And now the day of retribution had arrived. The Trimmer was walking through Wapping, when he saw a well-known face looking out of the window of an ale-house. He could not be deceived. The eyebrows indeed had been shaved away. The dress was that of a common sailor from Newcastle, and was black with coal-dust; but there was no mistaking the savage eye and mouth of Jeffreys. The alarm was given. In a moment the house was surrounded by hundreds of people shaking bludgeons and bellowing curses. The fugitive's life was saved by a company of the train-bands, and he was carried before the Lord Mayor, (Sir John Chapman.) \* \* \* When the great man, at whose frown, a few days before, the whole kingdom had trembled, was dragged into the justice-room, begrimed with ashes, half-dead with fright, and followed by a raging multitude, the agitations of the unfortunate Mayor rose to a height. He fell into fits, and was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Meanwhile the throng without was constantly becoming more numerous and more savage. Jeffreys begged to be sent to prison. An order to that effect was procured from the Lords who were sitting at Whitehall; and he was conveyed in a

carriage to the Tower. Two regiments of militia were drawn out to escort him, and found this duty a difficult one. It was repeatedly necessary for them to form, as if for the purpose of repelling a charge of cavalry, and to present a forest of pikes to the mob. The thousands who were disappointed of their revenge pursued the coach, with howls of rage, to the gate of the Tower, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters full in the prisoner's view. The wretched man meantime was in convulsions of terror. He wrung his hands; he looked wildly out, sometimes at one window, sometimes at the other, and was heard even above the tumult, crying, 'Keep them off, gentlemen! For God's sake keep them off!' At length, having suffered far more than the bitterness of death, he was safely lodged in the fortress, where some of his most illustrious victims had passed their best days, and where his own life was destined to close in unspeakable ignominy and horror."—Vol. ii. pp. 561-563.

The return of James to London—his subsequent flight to Rochester, and escape to France—the summary dismissal of the French ambassador—the meeting of the Convention of the States of the Realm—and the plans of various parties for the future government of England—form the remaining topics of the last chapter of Mr. Macaulay's work. After the most anxious discussion of these plans of government, the House of Commons resolved, "that King James the Second, having endeavored to subvert the constitution of the kingdom, by breaking the original contract between King and people, and, by the advice of the Jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had abdicated the government, and that the throne had thereby become vacant." The House of Lords experienced great difficulty in acceding to this resolution. They refused, by a small majority, to consider the throne vacant; but a letter from James to the Convention, as usual, assisted his enemies and disconcerted his friends. When the question was again submitted to them, the House of Peers resolved, almost unanimously, that James had abdicated the government, and, by a majority of 62 to 47, it was decided that the Throne was vacant. It was then proposed, and carried without a division, "*that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England.*"

On the 13th of February, 1689, both Houses met in the magnificent Banqueting House of Whitehall. The Prince and Princess of Orange took their places under the canopy of State. The resolution of Parliament was read; and after it, the Declaration

of Right, embodying the principles of the constitution. In the name of all the estates of the realm, Halifax requested William and Mary to accept the Crown. William tendered his own gratitude and that of his Queen, and assured the assembled legislators that the laws of England would be the rule of his conduct. Such was the termination of the English Revolution, and such its triumph—Liberty achieved—Law inviolate—Property secured—and Protestant faith established.

Such is a very imperfect analysis of Mr. Macaulay's immortal work. Enriched with the wisdom of a profound philosophy, and laden with legal and constitutional knowledge, these volumes will be read and prized by Englishmen while civil and religious liberty endures. In Mr. Macaulay's historical narratives the events pass before us in simple yet stately succession. In his delineations of character we recognize the skill of a master whose scrutiny reaches the heart even through its darkest coverings. His figures stand out before us in three dimensions, in all their loveliness, or in all their deformity, living and breathing, and acting. The scenes of listening senates—of jarring councils—and of legal and judicial strife—are depicted in vivid outline and in glowing colors; and with a magic wand he conjures up before us the gorgeous pageantries of state—the ephemeral gaiety of courts—and those frivolous amusements by which time's ebbing sands are hurried through the hour-glass of life. May we not hope that such a work will find its way into the continents of the Old and New World, and reach even the insular communities of the ocean, to teach the governors and the governed how liberty may be secured without bloodshed—popular rights maintained without popular violence—and a constitutional monarchy embalmed amid the affections of a contented and a happy people.

We are unwilling to mingle criticism with praise like this; but, occupying the censorial chair, we must not shrink from at least the show of its duties. Mr. Macaulay's volumes exhibit not a few marks that they have been composed with a running pen; and we have no doubt that, in subsequent editions, he will prune some of their redundancies, and supply some of their defects. There is occasionally a diffuseness both of description and discussion. The same ideas occur under a slight disguise, while dates are omitted, and events are wanting to unite different portions of the narrative, and to gratify the curiosity of the reader. The work is obviously defective in

the proportion and symmetry of its parts. Historical sketches, sometimes of men beneath any peculiar notice, and literary, ecclesiastical, and political disquisitions often break the continuity and mar the interest of the story: and we occasionally recognize, in argumentative discussions, the copiousness of the writer in search of converts, when we might expect the rigor of the logician in quest of truth. In the early part of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, he frequently illustrates his narrative by analogous or parallel facts drawn from ancient and modern history. These illustrations, however agreeable to the classical scholar, or the learned historian, startle the general reader without instructing him. The feelings "of the Ionians of the age of Homer," for example—the comparison of "Rome and her Bishops" to the "Olympian chariot-course of the Pythian oracle"—the relation "between a white planter and a Quadroon girl"—and the robberies "of Mathias and Kniperdoling"—are not happy illustrations of other relations and events.

The very brilliancy and purity of Mr. Macaulay's style tend, by the mere effect of contrast, to display the most trivial blemishes. We are startled, for example, at the passages in which we are charged "with pleasuring our friends"—with "the accomplishing a design"—with "committing a baseness"—with "the tincture of soldiery"—with giving "allowance" to do anything,—with "swearing like a porter"—and with "spelling like a washerwoman." These and similar phrases have doubtless escaped from Mr. Macaulay's pen when the intellectual locomotive was at its highest speed.

We cannot close these volumes without giving expression to the deep and painful feelings which the events they record have left upon our mind. While we rejoice at the triumph of Divine truth over human error, and of constitutional government over a licentious despotism, we blush at the thought that religion, and the forms and rites of religion, should have been the mainspring of those bloody revolutions which have desolated England. The domestic history of Britain during the seventeenth century is but a succession of plots, and seditions, and rebellions, prompted by religious fanaticism, or springing from religious persecution. The struggle between the popular and the monarchical element was but the result of that fiercer conflict which the rights of conscience had to wage against an intolerant priesthood and a bigoted royalty. Opposed by the



Church and the aristocracy, the popular will possessed neither the moral nor the physical strength that was required to change a constitution and dethrone a sovereign. The Revolution of 1688 would never have been effected had not persecution driven the Anglican Church into rebellion; and the civil liberties of England would never have been secured had not religious liberty been previously achieved by the broad-sword of the Covenant. It is the religious principle alone—strong and deep in the soul—pointing to the sure though distant crown—nerving the weak man's heart, and bracing the strong man's arm, that can subvert dynasties and unsettle thrones; and there is no government, however stable, and no constitution, however free, that is safe against the energy of religious truth, or the bitterness of religious error. The revolutions which are now shaking society to its centre, have been neither prompted nor sustained by religious zeal. Like the hurricane, they will but leave a purer atmosphere and a more azure sky. Subverted institutions will reappear purified by fire, and expatriated princes will return improved by adversity.

With these views we cannot congratulate ourselves, as Mr. Macaulay does, that the great English Revolution will be our last. Our beloved country is doubtless safe from

popular assault. The democratic arm will never again be lifted up against the monarchy; but a gigantic and insidious foe is now preparing the engines of war, and, inflamed by religious zeal, is now girding himself for a bloody combat. Prophecy—events passed, events passing, and events lowering in our horizon, foreshadow the great struggle which is to decide between religious truth and religious error. Misled by wicked counsellors, statesmen have combined to break down the great bulwark of Protestantism which Scotland had so long presented to the enemy in one undivided and massive breastwork. The Protestant strength of our sister land, too, has been paralyzed by her recreant priests; and a bigoted king, devoted to the Popery of rubrics and liturgies, is alone wanting to convert the most powerful Church of the Reformation into a fief of the Holy See. The wild population of a neighboring island are "biding their time," and watching the issue with a lynx's eye. Continental States, anxious to bring bigotry and priestcraft into reaction against popular turbulence are conspiring to restore spiritual supremacy in Christendom; and in an atmosphere thus constituted, an electric spark is alone wanting to combine these antagonist elements into one tremendous storm, in which secular religion must either triumph or fall.

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The Editor deemed the publication of two articles on the same subject, so dissimilar in their scope and view from each other, as not only admirable on the ground of the great interest which attaches to the work reviewed, but desirable, as explanatory of each other. The first, occupied mainly as a critical estimate of Macaulay as a writer and thinker, is an almost necessary preparative for the criticisms of the second, which is engrossed with the work itself. They also correct each other in some particulars, and are interesting as the different estimates of two of the leading sections of opinion in England, by which Macaulay's work is to be adjudged.

The interest taken in Macaulay's History is scarcely less in this country than in England. In some respects, it possesses a value to us, quite equal to that which the English reader has in it. It records the history of the events to which the colonization and peculiar character of our own country are to be traced, and depicts the men, the fame of whose bravery, piety, and principles, is also our birthright. The history, at least the former part of it, will find as just an appreciation on this side the water as at home; while the admiration felt for the masterly genius, the splendid style, and incomparable worth of the history, will be not at all less warm and cordial. Macaulay has a wide popularity among us, and this, by far his greatest effort, will prove to be as popular here as in England.

We are happy to add to these reviews, that the Messrs. Harper, of New York, have issued several editions of this work, in different forms, and at different prices, and that it has already met with an unusually wide and rapid sale. It is one of the standard works of the age, which every well-appointed library should possess.

From Tait's Magazine.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH IN 1849.

IF Asmodeus possessed the power to unroof every house in Edinburgh, we doubt if he would bring to light any great amount of hidden talent. All our little celebrities put together are hardly fit to sustain the literary credit of the Modern Athens. As for our great ones—Jeffrey himself is, not to speak evil of dignities, *un peu passé*. The honorable lord still dresses well, adjusts himself admirably to the niche in which he stands enshrined, and recognizes on all occasions the homage naturally offered at the altar of his literary fame. He frankly and courteously discharges all the duties of his position, and, with equal facility, extends his hospitality to the illustrious literary stranger, and expostulation to the unfledged aspirant after literary renown. Dickens, when last in the Scottish metropolis, was Lord Jeffrey's guest. And we have repeatedly seen instances in which Lord Jeffrey generously and humanely took the trouble to consider and criticise volumes of youthful poetry not the most promising. But, save on the judicial bench, his lordship seldom makes public appearances. Once a year, perhaps, he presides over the distribution of prizes at the Association for Promotion of the Fine Arts. But we hear of little, if anything, from his pen beyond his full and frequent notes on an advising *in præsentia dominorum*. The *Judex damnatur* of the blue and brimstone cover of the *Edinburgh Review* has become with Lord Jeffrey something more than a figurative, and has proved itself a prophetic, expression. On the bench of the First Division of the Court of Session, Lord Jeffrey occupies the extreme left of the Lord President Boyle; Lord Mackenzie, the son of "the Man of Feeling," and probably the most esteemed of the Scottish judges, intervening; whilst Lord Fullerton is seated on the President's right hand. Lord Jeffrey incessantly takes notes and asks questions. The habits of the critic have accompanied him to the bench, and admirably serve to tease the ingenuity of the learned counsel at the bar.

We have never given much for Wilson,

since first the Professor, a few years back, took shelter within the panoply of a Mackintosh; for though our contemporary has since renewed his youth, and, in his mood of venerable eld, now no longer fictitious, is still as good for a jest or witticism as ever, still the original induing of such defensive habiliments was all unworthy of the wild spirit of Ellerlay; and Christopher has never been himself again. What! the man who was wont to face the fiercest elements that ever encountered sage or sophist, struggling up the Earthen Mound in the direction of *Alma Mater*, buttoned only in his invulnerable dress-coat of black; the low flat surface of his shovel hat standing up against the gusty wind, like the dark point of a rock amidst a furious sea—he, encased in the veritable manufacture of Cross-basket—tell it not in Gath! Wilson is by nature a lion, and will be to the end of the chapter. His stalwart figure, unbent by age, passes along our streets the image of Triton amongst the Minnows. The long flowing hair, slightly grizzled by the enemy, escapes from beneath the brood eaves of his beaver, and descends like the snake-wreathed locks of an antique Jupiter over the snowy petals of shirt collar that flank the breadths of his ambrosial visage—giving altogether a peculiar and picturesque aspect to the head and its arrangements. This massive capital, elevated on Atlantean shoulders, and the almost gigantic bulk, borne along with speed and firmness of step, bespeaking dauntlessness and decision of character, sufficiently mark the man. Excepting conversationally, we do not know that the Professor has lately made much exertion of his powers. In his class, he goes through the old routine of the moral philosophy lectures; and, as a member of the Faculty, may sometimes be seen—occasionally *sine toga*—pacing the boards amongst his brethren of the long robe. Some conversational criticisms, which have been repeated, harmless, though personal, would do for verbal repetition, but not to print—so that we are fain to refresh ourselves with the collect-



ed scrap-work of the "Recreations" of North—or the scattered poems, amongst which are mainly to be had in remembrance the two leading pieces, so unlike, yet so characteristic of the poet, "The City of the Plague," and "The Isle of Palms"—or the exquisite prose of the "Lights and Shadows," and "Margaret Lyndsay," the grave fictions on which the author founded his title of philosopher. Professor Wilson's philosophy, his learning, his genius, have lately taken a new direction, and merged into a practical philanthropy, annually illustrated by his exordium to the popular session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. His admirers and flatterers—for, like all lions, he has his jackals—indeed we should say that his "lion's providers" rather superabound—may hold that the Professor's career as a philanthropist could be antedated. We, however, think not. We know of no phase in which the advocate of that aristocracy which, under the guise of good-old-English-gentlemanism, erected its jovial barriers of class and caste upon the necks of a dependent peasantry little elevated above agrarian serfdom, could be regarded as a man of the people, prior to his appearance on the platform of this popular institute. We have heard it whispered, however, that in adopting this conspicuous step, the Professor nobly set at nought the conventional restraints imposed on themselves and their brethren by the haughtier members of the *Senatus Academicus*, by whom the delivery of a popular lecture is deemed equivalent to "such an act as blurs the modesty and grace of nature" in Brahminical eyes, when a member of any of the rigid sects of oriental superstition, forgetting their rules and observances, lose caste. The Professor of Botany, it is said, however, anxious to give a popular course of that beautiful and interesting study, has not the courage to brave the papal ban of his exclusive brethren. But Wilson has not only come forward in aid of the popular "march of intellect;" he has come forward as its ostensible head and front. His introductory discourses, each session, tend more and more to a discovery of the latent philosophy lurking in the popular mind—to illustrate the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties and disadvantages—to prove the onward tendency and ultimate triumph of self-culture among the middle and lower classes in the country—and to show (ultimately, but not yet,) by what title the power of a million of intellects is to assert its supremacy over the long-endured domination of a few more for-

tunate or more privileged, by whom has so long been preached the spurious doctrine of poor stupid "Noll Goldsmith," that "they who think must govern those who toil;" as if there were anything to prevent those that toil thinking as well as, or better than, those that idle! In his future initial discourses in Queen Street Hall, Wilson has promised some further developments of the intellectual phenomena of the social mind, which may be looked for with interest, because the inquiry derives not its curiosity from the inquest, but the inquirer.

Favorers of popular movement, from the opposite extremes of "the electric chain that binds" the strange mixture of intellectual elements in the society of Modern Athens, the brothers Chambers, Mr. James Simpson, the Advocate, and Mr. George Combe, emerge on our notice in a group. By a series of successful adventures in the literature of popular progress, which have been self-rewarding, the former have elevated themselves, unaided, save by the tide of public approbation, to eminence so considerable, that a vacancy for the chief magistracy of the Scottish metropolis can scarcely occur, or be talked of, without one or other of the brothers being brought forward as eligible to the office. The merit of the publications of these gentlemen is mediocrity. But mediocrity, when once it wins its way, retains its hold. Addressed to comparative ignorance, or the unexcitable temperaments of impassive intellects, it never recedes. The literature of mediocrity, never bad enough to merit condemnation, carefully weeded even of the shadow of reproach, tolerably faultless in its construction, calculated just to impart the semblance without the severity of essential information, loses nothing that may be forfeited by time, chance, or change. Unlike the rash scintillations of superior genius, it incurs no risk of elevating and exciting the minds of its votaries, to give force and contrast to the dash of disappointment where its brilliancy flags or fails. The steady, equable quality of this kind of writing—imitating the dull proprieties of accurate prose, sparingly indulging in any vein of poetry, recording only facts with zest, and drawing fictions from the memory—forms the excellence of Chambers' Journals, Miscellanies, Informations, Histories, Educational and Juvenile Series. Irreconcilable as these in their variety may seem, a family likeness pervades the whole, and soothes them down into their regular monotony. The wise man prayed that he might neither be visited with poverty

nor riches. If he seek for his children the same happy medium of intelligence as of circumstances, he will have them educated upon "Chambers' Educational Course." Their minds will not fare sumptuously; neither will they starve. With doctrinal questions, and alleged objections to the matter of these cheap, and, for the most part, useful productions, we have nothing at present to do. Enough for us that their manner—generally easy, and always agreeable—more than anything, stamps their value. The price of knowledge reduced, by works like these, the commodity becomes palatable as well as accessible; and thus the great secret of their success is twofold—knowledge is cheapened and stimulated at once. The head of the firm, though seldom committed to any popular movement, has long professed liberal principles. The "ragged schools" have been greatly indebted to his philanthropy; and the "faggot votes" have recently recoiled beneath his assault. The one cause he has advocated in "the Journal," and personally promoted in various parts of Scotland; the other enormity he has attacked from the platform—but with the disadvantage, less applicable to him than to others, of doing so as the partisan of a faction as deeply implicated in the evil as any other. Let that pass. William Chambers, without any great distinguishing marks as a man of letters, as a popular leader, or a party debater, is a man of energy and action, of perpetual movement and indomitable courage, and has had, unquestionably, the spirit to carve out his own fortunes. As a *litterateur*, and latterly as a *savant*, Robert Chambers has been the more distinguished. Less a man of business and more a man of letters, the author of the "Rebellions" and the "Picture of Scotland" has dedicated the few last years of his life to scientific researches connected with absorbing questions of physical science, and particularly the phenomena exhibited on the earth's varied surface. He seldom draws conclusions. He states facts. He is a mere reader of the book of nature; and a clever as well as careful translator of its obvious passages. Take his recent work on "Ancient Sea Margins." Here is a work in which the eye, as from a pinnacle, scans with new ideas the great map of nature, and sees not features, but facts traced out over hill and valley—margins of seas stretched up towards the Alpine summits, and traces of a flooded world recorded imperishably upon the monumental mountain pyramids, amidst the crumbling and decay of the things of time. What

strange ideas that book delineates beyond the scope of imagination, and literally chiselled out in granite heaps as hard, immutable truths! From the low coast lands and corses, the lower ancient sea margins emanate step by step to the sublimest altitudes. Oscillations in the shift of relative level betwixt sea and land—the last of them, perhaps, within the human period—unfold such a tale of time and change, tangibly portrayed before the wondering eye, as geology in all its quaint discoveries or strange imaginings has never before disclosed. In these there may be illusion where conjecture supplies the form of monstrosities extinct and incompatible with present conditions of existence. In those there can be none. We have local researches and descriptions undertaken with persevering and painstaking exertion—scenes in the vale of Tay, in Fife, Strathspey, Glenmore, Lochaber, the Basin of the Forth, the Vale of Tweed, and Basin of the Tay—all conjured up and strikingly arrested in diagrams of strange fidelity, though cast with the help of some excusable freedoms into the theoretical form of the supposed sea margins. The author has traversed all these scenes, and many more. His mind has dwelt upon their terraced aspect, and become imbued with the convictions of their character and origin; till the resistless reader, forced to yield to the endless multiplicity of facts, surrenders his convictions also to an author who avowedly has no theory to propound. In this way we are led to inspect visibly the Delta of the Ribble, the Mersey, Chester, Bristol, Bath, London, Sussex and Hampshire, Devonshire, France and Ireland, and even the terraces and markings in Switzerland, Scandinavia and North America. The contemplative power and sagacity of observation, conspicuous throughout these researches, tend not only to amass a collection of facts and materials for speculation, but facts and materials already sifted and prepared for an inevitable deduction. Mr. Chambers has carefully elicited in every instance the attendant circumstances of the natural appearances presented to his gaze, and so discriminated betwixt them as nearly to arrive at a chronology of the ancient beach-markings. He has traced out even the recession, accession, and second recession of waters, and furnished quite a new light in which to read the mighty page outspread upon the surface of a country. Some people, who would dispute the originality of anything, have doubted the originality of these researches. There is intrinsic evidence, however, of the author hav-



ing visited in person, and observed for himself, the majority of the appearances he details. The magnitude of his labors is well characterized by the boundless inference with which he sums up their induction, viz: that "he must believe that very great lapses of time have passed since the sea stood at our highest terrace."

"In several places of Scotland," he continues, "I have found the points or promontories of terraces bearing the faint markings of forts which had been erected by our savage forefathers for their protection. History scarcely hints at the age of these remains, so lost is it in the long night of antiquity. But great as is the time that has elapsed since these rude defenses were erected, it is nothing to what seems requisite for producing the phenomena now under our attention. When, moreover, it appears that the species of shell-fish have not changed in this immense series of millenniums, a new and highly interesting consideration arises. Species had in earlier times undergone repeated changes. If each change were attained in a lapse of time equal to a greater than that here shown to have passed without any change, what a vast multiple of this part must be the entire cosmical chronology!"

Such is the summary of the last-published researches of Robert Chambers. The concluding observation, by the way, reminds us that he has obtained "vestiges" of a reputation beyond what he aspires to in this treatise on "Ancient Sea Margins;" but if the secrets of the cloister are impenetrable, those of the *bureau*, to us, at least, shall be sacred.

James Simpson, as an educational theorist, had once a name which, though we seldom hear it now, is still adequately and eloquently represented in the private life of our northern metropolis by an eloquent, warm-hearted old gentleman, of more than average candor and cordiality of manner. Superseded by systems, we rejoice to think, more in accordance with the spirit of the age, a tolerant but pious spirit of religion void of fanaticism, Mr. Simpson has yet lived to see some triumph granted to his educational views, in the general adoption of what the Presbyterian Reports—when there *were* Presbyterian reports on education—termed "the intellectual systems of instruction—a system addressed to the understanding and even to the heart." The practical schemes of David Stow, of Glasgow, and the general improvements on education, in combination with religious culture, introduced by the active zeal of the Free Church of Scotland, have outstripped as well as outbidden Mr. Simpson's plan. Yet he was the apostle of a cause which, when at its ebb, owed him for negative evils,

who shall charge them much; and on the author of so much real good in his day and generation?

Next comes George Combe, the most remarkable of a sect which, though now less ostensibly than at one time, still exercises considerable influence over the press and the people of Edinburgh. To the opinions of the author of "The Constitution of Man considered," we all know what tendency has been imputed. And we must say, that the sect of which we recognize him for the leader cannot, in any acceptance of the term, be called a religious sect. Whatever may be Mr. Combe's opinions on these and other subjects, "uttered or unexpressed," it is with pleasure that we acknowledge, on occasion of his last appearance at the Glasgow Athenæum soirée, a disposition to resist the imputations that are frequently cast at the disciples of phrenology. Though mingled with local reminiscences of personal triumph in the cause so many had prejudged, there was an intelligible assertion of the great leading truths of faith put forth on that occasion by the master, which ought to form a striking lesson to all his followers. But it is ever the case that leaders are transcended in their most extreme notions by the zealots in their train.

Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, and De Quincey, of Lasswade, may be grouped together as occasional accessions to Edinburgh literary society. Everybody knows the literary *calibre* of "Delta," and most people that of "The English Opium Eater." The one is a living illustration of the poetry of the domestic affections. His exquisite "Casa Wappy," the lament of a father for a lisping darling—is no less pleasing than true. The other also illustrates his career by his compositions. A calm, sedate, and sensible mind is "Delta's." The best appearances at the Glasgow Athenæum were decidedly his and Combe's; his unpremeditated—Combe's elaborated. "Delta" spoke with so much genial sympathy for the good sense of his audience, that he laid for himself, at that single stroke, a lasting regard in the popular mind. A volume of his collected poems, just announced, will be treasured for many a sparkling gem that, if taste and justice are exercised, must inevitably stud his pages. The muse of the author of "Mansie Waugh" is as staid and sober as his humor is broad and pungent. Some ill-natured critic lately accused him of nonsense—a serious charge against a poet of any reputation—and quoted the following lines in proof of the assertion; which, however, we

may premise, are, in our estimation, pretty and pictorial, besides being perfectly intelligible to any one who will take the trouble of glancing at the glorious panorama of the southern shore of our Forth, as seen from its pure and placid bosom—not now—but in high summer—or, better still, can pause to study it while having a quiet pop at the rabbits of Inchkeith warren, or the Divers on the water, watching the lazy things emerge :

“ Traced like a map the landscape lies,  
In cultured beauty stretching wide—  
There Pentland's green acclivities ;  
There ocean with its azure tide ;  
There Arthur's Seat ; and, gleaming through  
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue !  
White in the orient, Lammer's daughters,  
A distant giant range, are seen ;  
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,  
And Bass, amid the waters.”

Perhaps ten years ago, Dr. Moir edited a work, or collection, in two volumes, the first of which he occupied with a memoir of the late Dr. Macnish, of Glasgow. There is quite as much of “ Delta” in this book as of Macnish, and yet it is without egotism. In the exuberance of the writer's heart, he has inscribed on the title-page what no impartial biographer would care to do, viz : that the life is by a “ friend”—and he has felt bound, in the course of executing his task to authenticate his acquaintance with the facts, as the lawyers do with witnesses—“ *Causa scientie patet* ; and all which is truth,” &c. We are reminded of this revelation by—what does the reader think—the cholera, which, in its former visitation, seems to have approximated the stars of Moir and Macnish. It may not be amiss, at the present juncture, to quote what then passed betwixt these medico-philosophic poets :

“ With the concluding months of this year,” says Delta, “ and the commencement of 1832, the health of Mr. Macnish continued to improve ; his body strengthened, his mind lightened up, he went through his professional duties with cheerful alacrity, and his inherent love for intellectual exertion again exhibited itself in several pleasant as well as powerful compositions.

“ It was about the middle of January that the Asiatic Cholera, which had been imported into Sunderland, made its progressive way from Berwick to Musselburgh, and there seemed to take up its head-quarters—raging with pestilential violence, and prostrating alike the young and the old. So sudden and fearful was the mortality, that the burials within three weeks exceeded the average annual number of deaths, and this out of a population approaching to 9,000. I had formed no preconceived theory regarding the mode in which

the disease was propagated. I knew that the great majority of the Indian practitioners reckoned it simply epidemic—but a week's narrow and scrupulous investigation of its mode of attack convinced me thoroughly of its purely contagious character. To this belief I adhere as confidently as to my own existence ; and until it is universally acted upon (which I never expect to see) by the medical profession, Europe must from time to time be laid waste by the ravages of this terrible and soul-subduing pestilence.

“ From the numerous inquiries made at this period from all parts of the United Kingdom, regarding the nature and treatment of this new and fearful scourge of our race, I was induced, in my capacity of Medical Secretary to the Board of Health, at Musselburgh, to publish, on the spur of the moment, a pamphlet entitled ‘ Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera ’—of which, from the then absorbing nature of the subject, a second edition was demanded by the public in the course of a few days. These circumstances are mentioned here in reference to several things shortly to be alluded to. After a thorough investigation of the subject, I was glad to find that Mr. Macnish strongly entrenched himself on the side of the contagionists ; and from a careful scrutiny of the disease as it wandered apparently ‘ at its own dire will ’ from place to place, he furnished me with a variety of facts and reasonings undisputed and conclusive. In writing to him at this time I find the following passage : ‘ The medical men here and at Edinburgh are all at loggerheads about contagion and non-contagion ; but the success of my pamphlet has been a sore thorn in the side of the latter doctrinists. I do not know what may be its merits, but it ought not to have many, having been written within the week, and in the midst of scenes of misery, as I bustled from one death-bed to another, the like of which I never saw before, and trust will never see again. The eve after a battle-field may be a sad thing ; but here all excitement was absent, and death was literally cold and repulsive. I am sure I am within the mark when I say that the pamphlet never had a sitting of half-an-hour at a time, by day or by night.’ ”

Although it is digressing, we cannot resist giving the account of the outbreak of the disease in Glasgow, by Macnish (15th February 1832) :

“ Cholera has now fairly appeared among us. I saw a case yesterday, and one the day before, both of which proved fatal in a few hours. Every case hitherto has died. They were probably not seen till the stage of collapse had come on ; and it is possible that the removal to the hospital has been injurious. The people have a dreadful antipathy to any person being sent to the hospitals : they stupidly imagine that they are murdered (burked!) by the doctors ; and last night, when they were conveying a patient there, they were attacked by the mob. It is truly a dreadful disease. I have been compelled to give over visiting any of the cases, in consequence of the clamor of my own patients, who will not hear of it, so great



is their terror of infection. Hitherto it has been confined to the lowest classes, and it will probably remain there."

Delta's memoir of Macnish is valuable to us in another respect: De Quincey, whom we have also now in hands, is often mentioned in it; and if we are adjured, "tell me not what I have been, but tell me what I am," we must answer that, in this case, there will be found no change in the subject. We find him then, as now, in the midst of all sorts of literary projects. Dr. Moir says (11th May, 1829):

"Our new 'Literary Gazette' starts on Saturday, and I will cause them to send the numbers to you. It is, I believe, to contain an introduction by De Quincey, and a review of the 'Hope of Immortality,' by your humble servant, and two little poems of mine; No. 2 will have, 'Life of Galt,' by me, and review of Dugald Moore's poems; No. 3, 'Life of Wilson,' by De Quincey; No. 4, 'Life of Hogg,' by me; No. 5, 'Life of Coleridge,' by De Quincey; No. 6, 'On the Genius of Wordsworth,' by me; and so on."

But alas! not even the medical skill of Dr. Moir, and all these alternations of *meum* and *tuum* with De Quincey, sustained "Edinburgh Literary Gazette" in life. He shortly explains:

"I had promised to the proprietors of the 'Edinburgh Literary Gazette' to give them some aid at starting, understanding that De Quincey was to be their Magnus Apollo, when lo! and behold! the eloquent chewer of opium takes sick in Westmoreland; and up to this hour (June 3) has done little or nothing for them."

Akin to this is Moir's query to Macnish (22d October, 1831): "Have you lately heard of that curious production of genius, De Quincey? I suppose still writing for —, at the rate of a quarter of a page per day." And eke the following, dovetailed into the text of the memoir—"I (Delta) remember Mr. Blackwood, many years ago, telling me of his occasionally having received from De Quincey long, elaborate, and admirable letters—perfect articles in themselves—apologizing for his not being able at that time to write an article."

The *savants* who now flourish in Edinburgh form rather an extensive cluster; *ex. gr.* Sir John Graham Dalzell, Sir William Jardine, Professors Forbes, Kelland, Smyth, Simpson, Low, and Balfour, Rev. Dr. Fleming, Hugh Miller, Charles McLaren, Dr. Greville, David Milne; and, forming the *geminis* of a separate constellation, Dr. Martin Barry and Dr. Samuel Brown.

We shall discuss this gallery of scientific stars in admirable disorder, by beginning with the last. Dr. Martin Barry and Dr. Samuel Brown are grouped together, because they both very narrowly missed a professor's chair from similar causes; through pretensions to marvellous discoveries never yet verified. The cases are parallel in that respect, but in none other. Dr. Martin Barry, a member of the Society of Friends, was the victim of University Tests. His medical discoveries, which had excited surprise, could not escape suspicion; and professional jealousy, by impugning them, rendered it better for him never to have breathed them. Dr. Samuel Brown, who, besides the professorship, has also been in danger of becoming a popular lecturer, fell a prey to professional antagonism also. It was not very fair of the Baron von Liebig, or the Baron Liebig, to write him down on the strength of one of his pupil's experiments. But Justus did it. The Baron himself *never* experiments. His faculty reminds us of Chatham's eulogy on the sagacity of Cromwell, which, without his having spies in every Cabinet of Europe, afforded him a perfect knowledge of diplomacy. Liebig is not like the immortal Squeers, who held the opinion in regard to scientific study, that "when he knows it, he goes and does it;" or, in other words, that botany is only to be studied by practically going into the garden and weeding the onions. He leaves all that, however, like Squeers, to his pupils; and on their hint he speaks. Brown may *not* have resolved the unity of matter, or the transmutation of substances; but with what propriety can Liebig maintain the impossibility of repeating his experiments? Failing in getting any man of eminence to repeat and authenticate his delicate and elaborate researches by experiment, Brown resigned his pretensions to the chair, but not to his discoveries, which he is understood still to prosecute in his private laboratory, whilst he does not omit to bestow his sparkling talents, and eloquent, as well as amusing powers, on the literary coteries that welcome his presence. It is understood, however, that Dr. Samuel Brown will, in future, decline to take a place upon the popular platform.

Sir John Graham Dalzell is favorably known both as an antiquarian and a naturalist. Acute indisposition obliges the accomplished baronet to live in comparative seclusion, or at least retirement. He had lately soothed his hours by the production of a work in two quarto volumes, with 110 plates,

mostly drawn and colored from living or recent specimens of the "Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland." The Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh has for a few years been all but in abeyance. But an attempt has been made this winter to revive it by placing Sir John at its head; and he will probably exert himself to do so; at least we have the experience of the stimulus which his presidency of the Society of Arts, several years ago, imparted to a similar body, now of a very flourishing complexion. Of Sir William Jardine, of Applegarth, who is, we believe, a denizen of Inverleith Row, we need but say that this distinguished naturalist has contributed as largely to our scientific literature, chiefly in capacity of editor of "Lizars' Naturalists' Library," as any man of his day. Professors Forbes and Kelland, and, for that matter, Mr. David Milne, shine in the Royal Society, the frigid aristocracy of which is scarcely to be thawed by the genial common sense and graphic diction of the Rev. Dr. Fleming, but is formally and formidably represented by the other trio. Mr. Forbes is a clever man in spite of his coldness. To see him go through with a demonstration, be it mathematical, algebraical, or a mere diagram of the composition and resolution of mechanical forces, you must believe that there is something more hearty in the great expositor of the "Theory of Glaciers" than snow and ice. But education has been at fault. The son of the well-known Edinburgh banker, Sir William Forbes—the Bill Forbes of the jolly tar who presented a five pound note at the bank counter as "a tickler," and intimated that he would take it up in trifles, as he did not like to affront him before the lads—has been reared in isolation and upon a pinnacle. He labors under a deficiency of social sympathies. Yet he is communicative, and covets fame. Why else should he publish or expound? The Rev. Philip Kelland and Mr. David Milne are precisely of the same school. Mr. Kelland being an English, and, we fancy, a High Church divine, might wear this exterior with less challenge than the others. But, in truth, he is the most demonstrative of the three. Mathematical studies are little calculated to warm the human breast. Mr. Kelland has, however, a charm in his manner, which atones for the abstraction into which his peculiar position doubtless casts him. Mr. Milne, a practising counsel, commenced his scientific career as a prize essayist of the Highland and Agricultural Society, of which, as a country gentleman,

he is now a leader. His essays were geological, and to that science he has chiefly devoted his attention; although he has also published investigations on the Poor-laws, Potato disease, and other questions of social economy.

Professor Low, in like manner, is identified as an author with the Highland and Agricultural Society. His works are well known. It will be found that most of them are habitually cast in the form of lectures, and framed to demonstrate rather than instruct. The best and most popular of them is his work on "Domestic Animals." But the influence of his writings on improving the management of land has been incalculable.

The Rev. Dr. Fleming, author of the "Philosophy of Zoology," but better known by his "History of British Animals," has rendered himself formidable by the freedom with which he wields the scourge against "pretence." The worthy divine was formerly minister of Flisk, in Fifeshire, and holds at present a professorship in the new College of the Free Church in Edinburgh. In the preface to his Natural History he at once proceeded to draw a distinction, which marked him out as a devotee of original observation:

"If," said he, "anatomy and physiology be regarded as the basis of zoological science, the history of species will include a description of their structure and functions along with their external characters. If anatomy and physiology be discarded as foreign to the subject, and the professed naturalist acknowledge, without a blush, his ignorance or his contempt of both, then the history of species will be chiefly occupied with the details of external appearance."

Such different conditions he asserted to have prevailed in the study of the science in this country, and to have divided it into two great eras. Passing every panegyric on the golden age of Ray, Willoughby, Lester, and Sibbald, as the physiological era, he consequently upholds their natural method, and denounces the artificial method of Linnæus; according all praise, however, to the Swedish Aristotle individually, and only incensed at the conduct of his "blind admirers." In the compilation of this work the Rev. Doctor showed so lively an acquaintance with the truths of natural history and the facts of literature, that it stands without exception the best text-book of zoology yet produced. Disdaining to quote such authorities as the compilation of Gmelin, which frequently



supplies the place of the 12th edition of Linnæus, and thus occasions the absurdity of quoting his authority for the names of species established subsequent to his decease, the Doctor went back in every instance to the best and most perfect edition of the various writers on natural science; and thus succeeded in giving things their proper names, discoveries their exact positions, and disentangling much of the confusion of zoological writings.

Decidedly the greatest of our scientific writers or discoverers is Simpson, the author of the original treatise on chloroform. Strange to say, the popularity and singular efficacy of this extraordinary pain-subduing agent has not exempted it or its author from the ordinary modicum of envy and obloquy attendant on a scientific triumph. Simpson has indeed had less of the prejudice of the outer world to combat than of those who should know better—the members of his own profession. But he is more than a match for them at the literary small sword; and if he does not “seek the battle,” he invariably observes the counterpart of Macpherson’s couplet, by not “shunning it when it comes.” His prowess as a controversialist is sufficient to establish the reputation of any theory or practice, however bold the innovation; and woe to the dull ass that brays in arrear of Simpson’s march of improvement, and “will not mend his pace for beating.” No sooner was his anæsthetic system impugned, than Professor Simpson threw himself tooth and nail into the conflict; and his adversaries, after experiencing about as severe punishment as men could stand up and receive, are now beginning to understand their position. He appealed at once to the most venerable authorities—Dioscorides, Pliny, Apuleius, Theoderic, Paré, and others, to prove that he was not guilty of advancing any new thing, as some of these authorities had long ago described, and some of them apparently practised, the induction of anæsthesia previous to operations, both by giving their patients narcotic substances to swallow and narcotic vapors to inhale. The merit of its application in his own particular walk of practice was, however, all his own; the first instance in which it was adopted having occurred in Edinburgh on 19th January, 1847. For this innovation Simpson has had incredible assaults to sustain and repel. Ether-inhalation was the mode employed; and the case answered all his anticipations. The inhalation of ether procured for the patient a

more or less perfect immunity from conscious pain and suffering, whilst it did not diminish the strength and regularity of the muscular contractions. He had not before this time, nor for a month afterwards, dared however, to keep a patient in the anæsthetic state for more than half an hour. It was during the experience of the next three weeks he discovered that anæsthetic action could safely be kept up for one, two, three, or more hours. Subsequent cases to the first anæsthetic case of Dr. Simpson, were shortly reported at London, Bristol, and Dublin. In about a week, however, after the first case occurred in Edinburgh, the practice had been tried in France. It was later adopted in Germany; and even America, the country whence the first knowledge of anæsthetic effects in surgery emanated, did not employ ether in obstetric practice until after its use in Europe. The ether required to be exhibited in large quantities to keep up its action, and in November, 1847, an impulse was given to the practice of anæsthesia in this class of cases by the introduction of chloroform as a substitute for sulphuric ether. The bulk of ether required, its inconvenience for carriage, and the size of apparatus believed necessary for its effectual exhibition, had prepared the practitioner heartily to discard it; when it was superseded by the discovery of Simpson, portable in a case of the size of an ordinary cigar case, and capable of being effectually applied by a few drops inhaled from a pocket-handkerchief! This most wonderful of the achievements of modern science was met with the most dreadful denunciations—“cerebral effusions,” “convulsions,” “hydrocephalus,” “idiocy,” were the mildest of the imputations and predictions hurled against the effects of chloroform, and imagined to be hatching for the infant generation. Simpson has answered them all by a fearless investigation of the results to the mothers and to the children. And although it may be deemed a delicate subject into which to be led, even by scientific philanthropy, these results are so important to society that we cannot help saying that he has—in a “Report on the Early History and Progress of his Great Discovery”—the motto of which, from “Measure for Measure,”

“I do think you might spare her,  
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy,”

is alleged to have been contributed by an English lady—proved that there has been found a means of mitigating indescribable

human agony, removing those anxieties which the dread anticipation of these sufferings have occasioned, and thus in many respects benefiting the patients, besides producing a great saving of human life, in respect of the increased number of children born alive. Professor Simpson adverts to the opposition encountered by the greatest modern improvements in practical surgery and medicine—such as the ligature of arteries, the discovery of vaccination, and the first employment of antimony, ipecacuanha, chinchane bark, &c. The London physicians, he states, have on several occasions specially distinguished themselves by their determined and prejudicial opposition to all innovations in practice not originating among themselves. When Robert Talbor, of Essex, removed to London in the 17th century, and employed chinchane bark in the cure of the common agues of the metropolis, “he found,” says Simpson, “that as he gained the favor of the world, he lost that of the physicians of London; and apparently their persecution of him was such, that the king was at last obliged to interfere, and in the year 1678 King Charles II. sent a royal mandate to the College of Physicians, commanding the president, Dr. Micklethwait, “and the rest of the College of Physicians, not to give Talbor molestation or disturbance in his practice.” Sydenham, Harvey, and other illustrious names, are mentioned among the obstructives on this occasion. In a previous instance, the president had actually sent Groenvelt, the discoverer of the use of cantharides, to Newgate, for using his remedy. In like manner, a member of the London College of Physicians, in 1805, urged the propriety of putting down “the beastly new disease” of cow-pox; and in September, 1848, the “London Medical Gazette” suggested, whether the practice of relieving women by anæsthetics should not “be considered criminal according to law!” Dr. Simpson has thus had to combat objections, religious and moral as well as medical, to his practice. Some parts of the controversy, had we not the pile of printed pamphlets before us, might be even thought preposterous. He has had to show cause against an alleged attempt to disturb the permanence of the primeval curse! He maintains that the disputed word “sorrow,” *Etzeb*, (in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children,) does not in the original Hebrew really signify the sensation of pain; and he has had to answer, in detail, the plea of allowing “nature” to conduct the case. Amongst his antagonists,

one has challenged the Professor to single combat. This unhappy man is a Dr. Collins, of Dublin; who, “like that great goose, Cato,” as Tom Hood has it, has fallen on his own sword. He has ventured to oppose Simpson upon data, which turn out to be in reality the data of Dr. Collins himself—namely, some 16,000 cases in the Dublin Maternity Hospital; only, Simpson shows as clear as day, that all this experience has not enabled the worthy Doctor to draw a single accurate deduction! Collins, in fact, is convicted of the most enormous Irish bull on record; and Simpson’s drollery in proving the untenable absurdity of his opponent’s position, is about as amusing a thing as could be perused. Dr. Collins complains, that by not stating his practice to be “the most successful on record,” Simpson has done him wrong; and adds, “I believe you would not intentionally *pluck the laurel off my brow*.” But the Professor has not only the cruelty deliberately to substantiate that there is *no laurel to pluck*, but that a much more successful practice being on record, Dr. Collins must surrender the laurel. Oh, horror! to the female practitioners; or, as Simpson has it, “real petticoated midwives” of the London Maternity Hospital.

“You accuse me,” says Simpson, “of the atrocious crime of youth. Every day I get older, and every day I feel more and more the vast amount of work that yet remains to be done by us all; and I would fain excite you, if I could, to expend more of your abilities and talents upon the real advancement of that branch of medicine which you and I practise. Further, you seem to suppose that the seeing an enormous number of cases is the means by which this advancement is to be accomplished, and that my want of experience (as you choose to term it) is enough to prevent me aiding in this good work. But I beg you again to remember that it is not a mere mass of cases seen that has ameliorated or will ameliorate the state of midwifery. In your hospital upwards of 150,000 women have been delivered, under the charge of different masters. If we except, however, the names of Auld and Clarke, I cannot at this moment recollect that any one of your other physicians, when acting as masters, has added a single new fact to obstetric science, or propounded a single new principle in obstetric practice.”

Along with the Rev. Dr. Fleming, Mr. Hugh Miller and Professor Balfour united in contributing, in the course of last year, to a volume projected by Mr. James Crawford, junior, W. S., and entitled “The Bass Rock.” There were other contributors to this volume—the Rev. Thomas M’Crie, who possesses no little of the style and spirit of



his venerated relative, the biographer of Knox; and the Rev. James Anderson, an industrious rather than illustrious compiler of biographies. As we have no anxiety, however, at least in the present article, to review the book, we must limit ourselves to Mr. Hugh Miller and Dr. John Hutton Balfour. The former is a popular and graphic party writer, who has struck out his path from the bottom of a quarry to the top of a tower, through a mass of red sandstone; his "Walks," his "Cromarty," and, finally, his "First Impressions of England," sufficiently explain what we mean. The geological regions before noticed, which he has invested with a charm, through the mere felicity of language, are now assigned peculiarly as his province; and no one need dispute the sway he has established over his empire. In combination with a peculiar line of reading, both in poetry and romance, and a partiality for the older writers of the last half century, Mr. Hugh Miller supplies an amusing occasional chapter, of the character of a melange, to our present stock of publications. He lives in comparative seclusion, and does not mingle much in society; and, from the details of chance conversations in railway and stage coaches, frequently repeated for the benefit of his readers, we should judge that he had much yet to acquire from social intercourse. He is editor of the *Witness*; but most of the successful papers from his pen have evidently rather been designed for separate publication than for the columns of a newspaper. Professor Balfour, again, seems to observe the maxim very strictly, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. His rencontre with the Duke of Atholl in Glen Tilt has brought up his name in connection with the popular movement of "the right of way," with which we believe, however, he has little to do; and, indeed, the Professor's labors are confined almost exclusively to botanical science, in which he is fortunately an enthusiast. His "School Botany," which the Messrs. Griffin, of Glasgow, are about to produce, will be the most practical work of instruction that has yet appeared. We had almost forgot that the Professor is one thing more than a botanist. He is a philanthropist; and his philanthropy is directed in a diagonal line betwixt religion and education. The "ragged schools," and other schemes of social elevation, have had the free gift of the learned Professor's exertions; but he usually takes along with him Dr. Greville, Captain Grove, and other members of the Rev. Mr. Drummond's (Episcopal)

congregation, of which all these benevolent gentlemen are office-bearers. Dr. Greville we ought to mention as the most accomplished cryptogamic botanist of the age, as well in the description as in the delineation of plants and species, and favorably known as a translator of some of the most learned German scientific treatises.

We must now approach "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease"—although there are some to be disposed of previously, who scarcely merit that title. There is Principal Lee, who, perhaps, could not do anything "with ease," because the Principal is rather painstaking in his compositions. His inaugural addresses at the University are decidedly relished by the students, and annually attract a tolerable attendance. The Principal is more celebrated for his knowledge than for his production of books. With the exception of Dr. Irving, late of the Advocates' Library, he is, perhaps, the first bibliopolist in the Modern Athens. Yet the stream of his discourses by no means runs deep—a quotation from the Greek or Latin classics, and a commendation of the style of Robertson as an historian, with a few common-places respecting the good behavior of youth, and the enumeration of the well-thumbed principles, that "virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment;" these are the characteristics of the addresses of Principal Lee. The Rev. Dr. Hetherington is a genuine literary man, who has seen the life of a divinity student in all its phases, from tutor and teacher to professor. His Church History is an able production, and shows that he is capable of great things. The Rev. Dr. William Lindsay Alexander, as a reviewer and pamphleteer, stands deservedly high in public estimation. His sermons on the death of Dr. Chalmers, and of Dr. Russell, of Dundee, are amongst the best obituary discourses we have ever read. Mr. John Hill Burton, an author of great ability, universality, and research, merits more than a passing notice; and were not his edition of the "Correspondence of David Hume," and his "Lives of Simon Lord Lovat," and "Duncan Forbes of Culloden," already familiar to our readers, we would assuredly pause emphatically on the merits of John Hill Burton. As a law author, he is known favorably and even popularly; and his labors in compiling the legal portion of that business annual, "Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac," are highly appreciated by the public, and have confirmed the reputation of the work. Messrs. Parker

Lawson and Daniel Wilson might be added to this category.

In a recent number of the *Witness* we noticed a flourish of trumpets, *apropos* of St. Bernard's Crescent and its origin. It stated that the avenue of elms, which Wilkie had rendered illustrious by admiring, and Raeburn by encasing in a palisade of stone columns, had renewed its glory by having become the abode of literary genius—no less illustrious a personage than Mr. Leitch Ritchie, author of "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," having dignified it with his local habitation and his name; whilst Miss Rigby, whose particular literary distinctions we lamentably forget at this moment, and Colonel Mitchell, the translator of "Wallenstein," conspired, along with the aforesaid author of the "Magician," to form a literary coruscation on the banks of the Water of Leith. There is somehow a literary Will o' the Wisp atmosphere about the morass of St. Bernard's Crescent. Many others of the minor *literati* live about the spot—in Carlton street, Danube street, and Ann street, and may be seen imbibing inspiration at the Temple of Health, in the adjoining valley by daylight any of these holiday mornings, along with the cream of the morning papers. It is no disparagement to "the party" we have just mentioned, that it is led off by a lord. Yet we must own that the facility of the honorable author of "Leaves from a Journal," and "Gleams of Thought," is more fatal than that of octosyllabic verse with which every one is familiar. Lord Robertson is no longer "a double-barrelled gun—one barrel charged with law and another charged with fun—" for one of his barrels is now charged with matter far more explosive. How his lordship, with Judge Blackmore's "Farewell to the Muse" before his eyes, has adventured up the rugged steep of Parnassus, is more than we can tell. His lordship is a poet of "larger growth," and has essayed a sort of agricultural explanation of the phenomenon:—

"Myself I dare not call a poet sown  
By Nature's hand; or if there be a germ  
Of poetry within my soul, 'twas cast  
On stony ground, or wisely choked by weeds,  
And withered as it vainly struggled forth.  
In other culture early youth was passed,  
And thoughts, amid the whirl of busy life,  
Unfitted for its growth, my mind engross'd;  
And thus the soil neglected lay. But if,  
Since years have scattered silver o'er my head,  
The dews have fallen, and by reflection's showers  
The seed has sprung to life, 'tis by the warmth  
Of southern sun the leaf has budded forth."

In the train of the senator follow other members of the College of Justice—Professor Ayton, with his "Lays of the Cavaliers," and Theodore Martin, or, as he is better known, Bon Gualtier, another balladist, who give a fruitful promise of the tribe. Bon Gualtier's ballads are far more of the troubadour cast than those of his brother bard, who nevertheless is alleged to have borrowed from him "The Great Glenmutchkin," a story of the Railway Mania, which, in its day, was a lucky hit; but the author has not yet gone and done the like again. Ayton's ballads are eminently descriptive of the passing events and sensations of a point of history, wound up with a piece of moralizing, generally of a transcendental character, and, like a rocket or a comet, leaving the trail of poetic light mostly in the tail, or (technically) "the tag" of the piece. Not so Martin; his ballads are of a uniform equability throughout, and betray the hand of an adept in the joyous science; although destroyed by a levity which might do for *Punch*, and which, from other efforts of the author's extant, we are persuaded has less affinity to his true poetic vein than Ayton's pathos has to his style.

This class of writers most fitly ushers in the ladies, and we are glad to place them under the escort of the cavaliers. Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. J. R. Stoddart, Miss Catherine Sinclair, and Miss Frances Brown, represent the Edinburgh galaxy of female talent at this moment. Not but there are others who might be named, though some, we suspect, had rather not; and indeed their writing anonymously is sufficient cause for not directing the eyes of inquirers their way. The fame of Mrs. Johnstone is long and well established. No female author of the present day has earned a high literary reputation so well, yet borne it so unobtrusively. At present she is not resident in Edinburgh. Mrs. Crowe aspires to be the leader of literary coteries; and unquestionably succeeds. The *habitués* of the Queen Street Hall attend her; she has all the lions of the den growling round her in their varied and interesting styles. But the authoress of "Susan Hopley," "Lilly Dawson," and, last not least, "The Night-side of Nature," queens it admirably over the zoological group. Sir Walter Scott, we think it is, who avers that all the good ghost stories are unfounded, and the stupid ones only genuine. So far, then, Mrs. Crowe's chance of teaching that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," was but a poor one. She has, however, contrived to



tell all the *good* ghost stories she could, and to sink the stupid ones; so that she has left truth completely at the bottom of the well. No matter—ghost stories are all the better for being a little incredible; and Mrs. Crowe would have but spoiled her book by improving their veracity. Mrs. J. R. Stoddart, the lady of the *W. S.*, has a literary reputation on the strength of a translation—"the Life of Albert Durer"—an artist's love tale, and a fiction of more power than purpose. As for Miss Catherine Sinclair, we really think this lady a most sensible, sedate, and sober genius. No one else could contrive to throw so much brilliant commonplace into a conversation, or to exhibit the fashions and frivolities of life in Edinburgh in a more faithful form. The "serious world," to which she professes more especially to belong, is most unmercifully shown up in more ways than one; but chiefly, unconsciously, in the original remarks and observations that stud the pages of "Modern Accomplishments," "Modern Society," "The Journey of Life," &c., &c. Of all her productions we like the descriptive ones the best, as "Hill and Valley," "Scotland and the Scotch," "Shetland and the Shetlanders;" and although we know not what Miss Sinclair had to do with the "Lives of the Cæsars," we believe that a high rank in the order of merit must be assigned, with all her faults and absurdities, to a lady who has written so well, and published so much. Miss Frances Brown has not resided long in Edinburgh. Her story, from its peculiarity, is best told in her own words:

"I was born," she says, "on the 16th of January, 1816, at Stranorlar, a small village in the county of Donegal. My father was then, and still continues to be, the postmaster of the village. I was the seventh child in a family of twelve; and my infancy was, I believe, as promising as that of most people. But at the age of eighteen months, not having received the benefit of Jenner's discovery, I had the misfortune to lose my sight by the small-pox, which was then prevalent in our neighborhood. This, however, I do not remember, and indeed recollect very little of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it; and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly, was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian Church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on this subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any

person whom I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was probably troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintances of my childhood: but by this method I soon acquired a considerable stock of words; and when further advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the dictionary and English grammar each day; and by hearing them read it aloud, frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs, (perhaps rendered so by necessity,) I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it. . . . My first acquaintance with books was necessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. 'Susan Gray,' 'The Negro Servant,' 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'Mungo Park's Travels,' and, of course, 'Robinson Crusoe,' were among the first of my literary friends; for I often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them, when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighborhood, and were much more so in my childhood; but the craving for knowledge which then commenced grew with my growth; and as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the acquaintances I had—to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten.

"In this way I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones; but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Walter Scott's works fell into my hands. It was 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and was lent me by a friend whose family were rather better provided with books than most in our neighborhood.

"My delight in the work was very great, even then; and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted in a very short time with the greater part of the books of its illustrious author; for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read, namely, lying awake in the silence of the night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme tenacity of memory I now possess. But, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil, for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forgot any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly that I can scarcely find anything again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful to me in teaching me habits of order."

Commencing with "Baines' History of the French Wars," advancing through "Hume's History of England," and the "Universal History," Miss Brown dates her historical information from her thirteenth year. This was succeeded by geography, in regard to which she says:

"In order to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the relative situations of distant places, I some-

times requested a friend who could trace maps, to place my fingers upon some well-known spot, the situation of which I had exactly ascertained, and then conduct the finger of the other hand from the points thus marked to any place on the map whose position I wished to know, at the same time mentioning the places through which my fingers passed. By this plan, having previously known how the cardinal points were placed, I was enabled to form a tolerably correct idea, not only of the boundaries and magnitude of various countries, but also of the course of rivers and mountain chains."

Poetry, and attempts at original compositions—imitations of everything she knew—from the Psalms to Gray's Elegy, followed, until she first made acquaintance with the *Iliad*, through the medium of Pope. The perusal of this work induced her to burn her first MSS.; and *Childe Harold*, when she afterwards met with it, induced her to resolve against making verses for the future. Soon afterwards, however, she wrote the little story of *La Perouse*, contained in her first published volume; and from contributing to the *Irish Penny Journal*, aspired to the *London Athenæum*. Her published volumes are "The Star of Alteghei," published in London, by Moxon, in 1844, and "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems," in Edinburgh, in 1847, by Sutherland and Knox. The latter collection is immeasurably superior to the former. Miss Brown is a psychological phenomenon; and the remarkable perseverance and ingenuity by which she has triumphed over one of the most severe privations of life, require to be known in order to comprehend the strange feeling that pervades her poems.

The summary of Edinburgh Literary Society around this Christmas Log cannot better be summed up than by a phalanx of poets; in whom our ranks are at this time preëminently rich. Amongst them we have James Ballantyne, the fine doric author of "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet" and "The Miller of Deanhaugh," and all the songs and senti-

ments that appertain to these genuine national volumes; albeit, the name of Mr. Ballantyne is more likely to descend to posterity in connection with another order of art, since he is the principal decorator in stained glass of the magnificent Houses of Parliament now in progress of erection at Westminster. Both the "Wallet" and the "Miller" contain healthy scraps of poetry, with many of which the public is otherwise familiar, in "Whistle Binkie" and "Nursery Rhymes;" but we question if in pure chrysolite beauty any gem of the Ballantyne diadem, "We ragged laddie" inclusive, equals the author's latest and most exquisite effusion, published with the music,

"Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew."

Gilfillan (not "the gifted," but Robert Gilfillan of Leith) still toys felicitously with the social muse; Mr. Vedder, the admirable lyrist; and Captain Charles Gray, the disciple and imitator of Burns, still occasionally appear on the literary horizon. But the hope of Edinburgh poetry centres in Mr. Robert Jamieson, a writer to the signet, and author of a highly dramatic poem—not, however, conceived in a dramatic form—"Nimrod." We always thought there was fervor about Mr. Jamieson, but hardly suspected it to be poetic, till "Nimrod" revealed it. This work is after an exalted order of poetry; and, with many subtle refinements, which it requires no mean power to depict and preserve throughout the shadowings and fore-shadowings of a theme half prophetic of man's unfolding nature and final destiny, a little more decision, and a little more strength, would have stamped "Nimrod" as the poem of the age. As it is, Mr. Jamieson, when he tries again, will equal Browning, and eclipse Tennyson, for he is disfigured with the mannerism of neither.



From the Metropolitan.

## THE "FRIEDHOF," OR COURT OF PEACE.\*

"SWEET sister, come, and let us roam away o'er the fine arched bridge,  
And gaze on the sparkling water beneath from the parapet's dizzy ridge ;  
Where the boats are sailing rapidly by, laden with fruit and flowers ;  
Away to the city behind the woods, where we see the tall, dark towers."

"No," said the little girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

"Come, come, let us hie to the free broad road—the folks are all passing that way,  
With cheerful voices and gayly decked—for you know it is festival day.  
The harps are twanging beneath the trees, and there's nothing save joy and singing ;  
And we shall hear, o'er the valley lone, all the bells so merrily ringing."

"No," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

"There are whispering leaves down this green lane amid the old crofts and trees ;  
It is long and winding, but sweet accents float to allure the good honey-bees ;  
It leads to the solemn, cloistered pile, and over the beautiful plains  
Soft musical winds forever sweep past, as if murmuring anthem strains."

"So," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

This brother and sister were parted wide ; but when fleeting years rolled by,  
He returned to his native land, to breathe a last and penitent sigh.  
'Mid the chequered scenes of a roving life—in hut or 'neath gorgeous dome,  
These words still haunted the brother's heart, and recalled the wanderer home :

"For," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

Home of the prodigal ! rest for the weary ! the path of the just below  
Hath pleasures in store for returning sons that wanderers never can know :  
A day in the court of God's holy house is better than a thousand passed  
'Mid the vain world's show, and will onward lead to the court of Heaven at last.

"Thus," said the girl with the golden hair,  
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer ;  
"I'd rather, far, to the Friedhof go—  
The court of peace, where the lindens grow."

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\* Or "burial-place," in German.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE LATE REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON, LL.B.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THIS late distinguished divine has left two separate claims to reputation—first, as a speculator on the beautiful, and, secondly, as a writer of sermons. In the former field, that he is entirely original no one can believe who remembers Akenside's exclamation—" 'Tis mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven ;" an exclamation containing in it the essence of his theory, that beauty, namely, consists in trains of thought and feeling suggested more or less directly and vividly by external objects. It seems now, too, to be generally admitted, that from the kindling love of his own views he has carried them too far, and left too little room for those quick instinctive perceptions of the beautiful which arise so early, and break forth so suddenly, as hardly to come within the strict limits of his theory. Let us grant, too, that Lord Jeffrey, if not so minute and copious, has been more eloquent, and more distinct, guarded, succinct, and memorable in his exposition of the view. But to Alison be the praise of first announcing, in a popular form, the astonishing conceptions, which had passed before for the reveries of half-insane poets and philosophers, that the universe is a great mirror to the mind of man—that the star must, stooping, increase its lustre at the soul—that the sun is but half-lit till the human eye mirror it, and the human spirit breathe on it—and that, in contemplating the fairest scenes, we are ourselves half-creating their loveliness.

To the first broaching of such views of the beautiful we owe not merely the illustrations they have received from the pens of the prose philosophers, who have explained, modified, or defended them—the Dugald Stewarts, Browns, and Jeffreys—but also the account to which they have been turned by the poets. Who has forgotten the fine letter addressed by Burns to Alison? Coleridge has wrought the leading thought of the system into the well-known lines—

"Oh lady, we receive but what we give!

*Ours is the wedding-garment—ours the shroud."*

As to Wordsworth, association is the grand key to much of his poetry, which without this were a spring shut up and a fountain sealed. Many of the objects which he presents to view are such as are generally called beautiful; but how much, through this fine principle, has he added to their effect! He has poured out the riches of his mind upon the scenery of the "Lakes," till Windermere has kindled into new lustre under the poet's steadfast look, like a red western heaven glorifying its waters, till Helvellyn has echoed his solemn voice, and Skiddaw stood more sublimely in the majesty of his mind, and the Brathay murmured more musically in his verse, and Grassmere grown more romantic under the still pressure of his brooding eye, and the Duddon in all its windings felt the witchery of a poet's presence and the consecrating influence of a poet's song; and the tarns of a hundred wildernesses been surrounded with golden circles of glory, which can never fade or die away! To the waste and seemingly meaningless parts of creation he has given a voice, an intelligence, and a beauty. Crabbe has written much on the same principle, with this difference, that the objects selected by Wordsworth are those of nature, while the others are generally of art, or of the humbler and coarser of creation's works. In some measure has he thus, even more than the great Laker, substantiated the power of association, and illustrated the doctrines of Alison. Byron, too, knew this secret well; and "Childe Harold," in some points his noblest work, is glorified, not so much by its brief and burning pictures of natural scenery, nor by its sweet and mighty eloquence, nor by its bursts of lawless passion, nor by the mournful solemnity which shadows all its confessional pages, nor



by the abruptness of its transitions from poetical to personal lamentations, but by the art with which the poet has spread out all the gloom and all the glory thereof in the light of ancient and modern associations, of Grecian, Roman, or Italian story. Ebenezer Elliott is another example of what we mean. Never till he snatched his red-hot poker pen, had we any idea that the blue lights and smoky visages, the din and soot of foundries, could have inspired and immortalized a world poet; for, in spite of our sage critic in "Chambers," we do opine that all genuine poetry is at least colored by the special atmosphere through which it first begins to burn, and that Elliott had been no poet at all if he had not felt the action of a furnace on his mind, as well as that of his mind on a furnace. Our view of association does not go quite to the extent of supposing that all things are *made*, though it does go to the extent of supposing that all things are *modified* by its influence.

Whatever may be thought of Alison's "Essay on Taste," as a speculation, there is one view in which it is incomparable—we mean, as a fine and delicate selection of beautiful objects—of objects of which all men are pleased to be reminded. There is scarcely anything in art, or nature, or thought, that is sublime, beautiful, or attractive, but we find inserted in some part or other of its pages. It is a great nosegay of flowers. It is pleasant, in this world of care and woe, to light upon such "certain places," where all things for a season, by their richness, variety, harmony, and the soft evening light of genius in which they are shown, seem to stand up on a hedge of roses, excluding us from, and from us the harsh realities of the present, the recorded mistakes and miseries of the past, and the tremendous uncertainties of the future—where the "beautiful is not vanished," and where we can at times imagine that "it is a happy world, after all." Nay, in reading Alison's book on "Taste," we are standing by the side of an altar, whereon all the fruits and fatness, all the beauty and elegance of earth, are being offered up, as in Cain's bloodless sacrifice, to heaven. But the spirit of the offering is not that of the first murderer; over all the gifts and all the glories thereof there are sprinkled the rich drops of pious feeling; and rude and ruthless were the hand which should indignantly or contemptuously throw down the altar, and scatter the lovely fruits to the winds of the wilderness. Assuredly, in an age like ours, no bad man would willingly collect, even to support a fa-

vorite theory, so many agreeable, lovely, and noble things; the Cain-spirit would now gather all abortive undertakings, unhappy thoughts, guilty and monstrous deeds, bruised and broken wings of imagination, frightful shapes of nature, which, not to call "ugly," is a high effort of faith—shapes of thought more terrific still—dreary and ominous sounds—scents going up from fields and lands of pestilence—the seeds of murder, and the gore of suicides—the breath of blasphemers, and the hearts of traitors—and present such an offering, himself shuddering, to an incensed Heaven. To collect such an infernal broth into a Canidia cup has not yet been effected by the darkest spirit, although some writers have failed in the attempt less from inclination than from power. Far better for men to be accounting for and accumulating images of the beautiful, than to be (as in France) artistically handling and reproducing the horrible and the bad.

It is, therefore, more the healthy, mild, genial, and Christian tone of Alison's work, than its depth or power, that we admire. His book, unconsciously, is the best treatise on the goodness of God that we remember. The being *must* be good who has scattered beauty through his world in such universal profusion, that, go down into whatever dark mine, you find beauty sparkling before you in the silver or the golden ore—that, penetrate into whatever ocean depth, you find it growing in the coral, or reposing in the shell—that, in the heart of the forest, it is there, forming the pine cone, or so intermeddling with every motion of the fallen leaf, as to make it, amid all its wild whirlings a thing of beauty—that, when you have climbed the loftiest eminence, beauty has climbed it before you, and waits for your coming, in the sparkling silence of the snows, or in the aspect of the sun, shorn of all but light and beauty—nay, that its gleam is the true ghost of the grave—the joint tenant of the shroud, and that destruction and death may well say, "We have heard the fame of it with our ears."

But to return. Alison, as a writer of sermons, has a fame, if not so dazzling, at least as enviable, as from his philosophical speculations. A theory, however ingenious or brilliant, may be impugned and shattered, if not overturned. But sermons which have once become classical in their reputation, may indeed be depreciated, but seldom cease to be read. Opinions vary as to Logan's sermons, but most people know them; whereas, if the truth of a philosophical treatise be over-

thrown, it requires all charms of style to save it from neglect; and perhaps we are justified in predicting, that a century hence not more than three books of a philosophical kind will continue to be read *for their mere literature*, and these are "Brown's Lectures," "Sir W. Drummond's Academical Questions," and "Fichte's Destination of Man." Whatever may or has become of the special opinions advocated in those works, we are persuaded that the richness of language, fertility of illustration, minuteness of analysis, and fine philosophic and poetic enthusiasm of the first; the energy, terseness, boldness, and eloquence of the second, and the power (as of a *painter of spirits*) of depicting thinnest abstractions, the fervor of feeling, and the grandeur of sentiment of the third, will secure them readers, after the metaphysical writings of Spinoza, Hobbes, Locke, Stewart, Reid, Ballantine, and many others, are no more regarded (save for their substance, which has gone into other and more convenient forms) than the autumn shells whence the kernels have been extracted.

Alison's sermons appear to us to be fine expressions of a certain form and feeling of Christianity, and in this light possess considerable chance for continued life. As compositions, expressing refined sense to refined people, colored in their diction, and often poetical in their spirit, they retain, and may long, a certain place. He is not a clear or strong reasoner, nor an overbearing declaimer, nor a searchingly practical preacher. His sermons are undoubtedly superior to Blair's and Logan's, but not by any means equal to Taylor's, Barrow's, or Hall's. They are the result of a judgment sound, not subtle—of an intellect, calm, clear, and equable—of a fine and sensitive taste—of imagination rather cultivated than copious—of acquirements select rather than extensive—of full command of beautiful diction—of a genuine and glowing love for the works of nature—and of an enlightened and cheerful piety. But we miss altogether the short and striking things, the charm of unexpectedness, the evangelical richness, and the practical savor, which meet us in the first class of Christian authors. We read his elegant pages with delight, but few burning embers cling to our memories or our hearts.

Alison's best discourses are those on the seasons of the year—fine, fresh joy-breathing descants on the works of God, full of a bright and balmy devotion, and an exhilarating and sunny spirit, which reminds you of the "glad prose" of Jeremy Taylor. He

gives admirably the gay leap of spring from the "detested trance" of winter—the broad brightness of the golden summer—the mellow and sombre interest of autumn; and if he fails at all it is in representing the sterner features and barren magnificence of winter, that skeleton among the seasons. We much prefer Foster's sermons on the same topic. He discovers a profounder sense of the beauty and meaning of nature—a more passionate love for it—hangs a weight of personal interest on all his cogitations—and when he approaches autumn and winter, those dark seasons appear to stand up, to give him a gloomy welcome, as an energy kindred to themselves, and their pale cheeks flush with a strange joy, like the red of a fallen leaf. He absolutely revels in the images of death and desolation which are suggested by the aspects of the closing year.

In Alison's sermon on the "Threatened Invasion," he brings himself into competition with Robert Hall. Both were upon their metal, and have reached and sustained a high flight of patriotic and Christian eloquence. Both are hurried out of their wonted equability of manner by the excitement of the crisis, and their polished and rounded periods become instinct with a somewhat sterner and more Tyrtæan energy. Of the two, Alison's discourse is the more solemn and sustained, Hall's the more intellectual and brilliant. But we confess that neither comes up to our idea of a war-sermon—a trumpet-call, summoning the sons of men, by their hearths and by their altars, by their country and by their God, to do battle for all that was dear to them in their laws, and all that was sacred to them in their religion. We should have liked something rougher, sterner, more spirit-stirring still. We prefer Macbriar's sermon in "Old Mortality," by many degrees, to both Hall and Alison. Had Scott been a preacher, how much would he have made of it! What a strong, earth-shaking blast would he have blown against the foe! There had been a cry at the close, "Lead us to battle!" Or had Edward Irving been then in the zenith of his power, what an impression must he have produced by the enthusiasm of his manner, the stateliness of his chivalric form, the wild fire of his vision, the floating terror of his locks, the picturesque dye of his diction, the metaphors about war and battle which he would have culled from Scripture or gathered out of his own imagination and the old border spirit which was in him, and which would, in such a moment, have come



up, flushing in blood through his pale cheek! The effect had been Demosthenic! Men would have seen in him the resuscitation of the Puritan leader, wielding a sword in one hand and carrying a Bible in the other; or of David's heroes, "who could handle spear and buckler, whose faces were as the faces of lions, and were as swift as the roes upon the mountains," and would have sought no other leader to carry them into the middle of the fight! But Alison and Hall, two secluded scholars are hardly in their element when talking of carnage. They seldom catch the right martial spirit. Hall, in the closing passage, alone copes with the sublimity of the occasion; and neither could be said, in the noble language of Job, "to smell the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Alison is now a name, but a name beloved and revered, as long as soft sublimity of thought, and elegant richness of diction, vivacity of mild fancy, and felicity of cultivated taste, are qualities reputed and admired. His fame does not rest upon the prominence of one faculty, but upon the exquisite balance of many.

It has been objected by a critic in the "North American Review," that we are in the habit of searching the country for heroes,

even as hunters sound the moors for *hares*. Unfortunately this author *lies* under a mistake inasmuch as all the heroes we ever met have either accidentally crossed our path, or else have met us at their own request. Although *he* happens to be as ignorant of us as though we were a *Hottentot* or a *Turk*, we shall, on the contrary, tell him that we know him thoroughly, having met him last in London, carrying Professor Longfellow's bag, and in a state of "Excelsior" enthusiasm!

Although we have never hunted after heroes, we have sometimes stumbled on a few. For instance, in the year 1828, we found ourselves stepping northward, toward the town of Crieff, at the close of an autumn evening, in the company of Archibald Alison, the subject of the present sketch. He was exalted to the sublimity of a gig, we were plodding along in the simplicity of a pedestrian; he was advanced in life, we were a mere boy, to him utterly unknown; and yet, fronting, as he did, a glorious western sky, stooping over the woods and turrets of Drummond Castle, and remembering, as we did, his achievements as a theorist on "Taste," we cannot say that our admiration of him at all then amounted to enthusiasm, or that we gazed with exalted interest on his profile cut out in the red heaven beyond.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*King Arthur.* By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON. 2 vols.

We see in "King Arthur" a consummate expression of most of those higher powers of mind and thought which have been steadily and progressively developed by Sir Bulwer Lytton's writings. His design is a lofty one, and through all its most varied extremes evenly sustained. It comprises a national and a religious interest. It animates with living truth, with forms and faces familiar to all men, the dim figures of legendary lore. It has an earnest moral purpose, never lightly forgotten or thrown aside. It is remarkable for the deep and extensive knowledge it displays, and for the practical lessons of life and history which it reflects in imaginative form. We have humor and wit, often closely bordering on pathos and tragedy; exploits of war, of love, and of chivalrous adventure, alternate with the cheerful lightness and pleasantry of *la gaie science*. We meet at every turn with figures of a modern day,

which we laugh to recognize in antique garb; in short, we have the epic romance in all its licences and in all its extremes.—*Examiner*.

*Episodes of Insect Life.*

Prof. Nichol has done much to make astronomy a lightsome science; Mr. Miller has thrown the influence of eloquent and powerful writing around the fossils of the old red sandstone. Neither, however, has produced a work equal, in the particular above mentioned, to the *Episodes of Insect Life*.—*Tait's Magazine*.

*Mordaunt-hall.* By the author of EMILIA WYNDHAM.

Like the former productions of this clever writer, "Mordaunt-hall" strongly engages the attention and sympathy of the reader. It contains sketches of domestic life and every-day characters as forcible and faithful as those of Miss Austin, at the same time that the principal persons in the tale are invested

with all the passion and sentiment of romance.—*Britannia.*

[The Harpers have just issued a cheap edition of the above work. The London press are unanimous and warm in their praise of it.]

*A Book for a Corner; or, Selections in Prose and Verse from Authors the best suited to that mode of enjoyment: with Comments on each, and a general Introduction.* By LEIGH HUNT. 2 vols.

We confess to a degree of partiality for the poet and critic whose declining years are thus occupied in reproducing for others the literary luxuries which have given a charm to his own studious life, and have preserved his feelings fresh and young through all the cares amid which the heart's music too often becomes "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." The selections here presented are not from great, but from choice authors. The Shakespeares and Miltons are, we are told, serious studies—exercising mastery over minds the most elevated; but in a "Book for a Corner" companionship should be the rule—and therefore passages in the middle style of literary composition have been preferred by Mr. Hunt. Shenstone and Gray are the types of the class among poets,—De Foe, Pultock, Radcliffe, Inchbald, and Amory, among romancers,—Steele, Addison, Barbauld, Marco Polo, and Mungo Park, among essayists and travel-writers. The series opens with the "Letter to a New-born Child," by Catherine Talbot, and closes with Gray's "Elegy;" the intermediate citations being ideally related to the intermediate periods of life from birth to death. In this manner an order of arrangement is pleasantly suggested, while variety in subject and sentiment is judiciously secured. The value of the selections is greatly increased by Mr. Hunt's preliminary comments, as well as by the general introduction to the work.—*Athenæum.*

*Hints towards the Formation of a more Comprehensive Theory of Life.* By S. T. COLERIDGE. Edited by SETH B. WATSON, M.D.

This book is one of the finest of the late Mr. Coleridge's philosophical essays. We should, however, have been better pleased if the editor had revealed the source whence he obtained it. He is wholly silent on the subject,—save that he makes his "acknowledgments to Sir John Stoddart, L.L.D., to the Rev. James Gillman, Incumbent of Trinity, Lambeth, and to Henry Lee, Esq., Assistant Surgeon to King's College Hospital, for their great kindness in regard to this publication." More than one example of the argument here elaborated have already appeared.

In November and December, 1835, were published in *Fraser's Magazine*, two fragments—one "On Life," and another on the Science and System of Logic;" the former stated to be merely an *excursus* in, and the latter an introduction to, "A Discourse upon Logic." These were printed under the name of Mr. Coleridge; but they have never been gathered into his acknowledged works by his literary executors. They were then alleged to be portions of "the Sybilline Leaves" scattered abroad by their author, and retained in the affectionate hands of some who were proud to be esteemed his pupils. Many of the treatises so frequently referred to by Mr. Coleridge, and yet not discoverable among his papers, were suspected to be in this condition. The

internal evidence of the fragments alluded to and of the present *brochure* is sufficient to establish their authorship. Both in matter and in form they are indubitably Coleridgean.—*Athenæum.*

[A very elegant reprint of the above work has been issued by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia. It will be found to justify all that is said of it here.—*ED. ECLEC. MAG.*]

*A Glance at Revolutionized Italy, &c.* By CHARLES MACFARLANE. 2 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

Our author is a good hot Tory, and no mistake. He does not even coquet with the altered name of Conservatism. He is plain spoken, undisguised, out and out the genuine character, which writers on the other side would endeavor to make us believe were as extinct as the Dodo or Solitaire. We do not like a man the worse for being strong in his principles and opinions; and the only reason we ever have for alluding to such facts is, that be he Whig, Tory, Liberal, Radical, Chartist, Socialist, or Communist, it is expedient to hold the circumstance in view whilst weighing the statements and arguments of the party, and making certain allowances for coloring and effects, which do not provoke any censure, but ought not to be lost sight of in the endeavor to reach the truth. By much experience, great travel, years of residence among the people, a mind sedulously cultivated, and a thorough intimacy with the languages and literature required for his task, Mr. MacFarlane was highly fitted to undertake it.—*Literary Gazette.*

*The Use of the Senses, &c.* By CATHERINE LAKE.

A fervent and enthusiastic performance, in prose and verse, in which external objects are spiritualized in the style adopted by very devout religious writers, who infuse a large proportion of scriptural texts and pious ejaculations into their compositions. The love of God, and dependence upon his Son, are here, in this manner, zealously inculcated.—*Literary Gazette.*

#### RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Adventures of Cromwell Doolan, or Life in the Army, by the author of *Life in the Backwoods.*

My Uncle the Curate, by the author of the *Bachelor of the Albany.*

Life of Maximilian Robespierre, by G. H. Lewes.

Fairy Tales from all Nations, by Anthony R. Montalba.

Dudley Chadbourne, a Woman's History.

Recollections of an Old Soldier, being Memoirs of Col. F. S. Gidy, by Mrs. Ward.

History of Scotland, by Robert Chambers.

Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain.

Hortensius, or the Advocate, by William Forsyth, Esq.

Curzon's Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant.

Nine Sermons, preached at Harrow School, by Rev. Dr. Vaughan, editor of the *British Quarterly Review.*

Owen Tudor, by the author of *Whitefriars.*

Rockingham, or the Younger Brother.

Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion, by G. C. Lewis, Esq.

Adventures in the Lybian Deserts, by Boyle St. John, Esq.

Sermons of Adolphe Monod, translated by Hickey.

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